Sept. 20, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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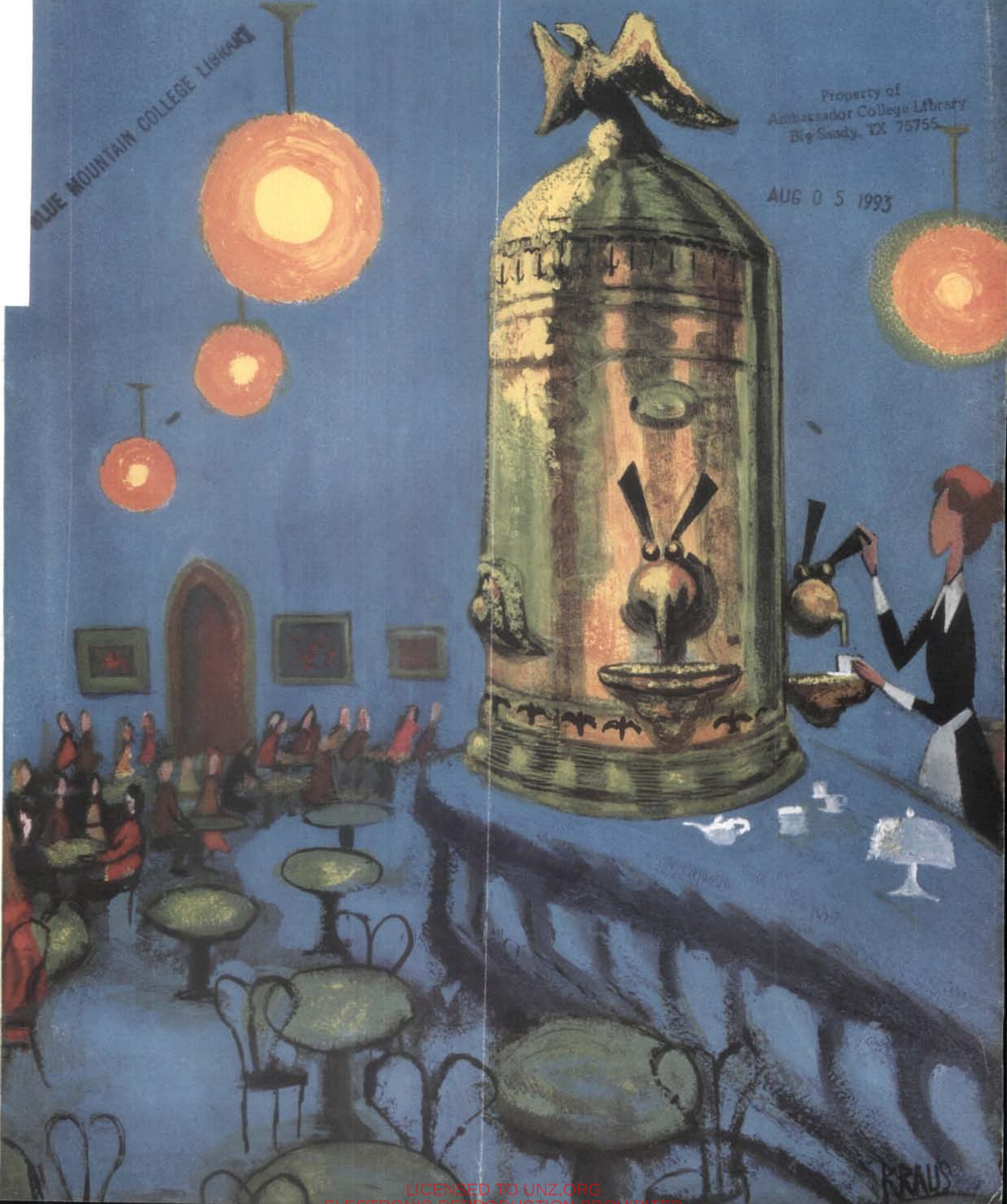

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, Henry Jones, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Dana Andrews and Lee Grant *(substituting for Anne Bancroft)* serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, in a translation by Maurice Valency, tells, with frightening impact, of the corruption of a village by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:** William Inge's play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LOOK BACK IN ANGER:** The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world. The cast now includes Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 20.)... **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Howie—*Leon Ames, Albert Salmi, and Peggy* Conklin in a comedy by Phoebe Ephron, with incidental music by James M. Slevin. Directed by John Gerstad and presented by the Playwrights' Company, in association with Mr. Slevin and Mr. Gerstad. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **JAMAICA:** Lena Horne in a West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are at present the principals in this *musical version of something or other by* Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk and Tom Pedi. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at *32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through* Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

The Egg and I—A musical version of Betty MacDonald's book, adapted by Hal Pockriss, with music by Frank Brents and lyrics by Wilferd Sales, and with an all-Negro cast. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

Héloïse—A play by James Forsyth, originally produced in London and based on the medieval love story of Héloïse and Abélard. Mitzi Hoag and Eugene Miles head a cast directed by Nadine Miles. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 22-23, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 24. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel and Robert Brown in a dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Young Provincials—With John O'Connor,

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ABOARD THE NEW
S.S. BRASIL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
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Jonnie Morton, and James Gore. Written and directed by Ben Levinson. Opens Thursday, Sept. 18. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Opening-night curtain at 8; *thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays* at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Les Sylphides," "Miss Julie" (première), "Caprichos," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Paean" (première) and "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20 (primarily for children): "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," and "Concerto."... ¶ Monday evening, Sept. 22: "Theme and Variations," "Journey" (première), "Pas de Deux," and "Interplay."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 23: "Miss Julie," "Jardin aux Lilas," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 24: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "Interplay."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 25: "Swan Lake," "Variations for Four" (première), "Journey," and "Concerto."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Petrouchka," "Tristan: Pas de Deux" (première), "Les Sylphides," and "Gala Performance." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27 (primarily for children): "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," and "Helen of Troy." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend," "Judgment of Paris," and "Helen of Troy." (Metropolitan Opera House. PL 7-7035. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.)

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Concerto Barocco," "Illuminations," "Agon," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Con Amore," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 21: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Gounod Symphony," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 21: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Illuminations," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 23: "Square Dance," "Orpheus," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 24: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 25: "Interplay," "Illuminations," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Serenade," "Pas de Dix," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Fanfare." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 28.)

Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.—"N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "3 x 3." Presented by Leland Hayward for a limited engagement. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Percival Borde—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians, and with Pearl Primus as assisting artist. (St. Mark's Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call AL 5-8067.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Roy Rogers, Trigger, and Trigger, Jr., are heading the annual Wild West Show, which will begin on Thursday, Sept. 25, and end on Monday, Oct. 13. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Watchmen, what indeed of this night of ceaseless revelry? The professional end of it is handled by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Dancing.

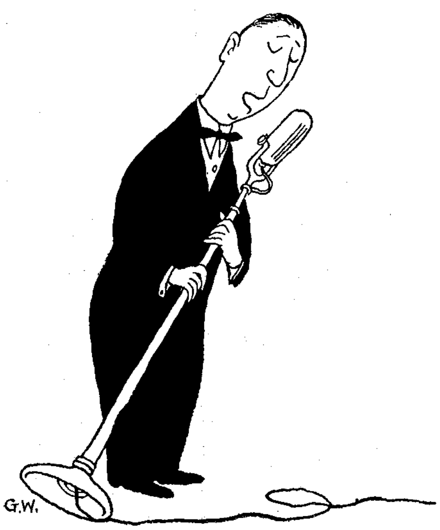
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Victor Herbert gets a fond farewell from the hearty voices of Ray Middleton and Jimmy Carroll every night at nine-thirty, and also at twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Music for dancing comes from an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and from Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicians, usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The presiding officer in the Persian Room is again Ted Straeter, leader of just about the best dance band in town. Mark Monte and his quintet play jaunty dance music, too. At dinner and supper there are visitations by Lisa Kirk, a fine, upstanding girl designed (if one is to believe all one hears *in her songs*) *to resolutely try men's souls.* Thursday, Sept. 25, will be a benefit for the Travelers Aid. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lenny Herman and his orchestra make sturdy dance music in the Grill off and on through the night. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, to make us all happy as kings, Julie Wilson adorns the dinner and supper hours with herself and a heaping tablespoonful of playgirl ballads. Milt Shaw's band and Marshall Grant's trio do real New York dance tunes, all through the night. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Now that Emile Petti, his piano, and his band are at work in the Café Lounge, it's possible that New Yorkers who remember when will start looking for their dancing pumps. The music is on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.



Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a truly plush *plaisance*, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The terrace is right in the middle of the great outdoors. The Weather Bureau permitting, Milton Saunders' dance orchestra and Monchito's rumba-and-mambo band set to at eight on weekdays and at seven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

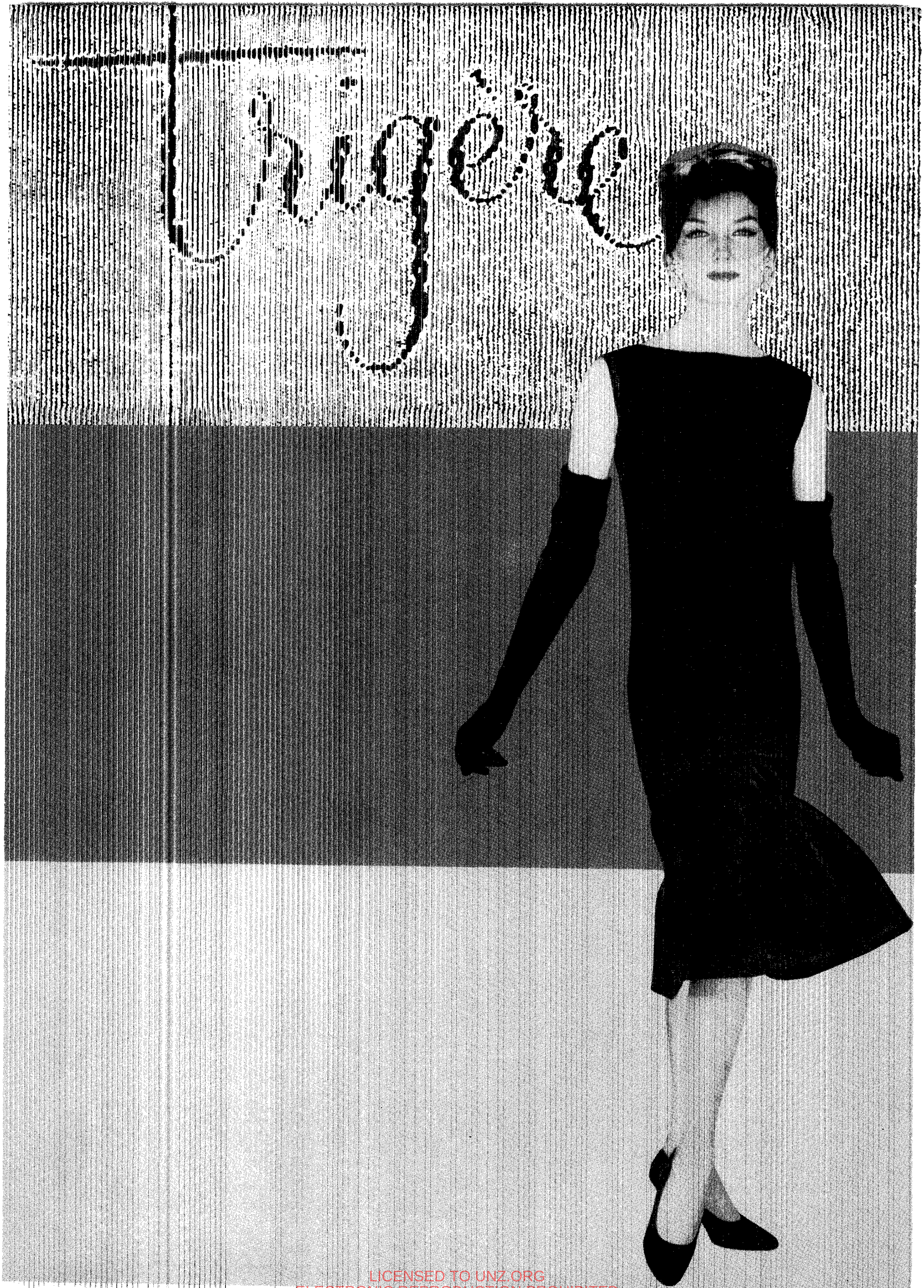
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Marguerite Piazza, a Metropolitan alumna, is cutting a few capers that she never learned from Mr. Bing. She's on at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do the dance music. Thursday, Sept. 18, will be a benefit for the French Hospital. Closed Sundays.... ¶ On the banks of Peacock Alley, as it winds its handsome and sinuous way around the block, sits the trio of Jozsi Ribari, which throws off dance music from eight-thirty until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the job.

Note—The Rainbow Room is living proof that there's always room at the top, for it outranks Texas in size, to say nothing of its ability to offer the wayfarer something better than 3.2 beer. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High fashion in state of mind, décor, and decorum. On a gentle slope, Addison Bailey, a storehouse of songs that matter, presides over the scenery and the piano from cocktails through supper; Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some really good type-casting for metropolitan life after dark. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, Ralph Strain's piano offers up the nighttime blend of sociability and nostalgia that's essential to the prevailing mood. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): College and beach-club reunions practically *in perpetuum*. They necessitate a great deal of piano, both solo flights and teamwork, by the innkeeper (Goldie Hawkins) and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the reunionists. The first chord is struck at five. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, whose lyrics deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid, again reigns supreme and serene in her pet cubbyhole. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a piano soloist who adds nice touches to well-remembered songs. Closed Sundays. ... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is placid at nine, waxes passionate in true Mediterranean fashion before he finishes up at one in the morning. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS ROOM,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, a Regency *régisseur* if ever there was one, has built himself a pavilion and upholstered it in a manner that could give pointers to a good many interior decorators. Every so often, from nine-thirty on, Alice Ghostley rises and shines with a brilliance unusual even for her as she picks her way through songs sharper by far than any serpent's tooth. The exemplary pianos of Don Evans and Carl Norman embellish not only her sallies but all the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Dinner and supper to the theme of "Volare, cantare," which issues from a posse of vio-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

linists led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and decorative Florentine school of cookery. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there is sporting life by Isobel Robins, a golden-haired angel with some fetching ways and arias. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templars, or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state of décor. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cookery, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, the Signatures, an instrumental quintet new to these parts, starts larricking. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. At frequent intervals, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's rambling piano music. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Piano, small talk, and an extremely relaxed version of the way things are in the Village bars. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Dr. Al Mello, a youthful healer who has turned pianist, scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve thirty, except Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A ten-pound musical candy box. The music is sporadic assaults on a piano, and the candy is the vocal duet of Caroline and Belen, who are Paris in essence. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the decorator's-delight bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and twelve-thirty, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (mostly Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Something for everyone, whether balletomane, fun lover, circus buff, or mere worshipper at the temple of Venus. The principal boy of the mainly girl show is Dick Shawn, a talkative chap who is not without his moments. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, who has seen all and done all in the course of a jampacked life, is offering his salty remembrances of his own *temps perdu* in the midst of largely unnecessary surroundings. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): As bright an evening as can be found—namely, a merry rearrangement (on the American plan) of *la comédie humaine* by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who are never at a loss for words; a witty run-through of the art of mimicry by Shai K. Ophir, a recent and valuable accession to midtown night life; and a straightforward presentation of music for guitar and voice by Randy Sparks, whose heart is buried on the lone prairie. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for Phil Leeds, to whom all sorts of funny things happen on his nightly way to work, and Gigi Durston, a singer we haven't heard in quite a few years. She is off Sundays, when old movies take her place; he is away Mondays, which are amateur talent nights. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 23, Corinne Calvet, a Gallic lady of the screen, will try her hand at becoming a Gallic lady of song. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): So thin is this upstairs playhouse that nearly every seat is on the aisle. "Nightcap," the minute revue on tap, has a cast of four diligent young people and a series of editorials (mostly set to music) on the world's more prominent foibles. Not all the words are incised in marble, but no matter. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): It could be a hideaway in Port Said or merely a figment of almost anyone's imagination. The piano is run by Brooks Morton (Thursdays through Saturdays), who can always put his fingers on the unexpected chords, and by Baldwin Bergersen (all week long), a composer and musician of considerable merit. The guiding spirit is Janice Mars, who sings her songs with a simplicity, a directness, and an honesty that one can hope represents the beginning of a new trend. Dead silence Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, one of the most compulsive young Lochinvars ever to come from out of the West, is chanting his paeans to dawn's early light and playing his cloudburst piano in a stage set that is well on its way to a nervous breakdown. Russ Haddock's trio, a pretty kettle of fish, assists Mr. Short and also performs on its own. Mr. Short takes Sundays off; the Haddocks have Tuesdays to themselves. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The original Village green is again being enlivened by Jimmie Daniels, who thought the place up, and his troupers—Mae Barnes, a voice that can be heard around the world; Bobo Lewis, girl prankster; Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, who make music for madmen; and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Larry Storch, a humorist best taken in small doses. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are all men who love their job, which is the production of the unbleached, yard-wide music of yesteryear. Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Whether it's sugar or whether it's spice that George Shearing and his quintet are adding to modern music, the group's table of organization is nothing if not admirable. The up-and-coming pianist Evans Bradshaw and his trio also contribute to the evening's pleasure. Sundays there are matinées, four to seven-thirty, in addition to the nighttime sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The palace guard is now under the thumb of Freddie Lamb, a skilled night-lifer, and all's well. Undaunted by the pine panelling of this latter-day Camelot, Charlie Shavers, an expert winder of the horn, and his cohorts, as well as André Previn and his trio—at last in the flesh and not just on wax—take the floor. At dinner, Ving Merlin's instrumental trio treads softly and sweetly. Sundays, undergraduate bodies from Eastern colleges show their wares. On Monday, Sept. 22, Tyree Glenn's four-man squad will replace the Shavers group. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked, back in 1900, to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the spell of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done by Stan Kenton's big, tense band and Harry Edison's quartet. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band looks remarkably natural on the local bandstand, its home for many a winter. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, worthily engaged in ringing the local welkin. They are Claude Hopkins, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Zutty Singleton and Pee Wee Erwin join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Early American history in the making, and profusely illustrated. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, the historians should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Wild Bill Davison, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always erupting underfoot. For those who listen as they run, Dorothy Donegan hammers home the points she has to make on a thoroughly cowed piano, and Bobby Hackett blows clear, true, and inimitably on his Little Boy Blue horn. She has a trio and he has a quartet. Saturday, Sept. 20 is the Hacketts' last night; Don Goldie's quartet will come aboard on Monday, Sept. 22. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9752): Lennie Tristano, who's on an exchange scholarship from his own far-out planet, runs through his close-coupled, slightly brooding piano études after nine-thirty from Thursday through Sunday. The place will be closed for a week after Sunday, Sept. 21. . . . FIVE SPOT, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this unquestionably Village emporium. The soothsayers on the stand are Thelonious Monk, a Surrealist poet of the piano, and his fivesome. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. . . . GOTHIC ROOM, Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): After ten, a youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area. Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket who's there Fridays and Saturdays, is in charge of the lyrics department. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in bronze or hammered copper; through Oct. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PEHR—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Mondays, 1 to 5:30; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, Carroll Cloar, and Reuben Tam are among the gallery artists displaying paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan are three of the participants in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Sept. 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Grace Hartigan, John Heliker, Walter Murch, and twenty-four other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Friday, Sept. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '58-'59," the gallery's opening exhibition, offers an oil or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, including the Americans Calvin Albert, Randall Morgan, and Stephen Greene, and two Italians—Mario Negri and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Oct. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . EMMERICH, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings by, for instance, Adolph Gottlieb, Adja Yunkers, and Léger; through Sept. 30. . . . KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: New paintings by Hans Hofmann, William Ronald, Pierre Soulages, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by such French and American artists as Picasso, Raoul Dufy, and Darrel Austin; through Oct. 11. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit of paintings and drawings by several Europeans (Klee, Giacometti, and Kandinsky, for example) and by one American, Feininger; through Oct. 18.

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 28.

MUSEUMS

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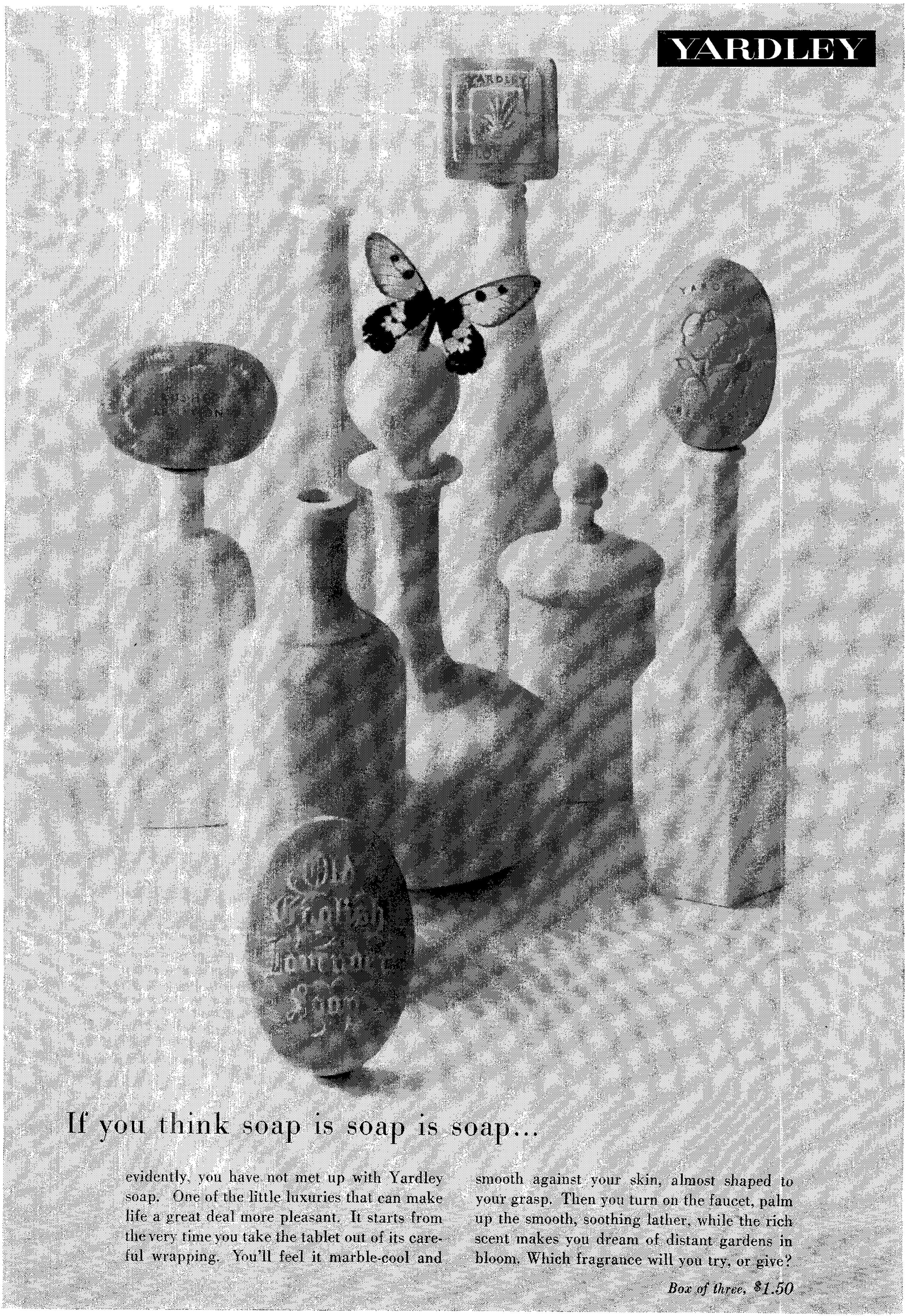

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

armor from the Near, Middle, and Far East, including jewelled court weapons, filigreed Indian rifles, Turkish helmets, a Japanese suit of iron and leather scales, and samurai swords. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is tentatively scheduled to reopen on Oct. 8.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects, in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Braque, Modigliani, Brancusi, and Calder are four of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures taken from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Five turquoise and coral necklaces once owned by the late Navajo chief Chee Dodge; through Sept. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Sixty paintings by as many Fulbright winners of the past ten years; through Oct. 5. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Folk Concert—Pete Seeger, Will Geer, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.)

Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards—The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Massed Pipers and Highland Dancers of the Scots Guards. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2 and 6.)

Empire State Music Festival—The second of two performances of Ildebrando Pizzetti's opera "Assassinio nella Cattedrale," based on T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," with Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Martina Arroyo, Margery Mayer, Giulio Gari, and the Symphony of the Air, directed by Laszlo Halasz. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Sept. 22, at 8:45.)

Contemporary Music Society—Leopold Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.)

Interval Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 25: Werner Landshoff, cello, and George Benette, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26: Louis F. Simon, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

Jazz Concerts—Mary Lou Williams, Maxine Sullivan, Baby Lawrence, Mose Allison's trio, Red Allen, Eddie Condon, Cozy Cole, Roy Eldridge, Thelonious Monk, Les Jazz Modes, and a ninety-piece orchestra are among those expected to perform at a benefit for the Bel Canto Foundation for the rehabilitation of musicians. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jean Shepherd, Sonny Stitt, Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, Anita O'Day, Tony Scott's quintet, and others are scheduled to appear. (Loew's Sheridan Theatre, Seventh Ave. at 12th St. WA 9-2166. Saturday, Sept. 27, at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Baltimore. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2.)

Boxing—Johnny Busso vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

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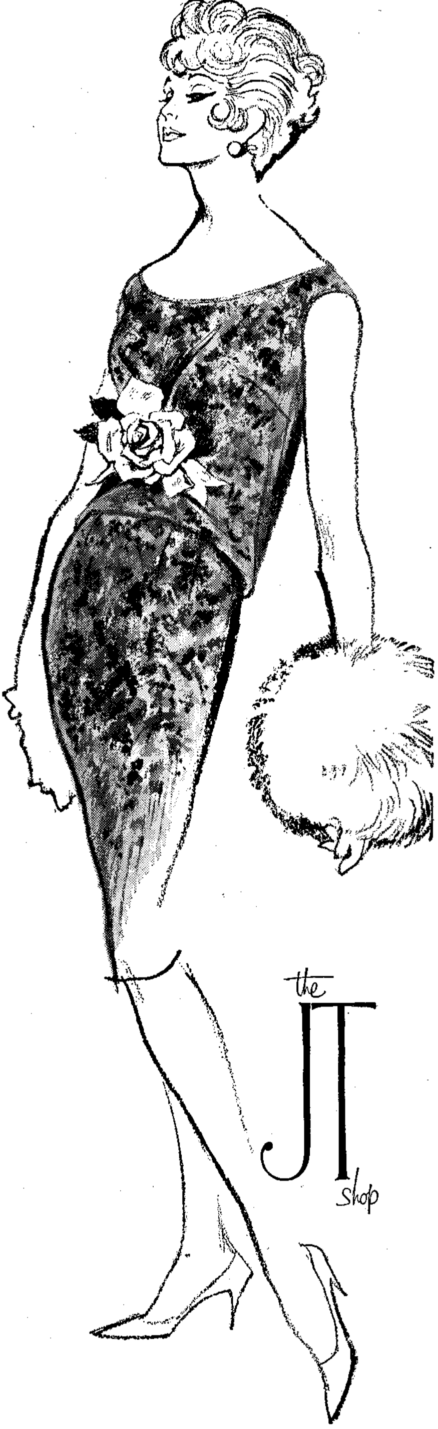

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Sept. 27: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Buffalo, at Cambridge, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Through Friday, Sept. 19.)

HUNT RACING—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 20.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 20, and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Saturday, Sept. 20, at 10 A.M.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

YACHTING—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Saturday, Sept. 20.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NATIONAL HOMEFURNISHINGS SHOW—The annual incitement to do the house over. The title this year is "Pageant of Color," and it's all—well, colorful. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sunday, 1 to 10:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 21.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The opening exhibition of the season includes a book published in 1493 and containing Columbus's letter announcing his recent discovery; a piece of the first Atlantic cable and the whole of the first message it transmitted; a group of thirty baroque-period Italian drawings; and a letter in which the nineteen-year-old Lord Nelson describes the capture of an American schooner. Through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27, at 1:45: English, French, and American furniture; Venetian glass; Meissen and other porcelains; silver; prints; Oriental rugs; a small group of tapestries; and bibelots. The property of Mrs. Hope Norman Gardner and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 20.

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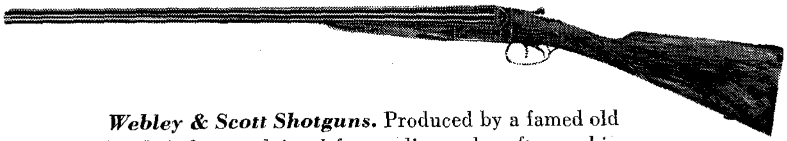

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

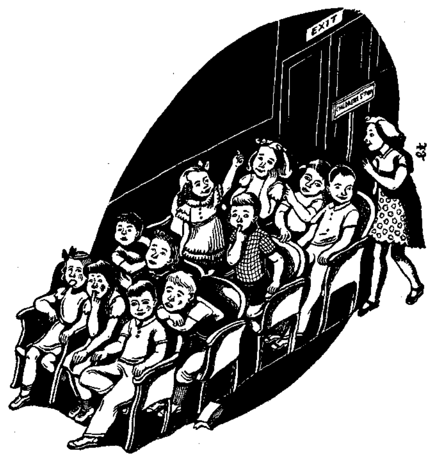
Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which depicts the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers superlative photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a topnotch French film that describes natural childbirth in terms at once informative and dramatic. Mr. Gabin is cast as a doctor trying to get the idea of painless parturition across to the peasants of a French Alpine village, and Miss Courcel as a young pregnant woman who subscribes to his theories. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—In this Anglo-American film about a section of the Royal Navy in the Second World War, Sophia Loren plays a moody young woman who feels that she owes it to the memory of her deceased sweetheart, a tugboat captain, to offer her favors to a succession of his colleagues. It's hard to make much sense of her carryings-on, but the picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, contains some stirring scenes of tugboats at their wartime work. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the intrepid mariners on view. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2262; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)



The Matchmaker—Shirley Booth brings all her acting stratagems to bear on this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers when the world was about a century younger. Cast as a sly Miss Fixit, Miss Booth sees to it that all hands—among them a merchant (Paul Ford), his clerk (Anthony Perkins), and a Manhattan milliner (Shirley MacLaine)—wind up euphorically. Good enough, if nostalgia is your fancy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye is most ingratiating in this pleasant comedy based on S. N. Behrman's play. It has to do with the lively adventures of a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France in 1940. In company with the refugee is a Polish colonel (Curt Jurgens), who is none too bright, and a French girl (Nicole Maurey), who has eyes for both her escorts. The direction, by Peter Glenville, is altogether satisfactory. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rouge et Noir—Maybe this isn't the best of all possible interpretations of Stendahl's celebrated novel, but quite a few of the author's ideas about life and love in the post-Napoleonic era in France come through entertainingly. Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi are all captivating in the principal roles. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 24.)

White Wilderness—The arctic is the scene of this new Disney nature study, which is brilliantly photographed and focuses on about every kind of bird and beast that abounds in the Far North. Mr. Disney persists in being coy every now and then in the commentary and in the sound-track music, but nevertheless the picture is an interesting affair. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 23-24.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 21-23, tentative.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Sept. 23, tentative.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a homely maiden that she is really quite a belle. Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 21-23, tentative.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture concerned with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 24.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 20.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 23-24.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 21: "Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
Sept. 22-24: Theatre closed.

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Sept. 18: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons.
From Sept. 19: "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Sept. 23: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.
From Sept. 24: "The Defiant Ones," Tony Curtis, Sidney Poitier.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Sept. 18: "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok.
From Sept. 19: "Foxiest Girl in Paris" (in French), Martine Carol.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 24 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 21: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.
Sept. 22-23: "Island in the Sun," revival, James Mason, Joan Fontaine; and "Night People," revival, Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From Sept. 24: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 24 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 21: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.
Sept. 22-23: "The Tijuana Story," Rodolfo Acosta; and "Town on Trial," John Mills, Charles Coburn.
From Sept. 24: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 20: "A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin.
From Sept. 21: "A Town Like Alice," Virginia McKenna, Peter Finch.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Sept. 18: Theatre closed.
Sept. 19-23: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.
From Sept. 24: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 24 (tentative): **THE KEY.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 22: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.
From Sept. 23: "Cocktails in the Kitchen," Dirk Bogarde, Cecil Parker.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 21: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.
Sept. 22-23: "The Tijuana Story," Rodolfo Acosta; and "Town on Trial," John Mills, Charles Coburn.
From Sept. 24: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 24 (tentative): **THE KEY**; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 20 (tentative): "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
Sept. 21-23 (tentative): **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and **THE RAINMAKER**, revival.
From Sept. 24 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 23: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.
From Sept. 24: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 21: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.
Sept. 22-23: "The Tijuana Story," Rodolfo Acosta; and "Town on Trial," John Mills, Charles Coburn.
From Sept. 24: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 20: **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and "The Big Knife," revival, Jack Palance, Ida Lupino.
Sept. 21-22: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
Sept. 23-24: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).
From Sept. 24 (tentative): **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 21 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.
From Sept. 22 (tentative): "Pather Panchali" (in Bengali), Kanu Bannerji.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 21: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.
Sept. 22-23: "The Tijuana Story," Rodolfo Acosta; and "Town on Trial," John Mills, Charles Coburn.
From Sept. 24: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 23: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "Night Ambush," Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring.
From Sept. 24: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French); and "Secrets of the Reef," revival, a nature film on marine life.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 23: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.
From Sept. 24: "Twilight for the Gods." Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
WHITE WILDERNESS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE MATCHMAKER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Crime and Punishment" (in French), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 23: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Sept. 24: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 23: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.
From Sept. 24: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

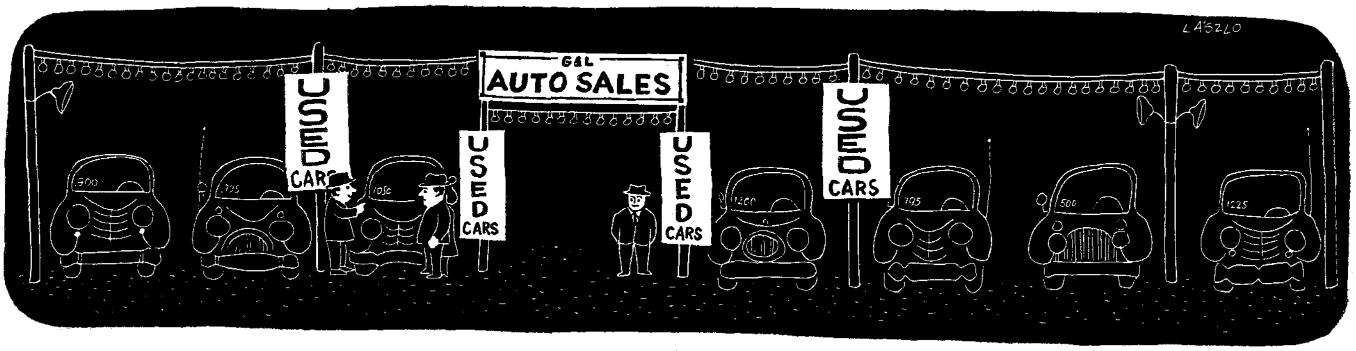
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 18: "Rimsky Korsakov" and "Russian Ballerina" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Sept. 19: "Adorable Creatures" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol; and "Too Bad She's Bad" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.
Sept. 20: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
Sept. 21: **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**, revival; and "Satin Slippers," revival, an Australian short feature, made up of ballet excerpts.
Sept. 22: "Lady Paname" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "My Last Mistress" (in French), revival, Sacha Guitry.
Sept. 23: "Things to Come," revival, Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," revival, Roland Young.
Sept. 24: A program of six short films dealing with psychology.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 23: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.
From Sept. 24: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Sept. 23 (tentative): **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers, Leo Coleman.
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 23: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Sept. 24: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Sept. 23: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "Sierra Baron," Brian Keith.
From Sept. 24: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.



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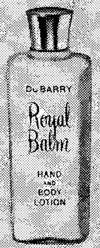

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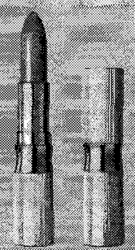

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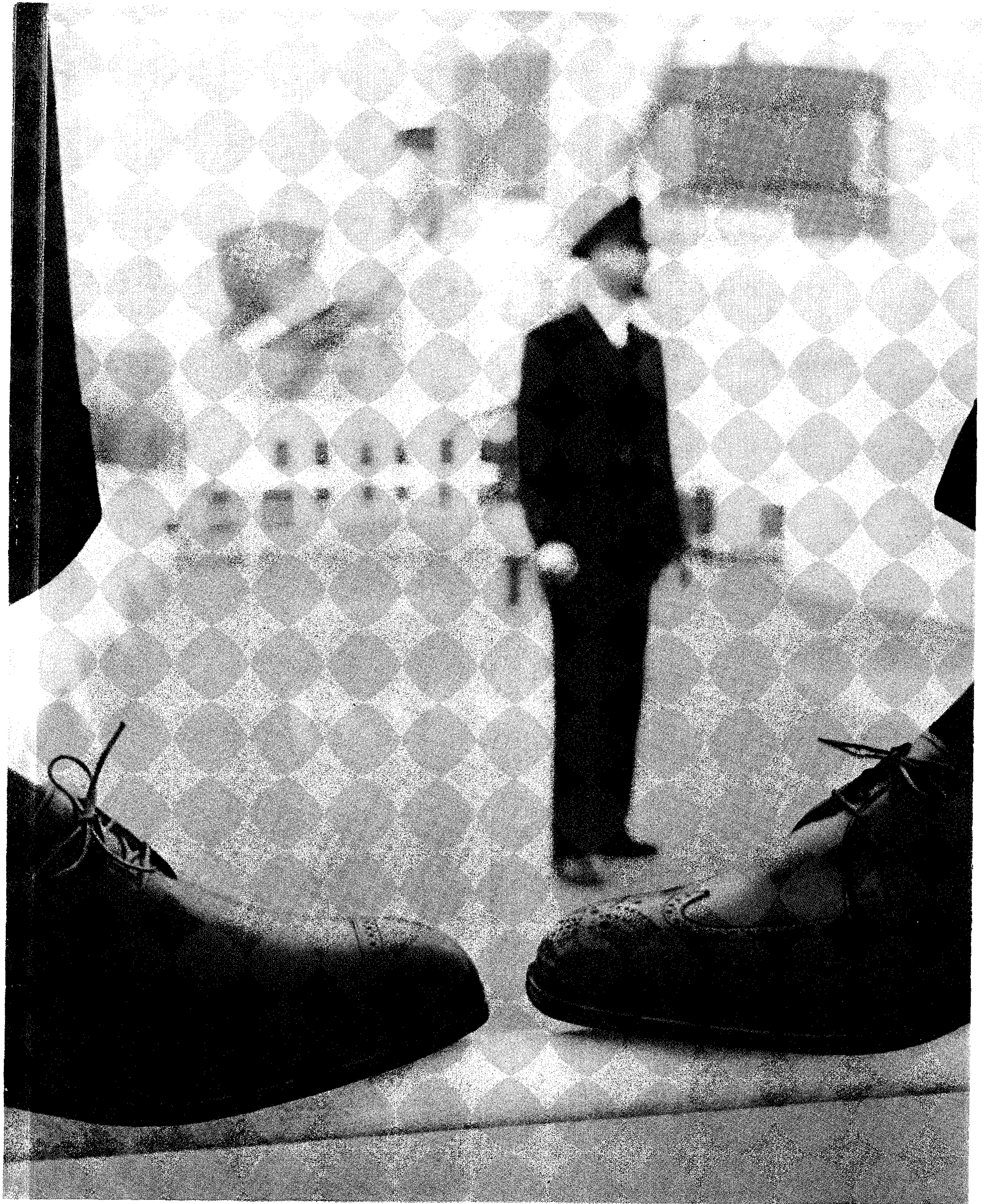

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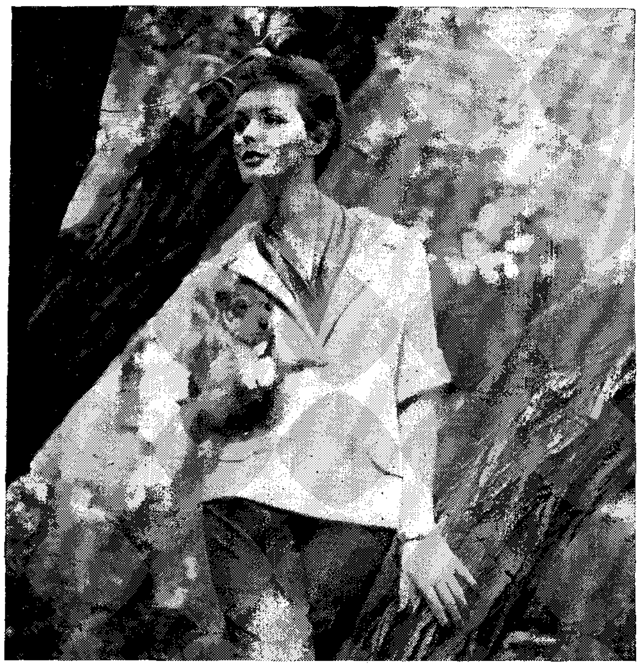

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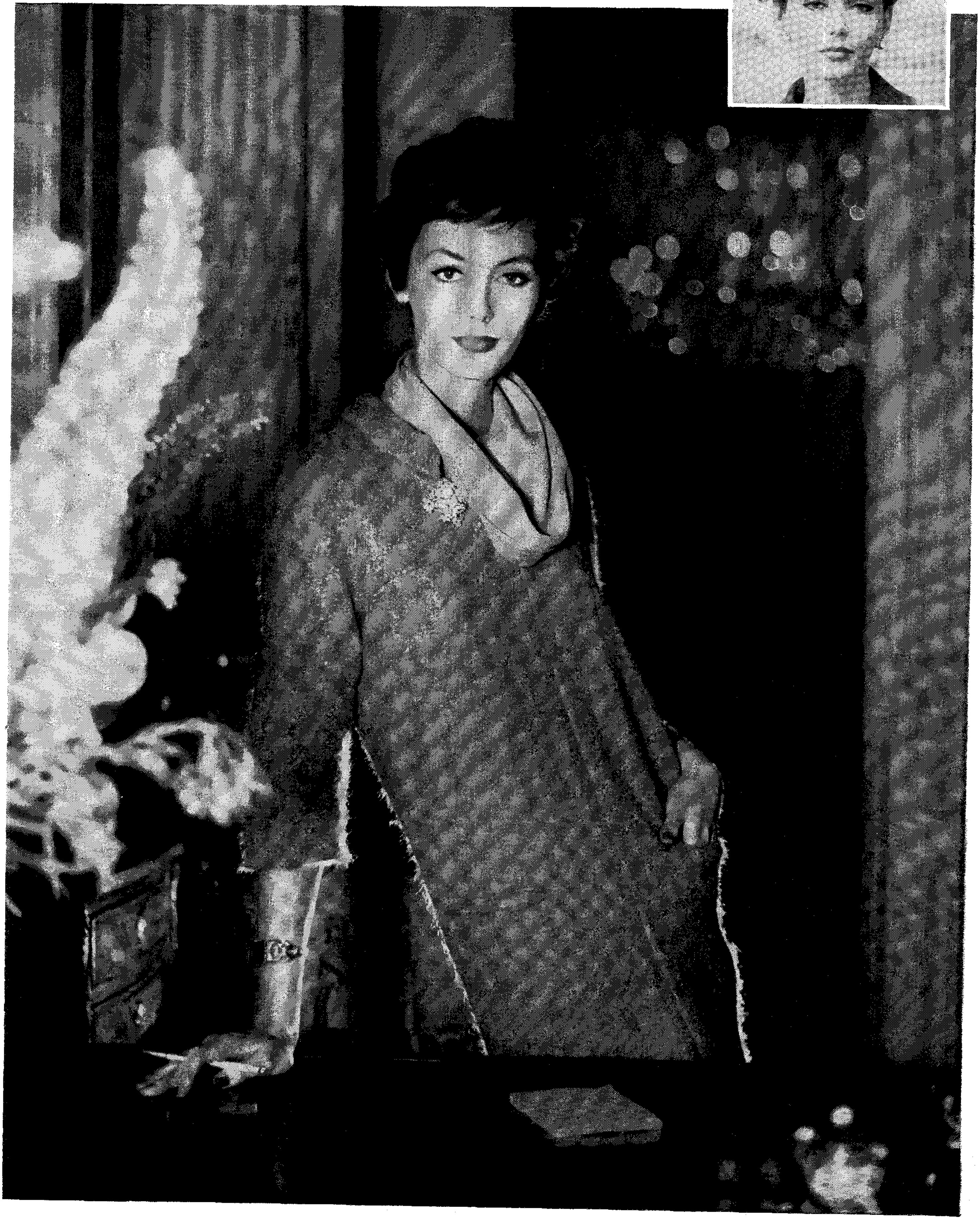

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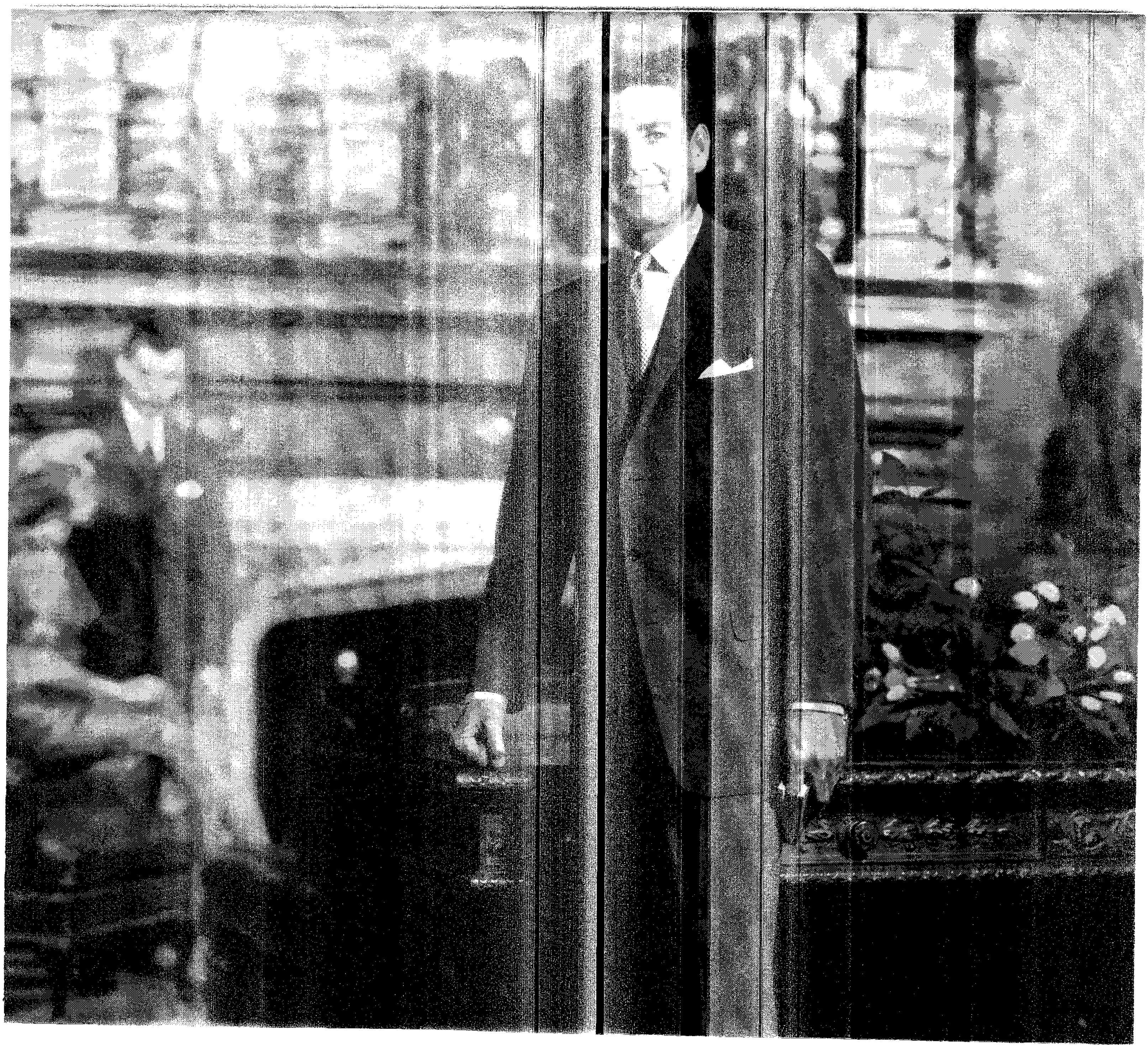

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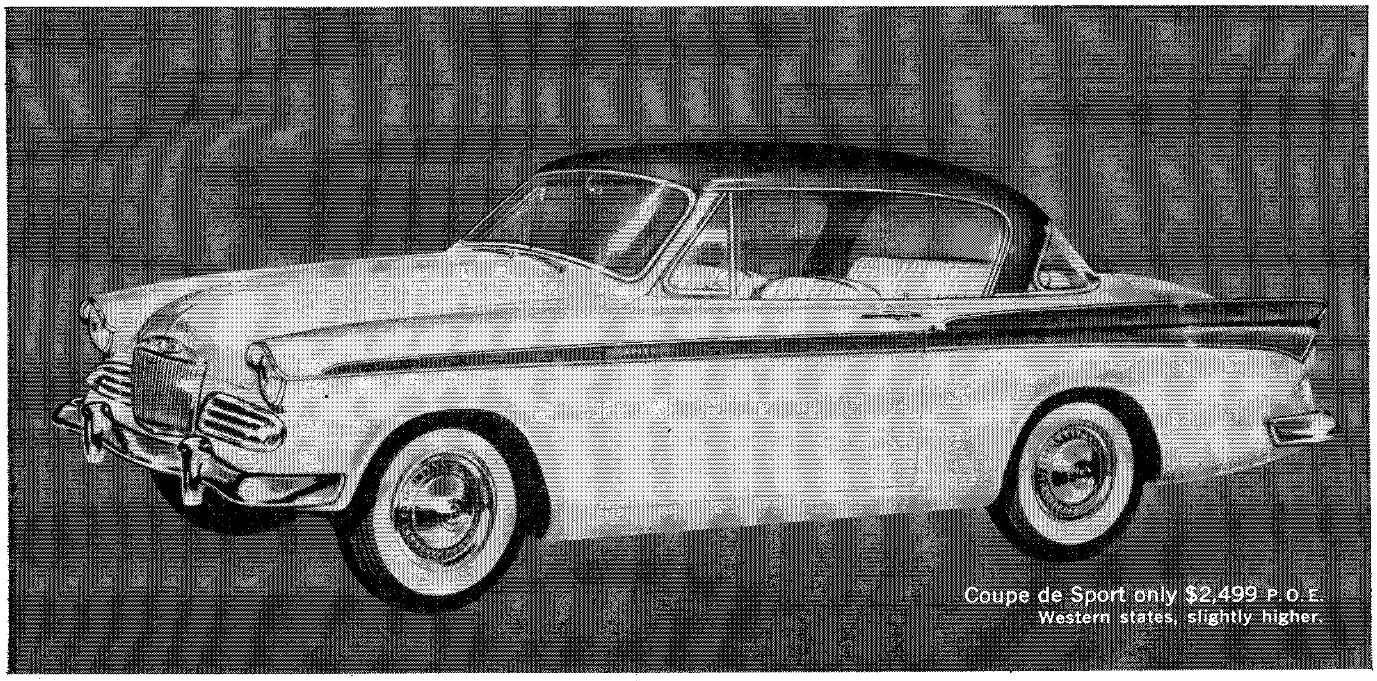

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The exciting new Sunbeam was born on the roaring straightaways and tortuous turns of continental rallies and the world-famous Mille Miglia Road Race. British craftsmen took this success story of European racing and added the superb British touch. The result: family-car comfort coupled with brilliant sports-car performance—the new Sunbeam!

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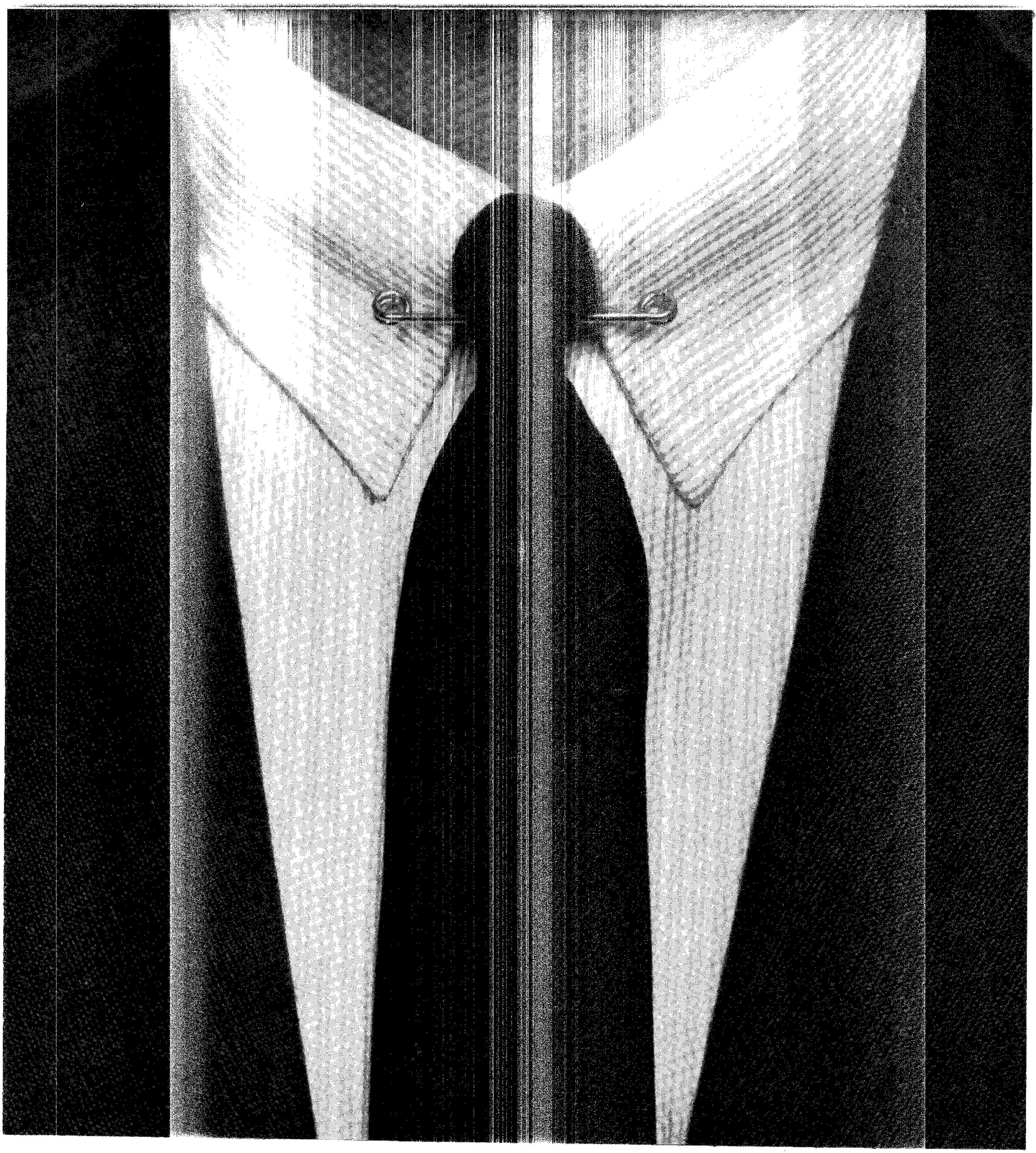


Hathaway announces the new pin-tab collar

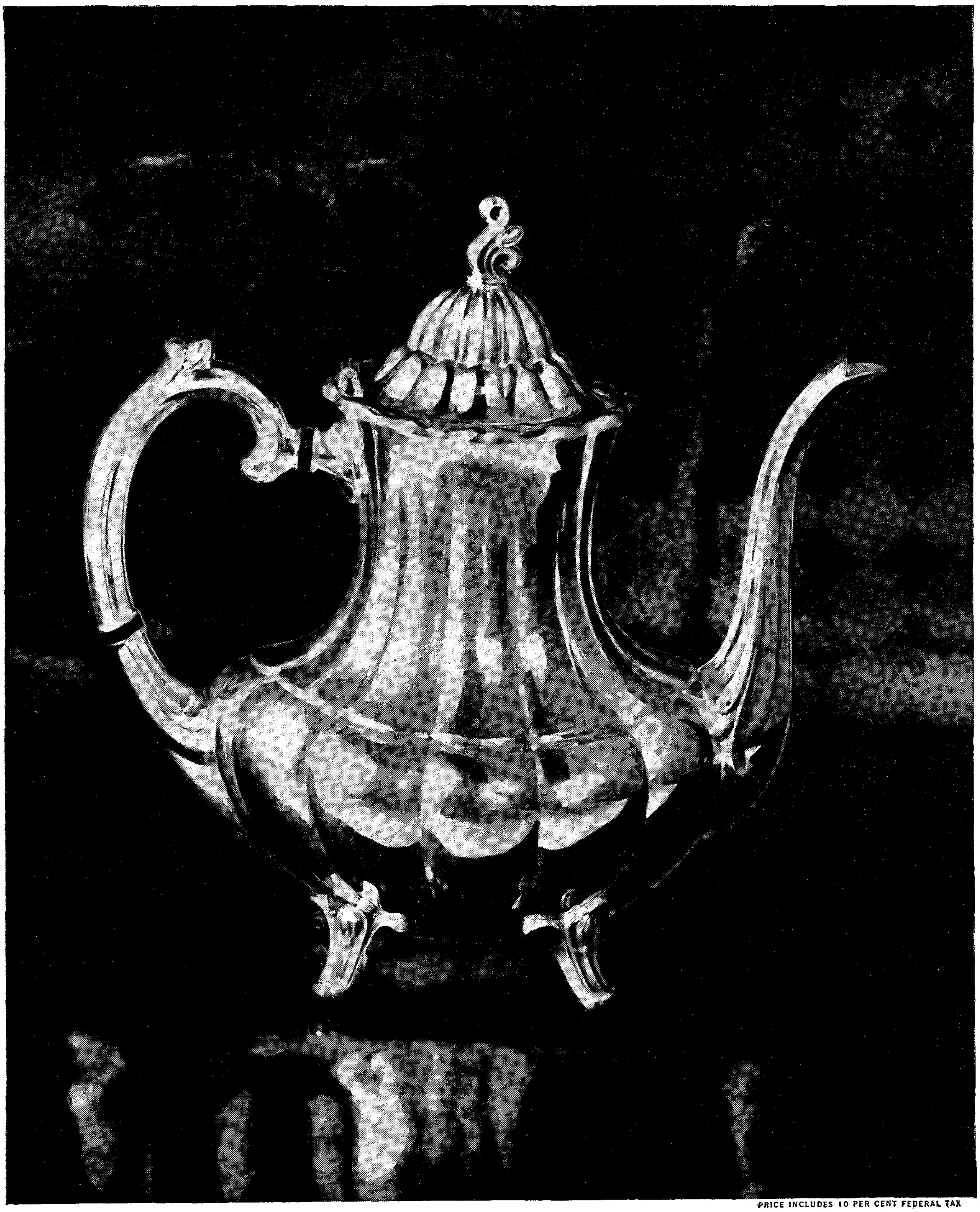
HATHAWAY's [illegible] are not types to rest on their [illegible]. Last year they revived the tab [illegible]. This year they go one step further: they introduce the new *pin-tab.*

They have lengthened the original tab collar by a fraction of an inch—and have then eliminated both the stays and the tabs. You see the result—a quiet little triumph that calls for a pin.

Notice how Hathaway's new pin-tab collar retains the dressy upright look without appearing *stiff* or *stubby*. Note also how it manages to cover the hollow under your Adam's apple without presenting you with an extra chin. The pin-tab is a boon to any man on the wrong side of thirty.

Hathaway shirts with the new pin-tab collar start at $6.95—in a wide range of fabrics. The shirt you see is a particularly fine New England broadcloth.

For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine—or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.



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Just sailed for the Mediterranean: next time you can be aboard

You can [illegible] worry and weather behind and take [illegible] voyage to Europe—or on a 3-week romantic cruise to glamorous Mediterranean ports—the French and Italian Rivieras, Casablanca, Genoa, Naples, Barcelona. You can do it—because Fall rates are *much* lower on the famous Constitution and Independence: as little as $555 Cabin Class or $715 First Class for an entire 3-week Cruise. You sleep, eat, live like a millionaire right on the ship, right through the trip. You can do it: just circle a date, then see your travel agent.

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SHOES BY I. MILLER

BRILLIANT NEW BERKSHIRE NIGHT LIGHTS

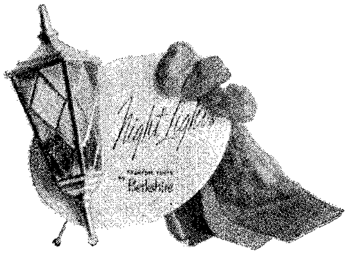
(*Stocking colors that glow with everything*)

THE TWENTIES are roaring back into fashion. Legs are on display again! And with skirts so short—aren't you lucky to have *Night Lights?* To make your legs look absolutely sensational. Slimmer. Longer. Enticingly shapely.

Night Lights glow beautifully with all your fall costumes. Wear *Lime Light* to echo your greens. Wear *Star Light* with *every* blue. And make your reds even more ravishing with *Stop Light*.

Wear them with seams or without. But *do* show your legs to very best advantage in sheer *sheer* Berkshire Night Lights.

Look for this Berkshire display, and all the other beautiful Berkshire colors, too! ▶



Who is she?

She has more fun at a doll's party than a cocktail party, loves keeping house, going to Town Meetings. Her busy life needs special clothes—now arriving in Suburban Outlook Fashions in fabrics of

Celanese contemporary fibers

Celanese acetate in crepe by Rosewood, dress by Abe Schrader. Celanese acetate (with rayon) adds its soft, subtle grace to this crepe in red, mink, green, black, royal blue. Sizes 8-18. About $45 at Bonwit Teller, New York; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit. Names of other stores carrying the "Who is She" collections on last page. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. Celanese®

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SUPER-ROYAL CREAM

Germaine Monteil puts at your fingertips one of Nature's most mysterious gifts to beauty — the amazing substance called Royal Jelly.

Scientists have known for years that Royal Jelly can turn an immature bee into a fertile and beautiful Queen with a life span up to forty times longer than her subjects' — but only recently has it been found that this potent combination of vitamins and proteins has a wonderful effect on the skin.

Now Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with vital essential oils and natural emollients in a cream so beautifully effective you'll see its benefits from the very start. Try it and see how clear — how fresh and radiant — your skin can be!

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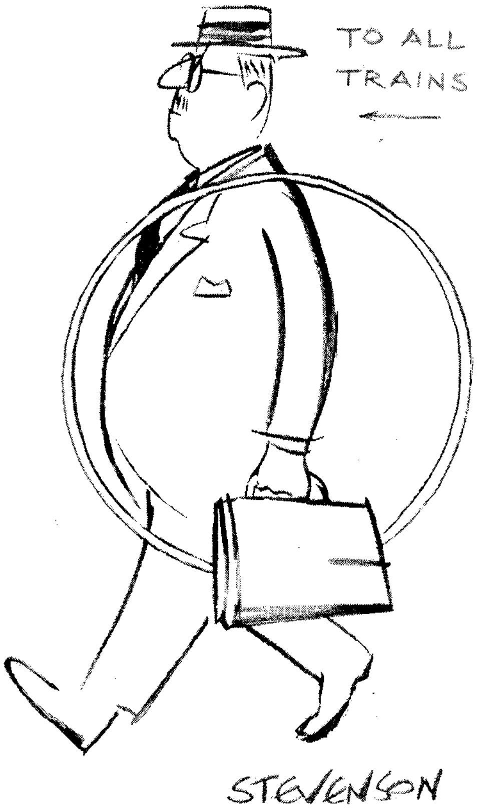
NEW YORK • PARIS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

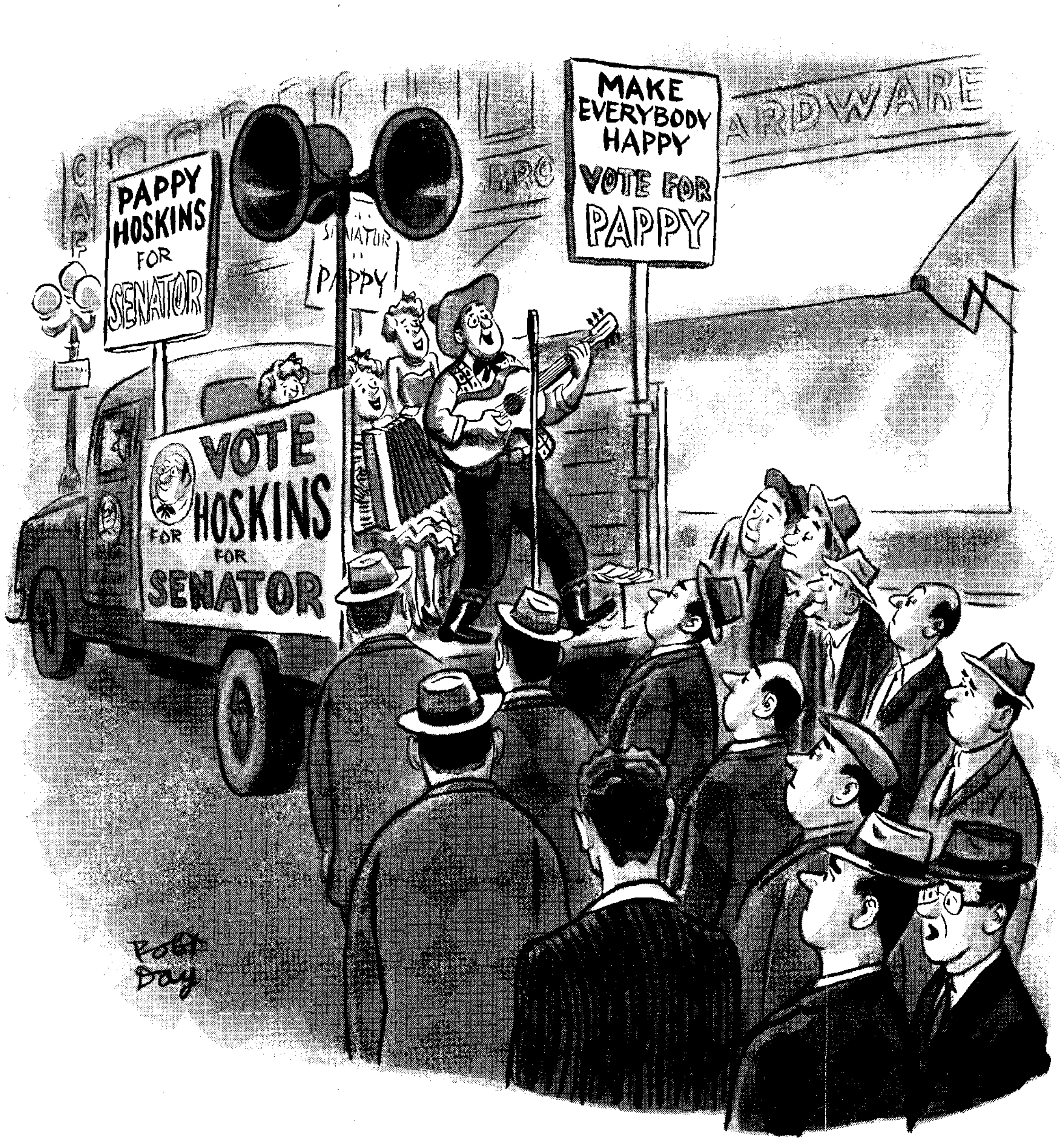
Notes and Comment

NOTHING is more useful in the conduct of human affairs than the time limit—the count of ten in the prize ring, the five years of the statute of limitations on felonies, and the five years of a husband's absence after which his wife is allowed to presume him dead. Arbitrary such periods must be, but fixed with some regard to the reasonable. If a fighter can't get up at ten, for example, the chances are that he can't at eleven, or shouldn't; if a husband hasn't come home in x years, the chances are that he won't in x plus 1, and anyhow he should have the good taste to stay away. Without devices like these, there would be no steadiness in life; no citizen would know where he was. We are in favor of a reasonable rule of closure in the United States Senate—if a speaker can't convince his colleagues in x hours, it is almost certain he won't in x plus 27 or in $27x$—and in favor of a fixed date for compliance with laws and Supreme Court decisions. (There are fixed dates for meeting taxes and mortgages, and although we hate to think of them, we suppose they are necessary.) What we are getting at, by a long enough route, we hope, to avoid the charge of subversion of State Department foreign policy—and the consequent risk of being denied a passport by a Pennsylvania congressman—is that the world lacks a Count of Ten on Fallen Statesmen. How long after a ruler is chucked out on his *de-facto* ear by an ungrateful country does he remain *de-jure* chief of government, and how far does he have to be chucked to be out of bounds? If the United Nations, following a big, rousing debate, set a maximum interval between the time a regime loses effective control of its country and the time it ceases to be the legal government, international relations would be simplified. No matter what the U.N. decided—six months, ten years, twenty years—it would be all to the good. (As a parallel, there is no immutable reason territorial waters should extend three miles from the shore, as they do, or twelve, as the United States claimed during prohibition, but there must be an international definition of territorial waters or we'd all be shooting one another.) In the name of decency, we are for a fixed minimum interval, too—of at least until the palace charwomen finish wringing the blood from their mops. There could be adjustments later. No government anywhere today has an unflawed original title: England's government is based on conquest (1066) and revolution (1688), France's on a whole pinwheel of revolutions, ours on a revolution, a forced solder job in 1865, and the Tilden-Hayes election of 1876. Yet each of the three would find it intolerable if an outside power indefinitely withheld recognition and treated with the Anglo-Saxon Nationalist government or the House of Valois or the Sons of the Confederacy. In brief, we're advocating some kind of order. There would be nothing at all, of course, to prevent the de-legalized crowd from starting a revolution in order to get back. After the third out, they go into the field. A revolution is an internal affair, though, and until it succeeds outsiders should recognize the regime the revolution is against. One government, like one husband, at a time. Let the U.N. pass an Enoch Arden law.



Friendly

WHEN, a while back, a social-studies class in a junior high school in Brooklyn was asked some pretty tough questions about the population and economics of Russia, three enterprising students decided to find the answers not in a library but at a point as close to Mother Russia as they could get; namely, the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, on Park Avenue at Sixty-eighth Street. There, rather to their surprise, a pleasant young official made them welcome and quickly provided the information they were looking for. (We're glad to report that the three students were later given an A-plus for their research.) We were interested in newspaper accounts of the incident, because for the dozen or so years that the Russians have occupied their Park Avenue mansion it had never occurred to us to venture inside. With the shades habitually drawn at the windows and a picket line of one sort or another nearly always marching up and down outside, the building seemed far too forbidding for the likes of us to storm; spurred on, however, by the



"How does he stand on reciprocal trade agreements? That's what I want to know."

• •

brave schoolchildren of Brooklyn, we stopped by there the other day to see what kind of welcome *we* would get.

At the front door, which is of glass protected by a heavy wrought-iron grille, we gave the bell a lively ring, but nobody came to let us in. Peering through the glass, we caught sight of a burly, blond-haired man at a desk in the rear of the entrance hall. He beckoned to us to come in, which we did. We said "How do you do?" to him, and he said "How do you do?" to us. Fearing a stalemate, we said that we would like to speak to the person assigned to answering questions. The burly blond man waved us to a chair at the foot of a red-carpeted spiral staircase, retreated to his desk, and, picking up a telephone, apparently tried several extensions without success. A maid in uniform and sneakers entered the hall and started wiping the gray-and-white tiled floor with a plastic sponge; then a smiling man in a flowered sports shirt came up and, when we'd stated our business a second time, said, "Of course. I send someone to help you," and darted off. A few moments later, another smiling man appeared, and introduced himself as Nikolai I. Bourov, First Secretary in Charge of Information at the Permanent Mission of the U.S.S.R. to the United Nations. He led us upstairs and into a large room furnished with, among other things, a piano and a portrait of Lenin. At a table under the portrait, we sat and had out little talk.

Mr. Bourov told us that he usually meets people in groups, by appointment, but that several times a week individual visitors show up unheralded at the Mission, and that he either sees these visitors himself or arranges for one of the under-secretaries to do so. The groups that call at the Mission are mostly members of professional organizations; often they seek information on a particular aspect of Russian life—education, housing, and so on—but sometimes they come as simple tourists, who, having inspected the United Nations buildings, indefatigably make the rounds of the various delegations. We gathered that Bourov's mind was fantastically well stocked with facts and figures. "I never know what I may be asked next," he said cheerfully. "Maybe it will be why doesn't the Soviet accept the Arctic inspection plan, or what is the height of the average Russian woman." We said we'd like to hear the answers to both those questions. "We don't accept the inspection plan for the reasons stated by Mr. Sobolev, which are simple, logical, and clear," Bourov said. "The height of the average Russian woman is one metre sixty-five centimetres."

Bourov said he is astonished by how little most Americans seem to know about Russia. "It is why we are happy to welcome schoolchildren with their questions," he said. "The more knowledge between us the better." He added that he is also astonished by how little most Americans seem to know about their own country. "I believe I know more about the United States than the great majority of its citizens do," he said, with a candid smile. "I would like to know still more, but your present travel restrictions make it very difficult. My wife and children and I live in Rye, and we are permitted to travel back and forth between Rye and here, but we are not permitted to go from here to Brooklyn. Every time we take the subway, we fear that we may end up in Brooklyn by mistake."

Non-Pedestrian

DOWN on West Twelfth Street, in Greenwich Village, the other day, we saw a man and a small boy emerge from a brownstone.

"We're going to take a walk," we heard the man say.

"Why don't we take a cab?" said the boy.

"What happened to you on those hikes at camp?" said the man.

"I never went on them," said the boy, "because they thought I had pigeon toes."

"Pigeon toes?" said the man.

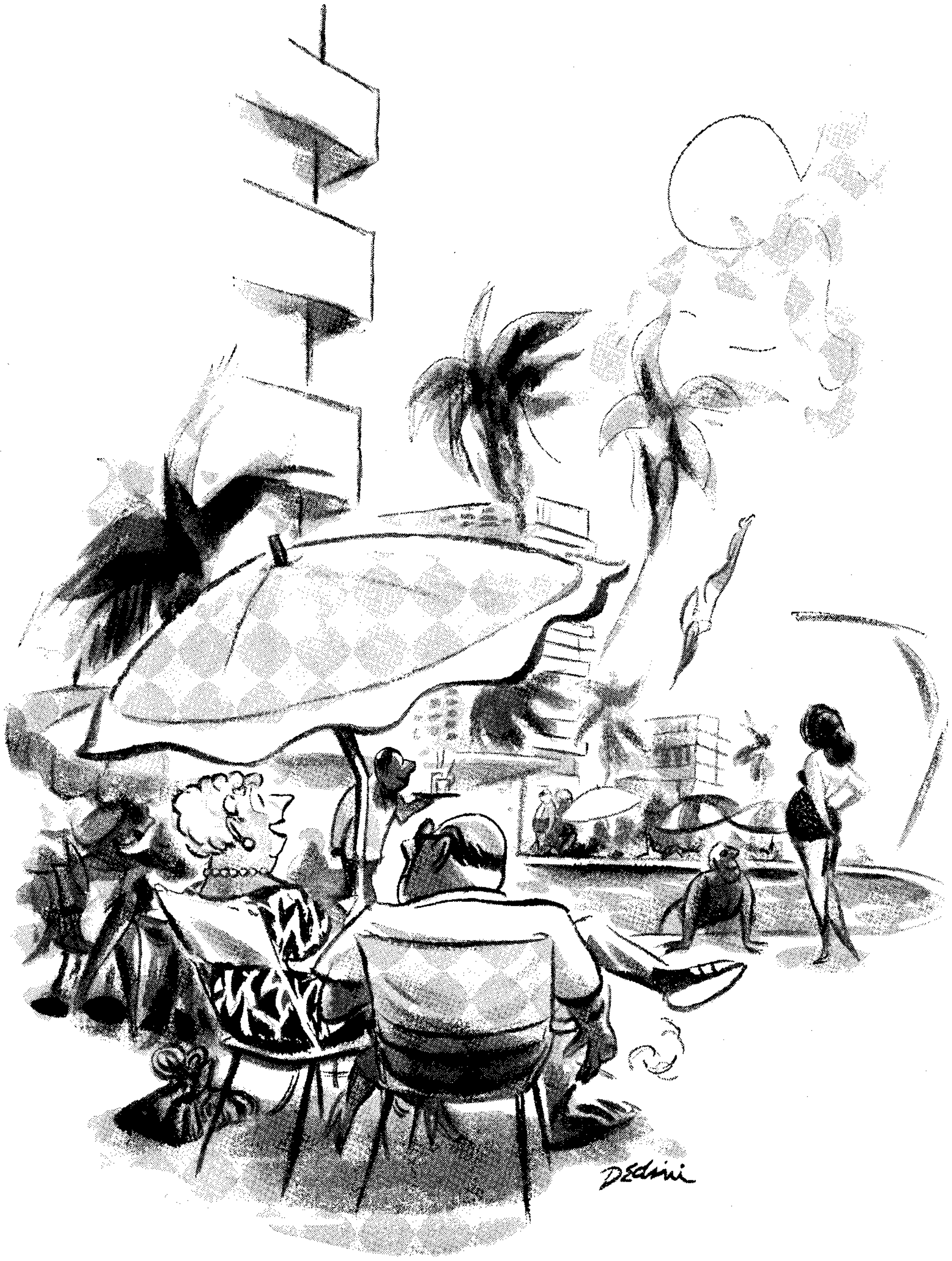
"Actually," said the boy, "I was teaching my feet to understand each other."

The man whistled up a cab.

Teachers' Teacher

HATS off to a lady octogenarian this week—Miss Angela Diller, eighty-one last month, whose surname must be familiar to the four decades of children who have taken piano lessons since 1918, when the first of some forty Diller-Quaile music-instruction books came out, and who must, *in propria persona*, be familiar to an army of pupils dating from the eighteen-nineties. We called on her, a hefty, vigorous, blue-eyed, youthful-looking woman in a green batik dress, at her apartment, in the East Sixties, where she introduced us to Mrs. Kate Stearns Page, a teaching colleague, musical collaborator, and friend of forty years' standing, with whom she has lived for a quarter of a century. "I was born in Brooklyn, where my father was a church organist," Miss Diller said. "My grandfather was a Brooklyn clergyman. My name was originally Mary Angelina. I changed it to Angela. Angela Diller! It sounds like perfumery, but at least it has a rhythm. I can't remember when I didn't play the piano. I began to read music when I was three; before that I played by ear. When I was eight, I wanted to take German lessons at school. They were a rather expensive extra, and we weren't rich, but the teacher said I could have them free if I'd play the piano when the other children sang songs in class, so I did. German folk songs. The first one I played was 'Die Lorelei.' I began to teach when I was twelve, before anyone had taught *me*. I taught my cousin Harry, who was nine, and my cousin Helen, who was eight. Harry gave up at the end of a year, but Helen went on, and eventually became a music teacher herself. From fourteen to seventeen, I studied with an inspiring teacher, Miss Alice Fowler, and soon after that I got a job teaching at the St. John the Baptist School for Girls, a boarding school here in New York. Some of my pupils were as old as I was. I took them to Philharmonic concerts and talked about the music that was to be played. I educated myself from scores borrowed from the Public Library as I went along."

In 1899, when Miss Diller was twenty-one, she was awarded the first Mosenthal Fellowship for musical composition at Columbia, where in the fall of 1896 she had begun to study harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, and composition with Edward MacDowell, then head of the Music Department. "It was wonderful," she said. "I studied under MacDowell for seven years, most of the time commuting to Columbia from Brooklyn. This meant two elevated-railroad rides to Morningside Park, with all those steps up and down, then the steps up the Park, then the steps to the top floor of West Hall. An hour and three-quarters. A hundred and eighty-three steps. You learn to count in music, you know. I was still teaching



"Why do all the Puerto Ricans go to New York when it's so beautiful down here?"

at the boarding school, but in my early twenties I left to teach theory at the Music School Settlement, on East Third Street. I stayed there seventeen years. Many of my pupils later became teachers themselves."

Miss Diller lit a cigarette, and continued, "Then Elizabeth Quaile, a colleague, and I went over to the Mannes Music School for five years. In 1921, we founded the Diller-Quaile School of Music, which emphasized a close correlation between the student's theoretical work and the music he was studying. Miss Quaile and I gave up running the school after twenty years, and she died in 1951, but it's still being carried on, most capably, by some of our teachers and their successors. I'm a director, and teach a class of teachers there now. I also teach teachers here. I'd rather teach teachers than anyone else. I've taught all over this country and Europe. Let's see—the University of Southern California; Mills College, in California; the University of Louisville; Brown; Baylor University, in Waco, Texas; Ohio State; conservatories in Boston, Toronto, and Ottawa; and the Worcester Art Museum. And I've lectured in Washington, Philadelphia, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Portland, Seattle, Winnipeg, Zurich, Oslo, London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Uppsala, Stockholm, and heaven knows where else. I don't teach a method; I try to open people to music. Music is something that flows eternally. Its beauty is that you can't destroy it. It's a living language; it's like life itself, not something apart. All of music is your teacher. Your own interpretation of it grows indefinitely, the way it does with Shakespeare. Who could ever catch up with 'Hamlet'?"

We asked Miss Diller how her book sales are doing, and she went out of the room and came back carrying a chart covered with figures. "Total sales are about two million copies," she said. "The Diller-Quaile First Solo Book has averaged twelve thousand copies a year since it was published, forty years ago, and the Second, Third, and Fourth Solo Books, not to mention the First, Second, and Third Duet Books, have also done well. Of course, I have to split the royalties with Miss Quaile's estate, but, all in all, the profits from our books, along with the ones I've done alone—my 'The Splendor of Music,' a distillation, I guess you'd call it, of a lifetime of teaching experience, came out recently—and the dozen or so that Mrs. Page and I have done together, *do* help pay the rent. She and I have arranged folk music from all over the world; we like to give the children something they can remember always. We moved to this apartment a few years ago so as to be near the Cosmopolitan Club. We go there for a square meal. Neither of us knows how to cook."

Miss Diller sat down at the piano. "I want to play a piece of MacDowell's for old times' sake," she said. "Something quite sentimental—'To a Water Lily.' " She paused after the opening chord and said, "It sounds so white," and, finishing up, "That's what I mean about music's being indestructible. Monet's 'Water Lilies' at the Museum of Modern Art went up in smoke, but nothing, by George, can happen to *this* water lily."

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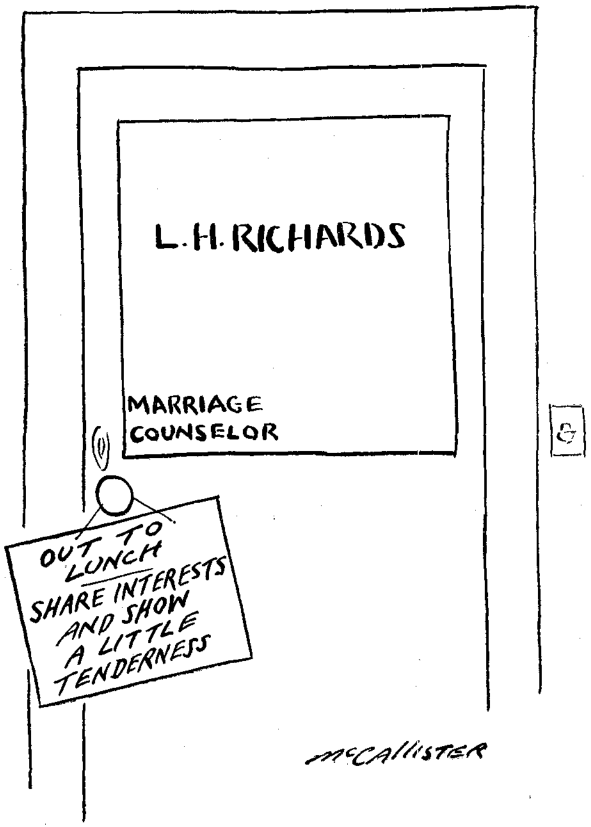
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which has just been established by Congress, is setting up headquarters in Washington in the old Cosmos Club Building.

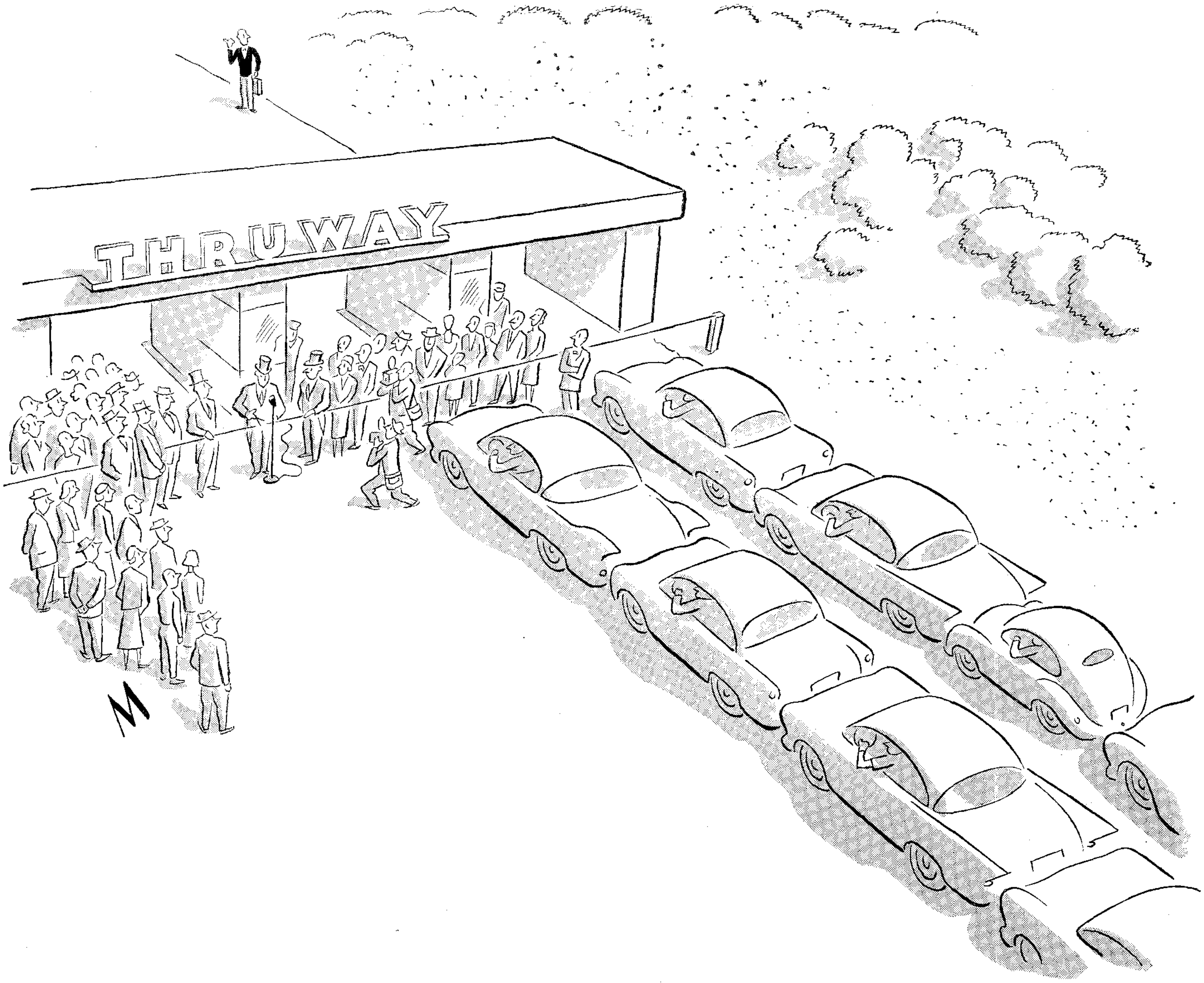
The Ocean City (New Jersey) *Amusement Guide* lists movie houses, restaurants, a bowling alley, and a funeral home run by Chester J. Wimberg.

Success

THE first issue of a very handsome and high-toned magazine called *Horizon* came out this week. No kin, as homely, middle-toned *Time* would say, to Cyril Connolly's old literary grab bag of the same name, which passed away quietly in England some years ago, this many-colored, hard-covered American *Horizon* subtitles itself "A Magazine of the Arts," and in a foreword to Volume I, Number 1, its editors explain, "We take for our title the word *horizon* because it is here, where earth and sky meet, that one may observe those jagged interruptions of the landscape that are the works of man: the squat mud houses of ancient Sumer; the gleaming statuary of the isles of Greece; the stately sky line of Venice when 'she did hold the gorgeous East in fee.'. . . Culture, the concern of this new magazine, is both achievement and dream, a work of the hands and a movement of the spirit, the special property of man since the great miracle of the Sixth Day . . . the concern of writers . . . poets . . . dramatists . . . scientists . . . gifted men . . . a birthright which we all inherit, the heritage man carries with him on his earthly voyage."

Horizon, which is to be published every two months, carries no advertising, so the cost of its hundred and fifty-two opulently big pages—most of them with one or two pictures, usually in color—is borne by its readers. The price of a single issue is $3.95, and the regular annual subscription rate is eighteen dollars. In short, *Horizon* is one of the most expensive magazines going, and you might think that, with all the talk we've heard these past few months about a recession, its publishers would have had some difficulty launching it; on the contrary, the response has been so enthusiastic that the print order for the first issue had to be constantly revised upward, until at last it reached two hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. The publishers, having estimated their break-even point at a hundred thousand copies, are highly gratified by this ringing vote of confidence in them and in culture. They're not quite sure they can place all these people who appear to care so much about the





squat mud houses of ancient Sumer and the gleaming statuary of the isles of Greece, but they're certain that an awful lot more of them exist than anyone has hitherto suspected, and that their interests reflect what *Horizon* boldly calls "the cultural explosion in America."

Shortly before the new magazine reached its readers, we stopped in at the *Horizon* offices, on Fifth Avenue, for a talk with two of its happy proprietors—James Parton, listed on the masthead as publisher, and Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr., listed as editor. (William Harlan Hale is managing editor, and Gilbert Highet is chairman of the advisory board.) Parton and Thorndike are both in their middle forties, and look at once bookish and boyish. They are also alike in having graduated from Harvard and in having worked for and parted company with Yaleman Luce. "Jim and I had been friends for a long time and had always wanted to get into magazine publishing on our own," Thorndike said. "In 1954, along with a third friend, Oliver Jensen, we took over *American Heritage*, an obscure, scholarly magazine published in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, and devoted mainly to local and state history. With the help of Bruce Catton as editor, we decided to turn it into a bi-monthly specializing in the whole of the American past and, like *Horizon*, richly illustrated, bound in hard covers, and containing no advertising. Price, twelve-fifty a year. A good many people told us we couldn't sell a magazine at that price. Others said we couldn't get along without advertising. We felt pretty brave in ordering a first printing of eighty thousand copies. Today, we're printing three hundred and twenty-five thousand copies per issue, and there's no ceiling in sight." Thorndike permitted himself a modest smile. "You hear talk that you can't start things nowadays, especially in publishing, without an enormous bank roll. Well, *American Heritage* cost us just over sixty-four thousand dollars."

"The curious device we've hit on is to publish magazines as if they were books," Parton said. "Eighteen dollars a year seems a terrible price to pay for a magazine, but it's dirt-cheap for six beautifully illustrated books, written by people like Julian Huxley, C. V. Wedgwood, H. R. Trevor-Roper, Freya Stark, Marquis Childs, and so on. The U.S. Post Office itself was puzzled about what to call us, for the purpose of fixing rates. 'You're a periodical, so you can't be a book,' they said. 'On the other hand, you're bound in hard covers, so you can't be a magazine.' We don't care *which* we're thought to be; we just want to be a part of the cultural explosion."

Peripheral Garb

WHILE shopping for a light evening coat at Bonwit Teller last week, a young lady of our acquaintance was shown one that the saleswoman described as perfect for her. "I'm afraid it's just a little too informal to wear to the theatre, which is really what I want it for," our friend said. "Well, that may be true," the saleswoman conceded, "but it would be just lovely for off-Broadway shows."

SMALL IS MY CINEMA, DEEP MY DOZE

THE hands of the clock pointed to one-thirty the other day, and my own, more flaccid than vermicelli, dangled inertly beside the dental chair as Dr. Yankwich shoved aside his drill, fired alternate rounds of compressed air and raspberry shrub down my throat, and straightened up. "There—wasn't it a breeze?" he asked gaily. "Let me help you off with that apron." He whisked off the plastic cocoon enveloping me and vigorously scrubbed at the dried foam on my chin. Mumbling several gutturals that sounded like Burmese participles dipped in novocain, I groped my way out of his cubicle to the anteroom. The right quadrant of my face, from nose to ear lobe and including a tongue unaccountably enlarged to the size of a bolt of brocatel, was frozen solid, and I looked forward bleakly to an afternoon of prickly, reluctant thaw. I couldn't have been more mistaken. I had extricated my trench coat—or what I thought was mine—from a rack festooned with them, and, pulling it on, had headed toward the bank of elevators when, halfway down the hall, the afternoon took a totally unexpected turn.

The corridor, in my dozen years of traversing it, had been lined with a variety of humdrum enterprises—accountants, custom tailors, import-export firms, and the like. Today, however, I saw that the legend "Little Cinema Lyceum, Inc." had blossomed forth in boldface on a door that now stood open, surrounded by an animated crowd. Most of its number, I became aware as I reached the periphery, were girls cultivating a resolute bohemianism; their hair was disordered, they wore a minimum of makeup and a maximum of leotard, and a dustier flock of ravens had never postured around an espresso machine. The half-dozen young men in their midst, if equally liberated, were more colorful. They sported loud gooseneck sweaters, Breton fishermen's jackets, and, in one case at least, a single gold earring. All, to a man, had beards. The whole caboodle was chattering away nineteen to the dozen, everyone jockeying for position at the door, and despite my most strenuous efforts to get past, I was swept centripetally into the thick of the crush. Between the noise and the novocain, I was like to founder when a forceful young Amazon, with braids on the order of Alma Gluck's encircling her head, loomed over me.

"Did you get your admission card?" she trumpeted, waving a handful of tickets. I tried to disclaim affiliation with the group, but all I could achieve was a few strangled monosyllables. "You signed up for the complete course—no?" she said with a bright, affirmative nod. "I remember you by that long vest you've got on." She thrust a card at me and plunged off. Perplexed, I glanced down and discovered with hot shame that I was clad not in my coat but its interlining, a sleeveless, maternity-type garment of tan shoddy that persistently refuses to stay buttoned to the exterior. Had I displayed myself in it on the Avenue, I would have been a rare figure of fun, but in this assemblage I was just another rebel; in fact, I detected a certain amount of covert admiration. In the same instant, it struck me that since Fate had fortuitously cast me into avant-garde film circles, I ought to glean whatever profit I could from the encounter. I accordingly trained my left, or unfrozen, ear toward two vestals engaged in colloquy directly behind me.

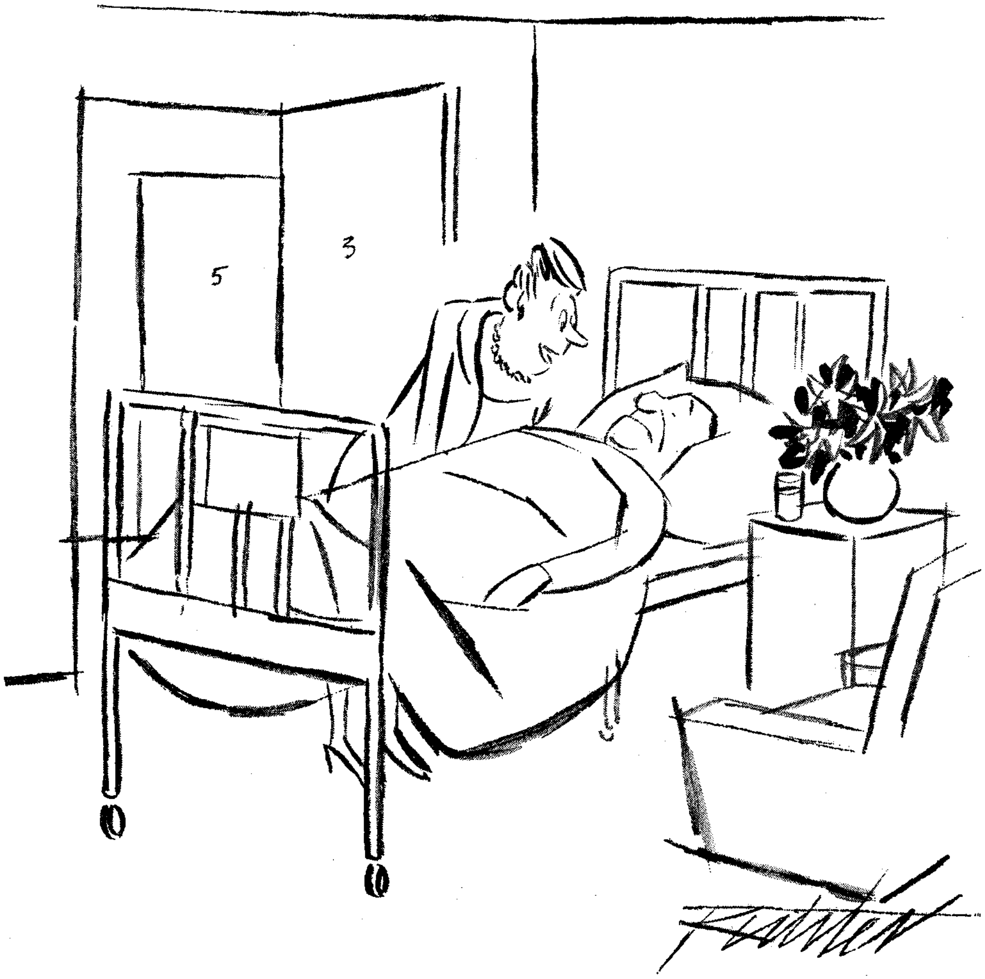
"It was called either 'Bitter Berries' or 'Wild Fruit,'" one was saying *con brio*. "Gérard Philipe played opposite Danielle Delorme, or maybe it was Danielle Darrieux—"

"No, that was 'Sour Fruit,' with Daniel Gelin and Dany Robin," the other contradicted. "Gérard Philipe wasn't in that one."

"He was too—he's in all of them!" the first declared vehemently. "It was about this passionate young peasant with a big bust who's married to an old tyrant in a Provençal village, and she despises him, and one day she finds a tempestuous swineherd named Niedou in a haystack."

As I was passably familiar with the plot under discussion, having drowsed through endless stereotypes, I shifted my attention elsewhere. Everybody within earshot, I found, was advertising to his fellows his profound expertise on European films, the more obscure the

"Do you know, so much has happened in Scarsdale lately that I'd forgotten all about Sherman Adams . . ."



"Harold, can you hear me? Industrials are up, rails are up, coppers are up . . ."

better. Quoted in evidence were Greek and Scandinavian pictures so experimental that nobody was quite sure of their content, except that all had the same glorious denominator of cuckoldry. The real phenomenon, though, was the zeal with which my neighbors had steeped themselves in the classics of the medium. Some had seen "Mädchen in Uniform," "Secrets of a Soul," and "Le Chien Andalou" thirty or forty times, and one pedant even exhibited a lock of F. W. Murnau's hair surreptitiously shorn from the director's head, he asserted, during the production of "Tabu" in the South Seas.

My speech, lamentably, was still too furry to ascertain the purpose of our bivouac when the Amazon sang out orders from the doorway to enter. We filed through a passage into a schoolroom of sorts, dominated by a desk at which a gentleman of obvious pedagogic status was busy shuffling papers. There was no hint of aestheticism in his dress or bearing; plump, a shade dyspeptic, and visibly in need of a shave, he might have passed for a millinery wholesaler on the edge of receivership. He coughed daintily, and restoring the dry cigar he had been chewing, rose to his feet.

"Welcome, friends," he began. "For the benefit of those that didn't attend the first session, I'm Gabe Fagin. As I told you last time, it's our mission to train personnel for little cinema theatres, which many applicants don't realize the special requirements of the work in that it differs radically from a job in the first-run houses and the nabes. So today we'll break it down into the different categories and see if we can't give you some pointers—inside trade secrets—that'll fit you for the post you want. First of all," he said thoughtfully, "how many of you girls figure on being cashiers?"

"Five hands," the Amazon reported from the sidelines.

"Good," said Mr. Fagin. "Now, will that person in the second row stand up? That's right, miss—you." A neatly coifed brunette with wide eyes and vivid coloring arose. "Thank you. You don't mind if I use you for an illustration? . . . Well, then, let's talk cold turkey. This girl will never get to first base the way she is."

"She looks too healthy," a young man near me hazarded.

"Correct," acquiesced Fagin. "The chief requisite of the cashier in an art house is a sickly, jaded expression—a trace of the ghoul. Her hair should be long and unkempt, and no lipstick, remember—just rice powder. Furthermore," he continued, addressing his exemplar directly, "your attitude isn't half scornful enough. When the patron pushes his money through the wicket, you've got to learn how to lay aside your Baudelaire and sneer at him like he was a bindlestiff. Create the impression he'd be better off at a horror bill on Forty-second Street."

"But I like people," the girl confessed, with downcast eyes.

"Then find yourself another profession," Fagin snapped. "If it's love you're after, take up nursing. There's no room in the little cinema for humanitarians and do-gooders." Disconsolate, she subsided, and Fagin punctuated the point with his cigar for emphasis. "That goes double for the attendants in the lounge," he expounded. "Their job is harder, because they work in almost pitch-blackness dispensing the free coffee and cigarettes. Now, it's tough to be insolent there, because your natural impulse in the dark is to be clubby. So you have to evolve your own particular techniques for humiliating the customer, like spilling java on their lapel, lighting the filter end of the cigarette, et cetera. Once in a while, you get a golden opportunity; one of our trainees spotted a man in a celluloid collar and managed to set fire to it, but a chance like that don't come along every day."

"What about the murals?" a young woman inquired from the rear. "Sometimes people want to know what those spooky things with the urns and the cornucopias mean."

"A very good point," said Fagin approvingly. "The best way to handle these inquiries is to pretend the murals don't exist. The patron's already so dizzy from the gloom and the coffee that he starts doubting his own sanity, and by the time he reaches his seat you've sowed the seeds of a breakdown. And right there," he cut in, indicating the males in the audience, "is where you budding theatre managers come in, you fellows who arrange the programs. A generation ago, this whole problem of what we call 'exacerbation' was hardly understood, but since then we've made great strides. Let's take the short subjects to start with," he proposed. "What type would you favor to bore your clientele beyond endurance?"

A goat-bearded stripling clad in

chamois raised his hand. "Anything with caverns or stalactites in it," he declared. "Or the annual tulip celebration at Holland, Michigan, showing floral windmills and tots in wooden shoes."

"How about 'The Making of a Drum Majorette'?" another asked.

"Big-game hunting with bow and arrow," called a third.

Fagin nodded benevolently. "All first-rate," he said, "but you've overlooked the most reliable, the very cornerstone of the art cinema—skiing. No bill is well balanced without at least one short called 'Mile-a-Minute Antics' or 'White Wilderness.' To set the folks really squirming in their chairs, you add a Bugs Bunny, or Wabbit, cartoon not less than twenty years old. The other components, the newsreel and 'Coming Attractions,' are a mite tricky; they must be skillfully pruned to render them as deadly as possible. On the first, you retain the whole opening montage of troops in review, water sports, and annual Mummers' Parade as a teaser."

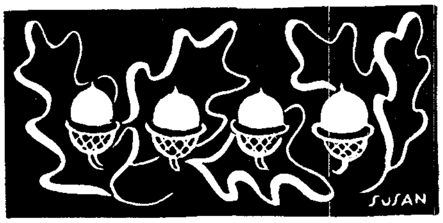
"But then give 'em only one news clip of a flood or mine disaster—right?" a voice behind me suggested cunningly.

"Precisely," agreed our mentor, with a twinkle. "You're catching on fast. With 'Coming Attractions,' of course, you don't show any footage at all—just a few static cards with one-word plugs like 'Arresting—*Tacoma News-Tribune*' or 'Saucy . . . libidinous—*Women's Wear Daily*.' Between the different novelties and Terrytoons, it goes without saying, you keep opening and closing the scrim wherever the chance presents itself. Finally, there's the question of the chaser. Some managers use a commercial film they get for free—'Water Power, Your Magic Genie,' or 'The Romance of Tuna,' made by this or that cannery concern. Myself, I prefer to turn up the house lights and play a good, dismal sound track of Chaminade, say, or Charles Wakefield Cadman." He paused, ignited his cigar, and looked about. "Any questions?"

"Yes, sir," a young man spoke up. "What about lovers in the audience—the couples with the tall hair that neck through the feature? How can they be placed so as to best interfere with the vision of those behind?"

"If your theatre is properly constructed—that is to say, without any pitch at all—that'll take care of itself," Fagin returned. He cupped his ear to catch a query from somebody in the rear. What if a foreign import, with every expectation of failure, proved a surprise hit? "That's where your true showmanship, your flair for operating an art house, will emerge," he said instantly. "Pull it out and substitute 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.' . . . No other problems? O.K., then, until next week, when we'll discuss twenty ways to withhold ice water and to cheat on your air-conditioning."

That night, strolling off our dinner of South African rock-lobster tails, my wife halted suddenly as we came abreast of our local art cinema. "Look, they're showing 'Acrid Fruit,' with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Delorme, and Danielle Darrieux!" she exclaimed. "Jesse Zunser of *Cue* gave it five mangosteens! It's all about an eager, middle-aged woman with a tyrannical husband—"



"Which is the part I play," I broke in, hustling her past. "And I'll tell you this much, puss: you won't get me into those grottoes for a while. Not even if they're showing Daniel Webster, Daniel Deronda, and Daniel Defoe."

We rounded out the evening in a bowling alley, where I cracked a metatarsal flange, but despite it I came out ahead. At least, I didn't have to watch any Chinook salmon fight their way upstream. —S. J. Perelman

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THE CCC

CCC campers near West Cummington
In the middle thirties built a sensible dam,
Considering the river—three strong piles
Of squarish field stones, rescued from old walls,
Held solid by concrete; between these piers,
Two slabs of tightly banded logs, let down
To make a pool in summer, taken up
In October when the after-swimming air
Would be too cold even if the water wasn't,
Then dropped back into place in middle June
When the ice-floed floods from springs of melting snow
Had reached the larger rivers and the sea.
I swam there seldom as a boy; the place
Seemed tame and dull compared to other parts
Of the same river, natural, undammed.
I liked much better what the CCC
Had done upcountry: stands of spruce and fir
Planted in rambling patterns, some my height,
Some more, some less, all young and growing,
Handsome and sturdy in the midsummer air.
But I thanked the CCC boys most of all
For what they did at Windsor Jambs, a gorge
Of rapids and waterfalls—they let it be
Essentially as it was, as today it is,
Neither cutting nor planting trees atop its sides,
Sweeping no needles up, breaking no rocks,
Letting the waters fall as waters will.
They took away nothing. All they thought to add
Was a series of sturdy posts along the edge
Of its cliffs, above sheer drop-offs—thick brown posts
Connected by three strands of stout steel rope,
Which, as I walked, I could run my hand along
Like an electric train, adding my game
To the natural beauty into which I gazed.
When I went back, at twenty, after the war,
I found the tent floors rotting, the dam unused,
The pines far taller than I, growing on,
But the Jambs the same, and every post still strong.
Only the rust on the ropes, which stopped my hands
From feeling extended echoes, showed that here,
Even here, in time, like all things, time would change
And make forgotten the works of the CCC.

—Thomas Whitbread

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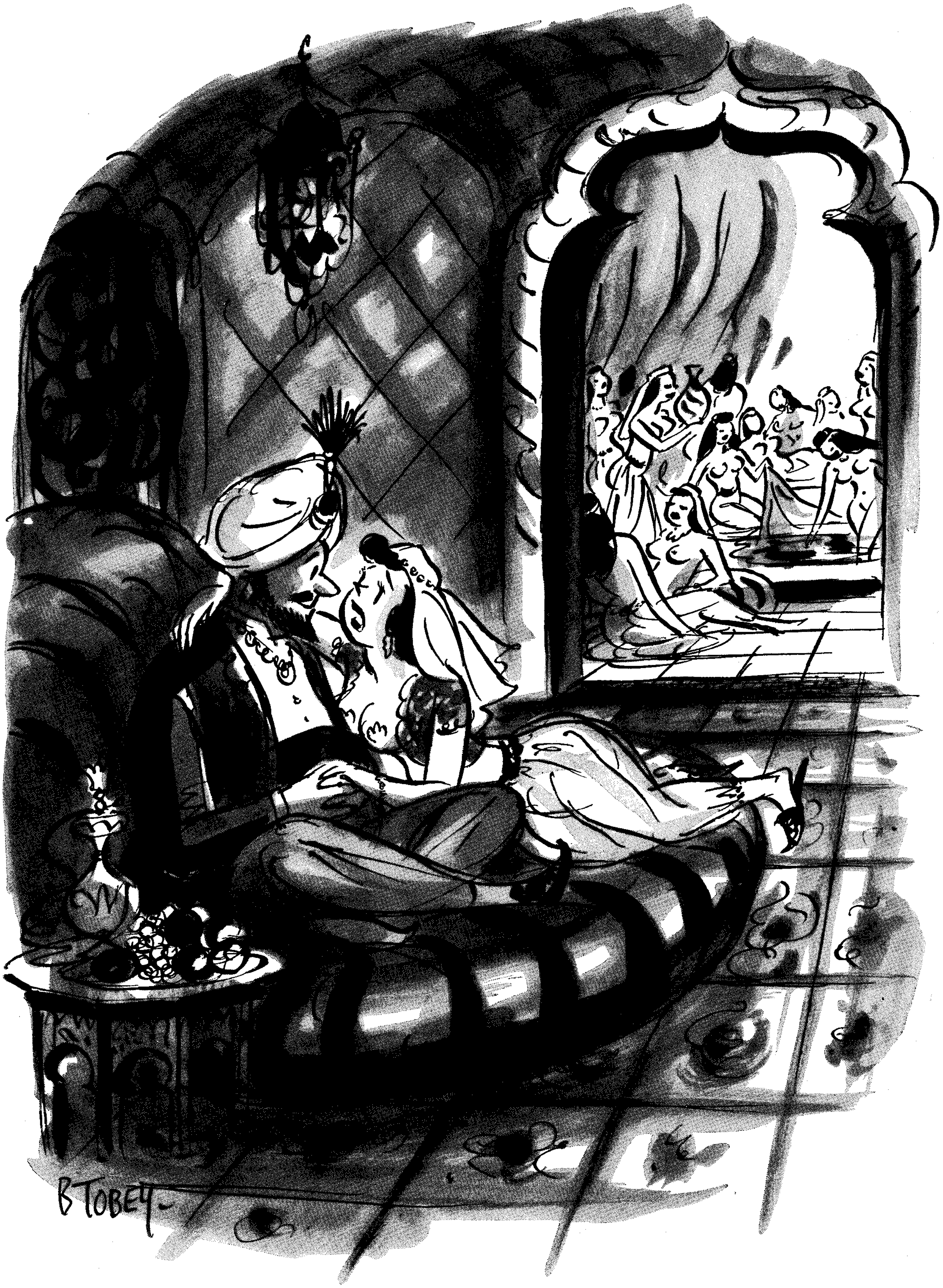


"What I mean is *aside* *from all the others, is there anyone else?"*

THE DOME CAR

ONE afternoon, a man named Paul Bayliss stood glooming in the entrance to the train shed of the Grand Central Station of Chicago. He was waiting to board a train that he hoped would at least be comfortable. The month was September but the day was hot and wet—a misplaced day, belonging to the worst of summer weather. He had come there already irritable and already burdened by a slight, unwelcome sadness—a mood reinforced by the station itself, which, belying its name with a vengeance, was small and out of the way and had a stale, smoky air of fatigue and hopelessness. And then his impatience—with his mother, his father, his brother, himself—had been deepened by the discovery, which had just struck him with the force of a minor revelation, that for two weeks he had been living the tiredest of platitudes. He had come from New York, after a lapse of a good many years, to revisit his youth in a small Indiana town forty miles from Chicago. All those years, he had nourished at least a formal homesickness and a notion that he wanted to go back—go alone, for a while, to recapture and renew. Now, like innumerable prodigals before him, he had found that there really was no way whatever to go home again. He had cut his visit short and was fleeing.

The roof of the entrance to the train shed leaked. Damp travellers accumulated around him, silent, for the most part, in their discomfort. He thought briefly of his mother, seeing her—in the light of his new standing as lapsed prodigal—with what he supposed could be called detachment. He saw her as a small, erratic woman, half a stranger, who seemed to be forever running and quoting snippets of the Bible. But, now that he thought of it, she had always fairly raced, covering hill and dale within the confines of her own house. As a matter of fact, her pace was now a good deal slower than it had been. Quotations from the Bible had always spilled out of her. ("Tell it not in Gath," she would say, after telling it, or "Judge not," having judged.) She played the piano less these days, but the radio went constantly. She could not often sit still for television. She had not changed at all, Paul thought. It was he who had changed—and that, too, was part of the platitude.

A young man standing next to him turned abruptly to look at the station clock, and, as he turned, bumped Paul. The young man did not apologize; he did not even seem aware of the little collision. Paul took a dislike to him, studied him a moment, and forgot him.

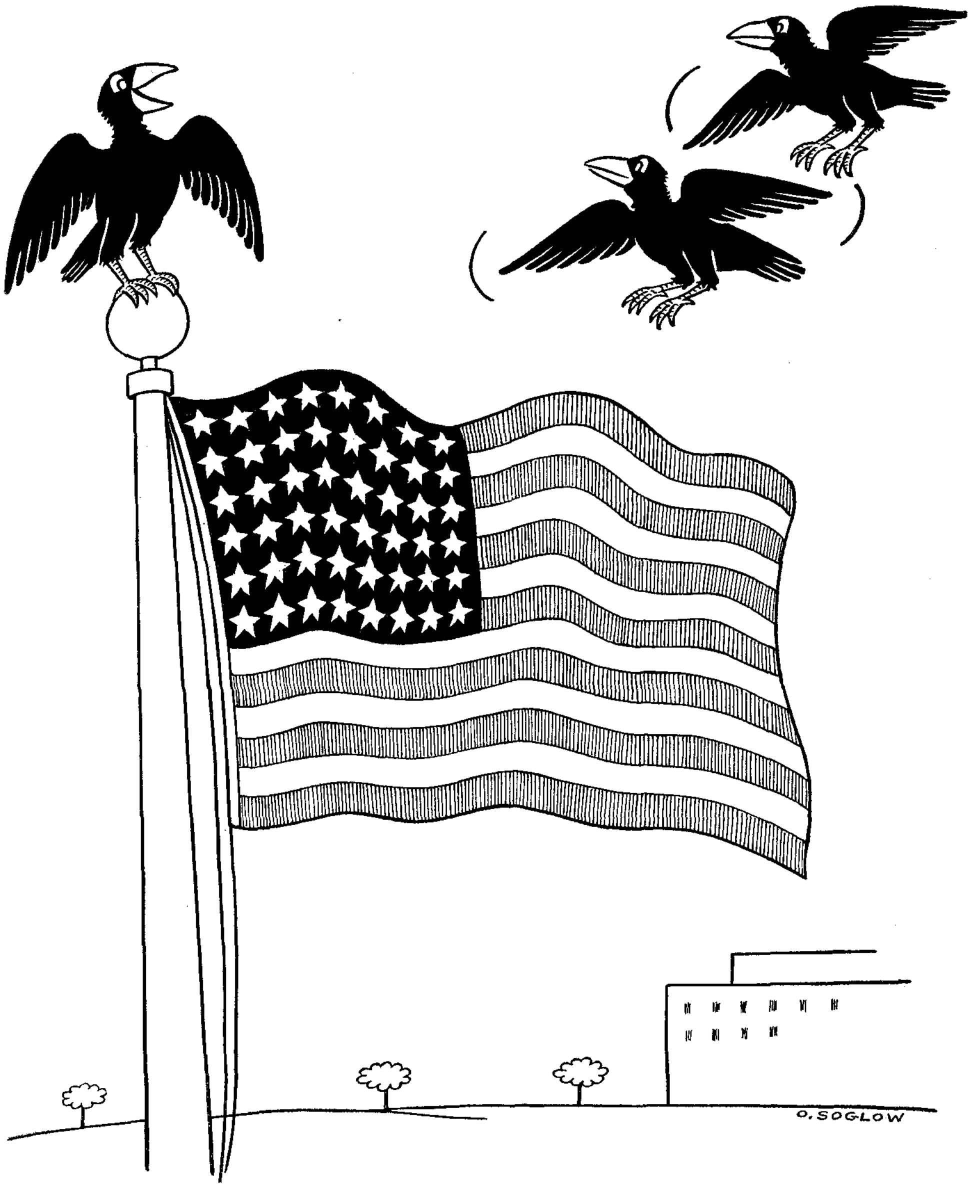
Paul's father, viewed with detachment, was also a stranger—a tall, bald man, whose distinguishing marks were his neat, cropped mustache, his watch chain across his waistcoat, and, out-of-doors, his tightly furled umbrella. Once, he had seemed to Paul to exude the authentic flavor of great cities, in spite of the fact that he had been in few, if any, of them. Now, though his *National Geographics* and his English magazines still came, and the huge granite sundial he had made himself still stood in what he believed was an Italian garden, he exuded only a persistent, musty hint that he had been, in his day, a man of the world. He doffed his hat to men, which nobody else in that town did. He pronounced foreign names with great care. He had not changed; the only change was in the way one saw him. Probably, Paul thought, feeling again the touch of sadness, he must always have pretended.

A knot of soldiers in rumpled uniforms, all with the sleepy, guarded look of soldiers travelling on their own (and all—to Paul, at thirty-seven, who had also been a soldier in his time—unspeakably young), churned disconsolately back and forth, walking through puddles without seeing them. A girl with light hair pulled back Madonna-fashion, with serene gray eyes, with a suggestion of calm and sweetness—and clearly of wisdom, too, in spite of her youth—slipped through the crowd and stood near the gate, and for a moment Paul thought that she was exactly the kind of girl that he would marry if he had it to do again.

She did somewhat resemble his wife. And he thought then at once of his wife, with all the longing he had kept away from himself for two weeks. He thought of her where she was, in their apartment on Murray Hill, with their two children. He thought of her in her wedding dress. He thought of her waking in the morning and diving, like a child, beneath the covers, defending herself a little longer against the horrors of her day. He thought of her sitting across from him in the living room, under quiet lights at evening, performing with calm and sweetness the classic, necessary rite of listening to the horrors, and the wonders, of his own. He thought of her walking west with him on Forty-fifth Street at theatre time. He thought of her, with him, at the Metropolitan Museum, and (once, long ago) at the Polo Grounds. And then, as a guard came and opened the train gate, and the people moved toward it, he thought fervently of New York. He could feel it around him already, and he loved it with a sudden, grateful sense of possession and allegiance and safety. He found, in fact, that he was thinking of it as home, and

CAUTION
MONKS
CROSSING

that, to his surprise, he was doing so for the first time truly.



"Look! I'm an eagle."

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THE exhilaration lasted most of the rest of the afternoon, though there were assaults upon it. The train, swinging southeast through Indiana, passed within two miles of the town he had just left—the town where, exactly then, his mother would be setting infinitely familiar plates and knives and forks on the dinner table. He saw groves he knew, and crossroads hamlets, and an old pond deep in bulrushes. He felt for a moment as if a trick were being played on him—as if he had never walked, free, having changed homes for good, through the station gate. The moment passed. He went and sat in the lounge. The train was indeed comfortable. And the sky cleared at last, and a huge early-autumn sunset streaked the whole western third of it, back where his parents were.

He went to the writing desk, then returned to his chair. He had a habit, whenever his business took him away from home, of writing to his wife at once, on the train or plane, nullifying their separation as well as he could, as soon as he could. But what would he say in a letter to his mother? He was, after all, in flight from her. The calm, sweet girl, all self-containment, walked through the car. She was a person one could talk to, and he would have liked to talk. But what would he say to her? He could not say, "I used to think my brother Richard had sinews of steel and was as smart as the President of the United States. Now he is just a strange, flabby man who laughs loudly and seldom smiles. He and his family come to the house to dinner every Sunday. While I was there, they came on Wednesdays, too. Duty. Maybe more than duty. Faith in the persistence of ties that bind. We got through the first time fine, and the other times we simply could not talk. He drove me in to Chicago a couple of hours ago, and then we talked. We talked about next time. There probably won't be a next time, and he knows it as well as I do. He couldn't get away fast enough, once he'd seen me to the station."

No, that was not what one should say. Still, she was the kind of girl who would respond to the conversation of a man maturer than herself, if it was wise and witty. But she was gone. Later, at dinner, he saw that, for lack of other company, she had fallen in with the young man who had bumped him outside the train shed. The young man was wearing collegiate clothes of an extreme conservatism. His hair was short. He was a little past college age. Paul's dislike of him increased. It turned to disdain when, later still, he came upon him shepherding the girl up the steps that led to the shadowy dome of the observation car.

Paul did not precisely mean to follow them there, but presently he went. He sat down across the aisle from them, and one seat to the rear, able, at first, to see them only in silhouette. And then he realized that he saw them so because, though the dome was illumined by faint blue lamps, the whole out-of-doors was bright. A floodlight on the car was shooting out over the landscape, bathing it in whiteness for a few seconds while the train passed.

He shifted nearer to the window, watching the light. He wished that his family had not understood how final his leaving was, but he knew that they had. They all had tried—he had tried, too. His mother had gossiped on indomitably about the people in radio serials. Richard had reviewed bridge hands and revived old jokes. Their father had pronounced on morals and politics, always in the dark words of the one newspaper they unfailingly read. They had asked, of course, about Paul's wife and children, but the rest of his life they had tacitly, courteously dismissed as irrelevant; to them, the whole American East was insane. Even his father's dream of far places did not include the East. And then there had been the gaps—the times when Paul and they had flagged in their earnest efforts and had been drawn almost close in a silent admission of failure.

The light outside the window was coursing relentlessly over haystacks and roads, culverts and woods, water towers and barns. Shadows of trees, of telephone poles, darted from near at hand to its perimeter, and wheeled in immense arcs backward. A plowed field came and went like a patch of gray-and-black surf. The light was senseless, and presumptuous, too, Paul thought. An invasion. Why should the peace of the country night be shattered by the railroad company? Why should tired people, sleeping their first sleep, have a great light glare through their windows at them? Why should birds be disturbed? Why should lovers?

He could see the girl a little more clearly now. She was facing halfway toward him. Her features, in the dimness, were fine and rather melancholy. The empty-headed, obvious young man could scarcely be blamed for obeying his instincts, but surely he was due for a comeuppance. She was talking, but Paul could not hear her voice. More and more people had drifted into the car; the dome was full of murmurs. Behind Paul, two men, one of them foreign, were talking about America. The foreigner was asking perplexed questions; the American was explaining—boasting politely, depreciating politely, summing the country up for him. Outside, the light swept over an embankment and levelled off again. Had it routed any gophers holed in the slope, Paul wondered. It rushed along a dark street, brushing sedate white houses. What dogs and cats—what children—was it touching, out of sight? Were squirrels stirring in the trees? Wherever it went in its crazy race, invisible, unguessable life swarmed under it. Across the aisle from Paul, an old couple sat motionless, staring not at the landscape provided for their pleasure but straight ahead. Down the aisle, a match flared. From behind came a woman's scream of laughter. The young man laid his arm along the back of the seat. The girl was sitting sidewise, bending forward as she talked. The arm came nowhere near her, but she lifted it off the back of the seat and put it down where it belonged.

NINE-TENTHS of the iceberg (Paul thought) lies beneath the surface. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of what the railroad company imagines it is showing the people in this car can't be seen by them.

The foreigner was puzzled by the incidence of comic books among the compatriots of Emerson.

"Still, there are thirty major symphony orchestras in the country, not counting the minor ones and the ones in colleges, don't forget that," the American said. "Of course, many players are Europeans."

SUNDAY, 4 A.M.

An endless, flooded
dreamland, lying low,
crucifix- and wheel-studded
like a tick-tack-toe.

At the right, ancillary,
"Mary" 's close and blue.
Which Mary? Aunt Mary?
Tall Mary Stearns I knew?

The old kitchen knife box,
full of rusty nails,
is at the left. A high *vox*
humana somewhere wails:

The gray horse needs shoeing!
It's always the same!
What are you doing,
there, beyond the frame?

If you're the donor,
you might do that much!
Turn on the light. Turn over.
On the bed a smutch—

black-and-gold gesso
on the altered cloth.
The cat jumps to the window;
in his mouth's a moth.

Dream dream confronting,
now the cupboard's bare.
The cat's gone a-hunting.
The brook feels for the stair.

The world seldom changes,
but the wet foot dangles
until a bird arranges
two notes at right angles.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

• •

"Unquestionably," said the other man. "And many conductors."

"Of European *origin*, I mean," said the American.

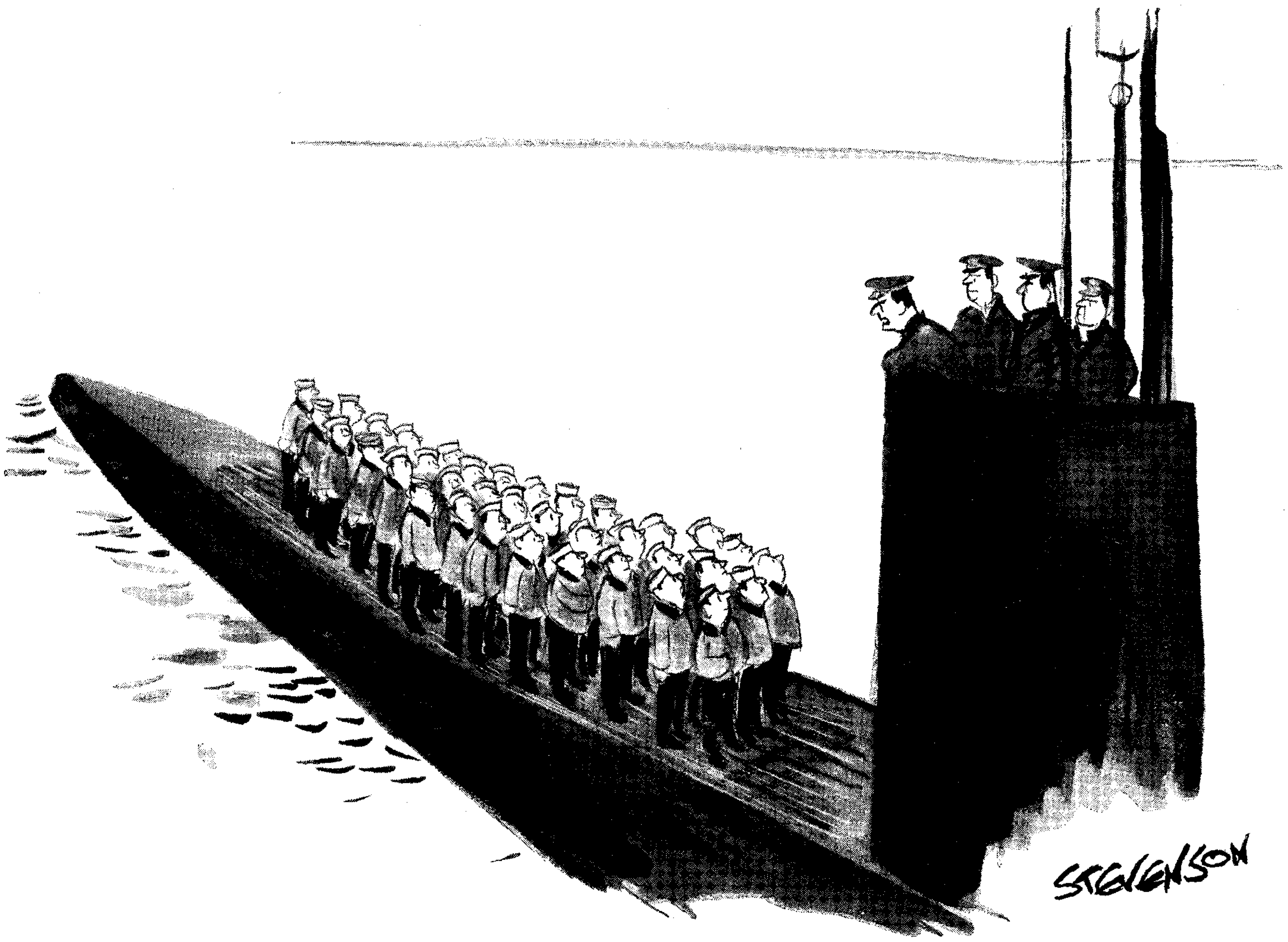
The light goes over the landscape picking up glimpses, Paul thought. That man now has a statistic about America. But what will he ever really know about us? What do we know about one another?

The car grew quieter. The girl was still talking. Paul could hear her now. Her voice was flat and intense. She was insisting, with something like defiance (though the young man was not denying it), that she was psychic. She was also, she said, very ethical. The girl she shared an apartment with was not. Most women were not. She asked if the young man believed her, and Paul saw him nod and heard a mumbled word or two before the girl rushed on. She said that the girl she shared an apartment with was foolish, as well as unethical, about men. She herself was neither. Where men were concerned, she was especially psychic; she always knew their natures and their intentions better than they did. She wondered if the young man could believe her. He said he could.

Apparently, what we know about one another is very little, Paul thought. But what can you tell from glimpses? Here was a girl—calm, sweet, and wise—made to soothe a man, to listen to his aches. Or—here was the best-looking girl aboard the train, a dish. For the first time in many hours, Paul smiled to himself, thinking of what he and the young man had separately supposed they had glimpsed of the girl, and thinking, too, that the young man was surely being punished for his intentions.

Then, suddenly, Paul was tired of the young man and the garrulous girl. He turned once more to the window, and found that he was seeing houses, back yards, little stores, cars on the lonely roads, with a peculiar intimacy. Whatever he saw seemed deeply familiar to him. His parents, and all their friends, and his—and he—were in the houses. He knew the texture of the light in their front parlors, and the state of the carpets.

Memories, prodded, began to stir—old glimpses, unregarded in their own time. He saw his father struggling to roll the boulder he wanted for his sundial into a corner of his garden. His scalp—bald, even then, twenty-five years back—was deep red and pulsing. Paul tried to help, but his father would not let him. After the stone was in



"This time, men, we're going to set a record and stay submerged for thirty-five days. I know you'll all do fine, but a word of warning: There'll be a court-martial for the first man who gets cranky."

• •

place, its top was levelled with cement, and his father incised a motto in it: "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*" Paul sometimes used to find him out there staring at it.

I wonder, Paul thought—I wonder. He pretends, of course. "I count no hours but unclouded ones." Has that been a part of it all along—pretending unclouded hours, counting no others? He has always acted as if he knew he was cut out for a merchant prince. I think I remember that he could have bought a store, once, in Chicago. Mother stopped it. What does it cost a merchant prince to spend his life running a small-town drygoods store? He had an offer of a partnership in New Orleans. That's as good as a foreign city, to him. Mother stopped it. I suppose he has always needed to pretend he was somewhere besides where he was—where he is. Somewhere suitable.

"Why, I *grew up* in Chicago, and I never saw a gangster," the American was saying. "Not to my knowledge."

"At least we can agree that you have a magnificent lake front," said the foreigner.

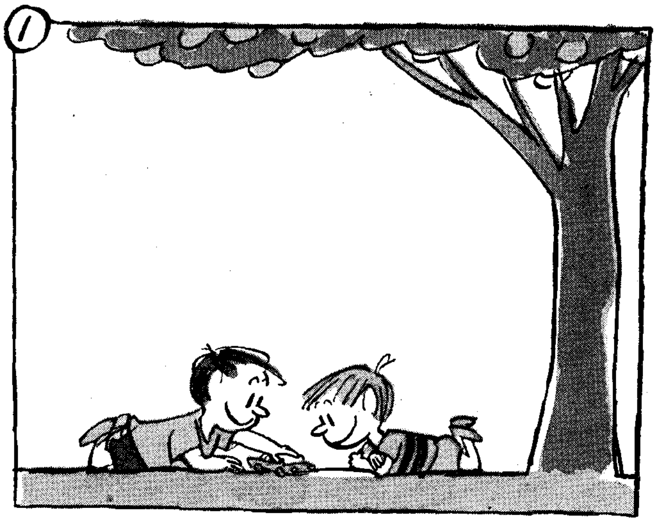
"Well, yes—I suppose it is," the American said. "Thank you."

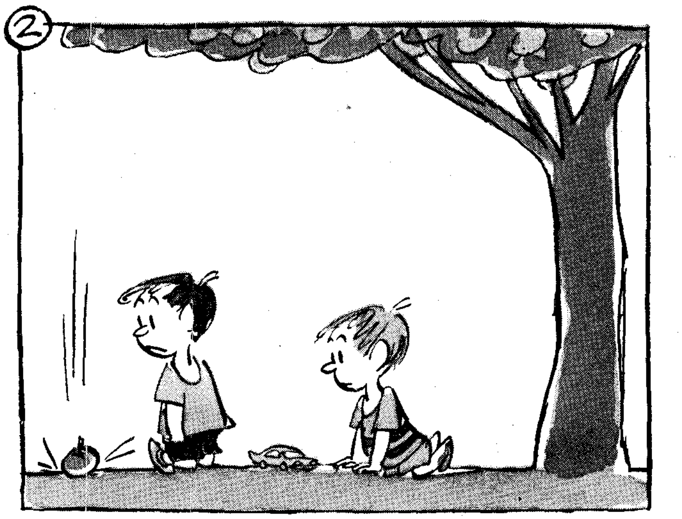
The light ran along the main street of a little town, dimming the nearby neon lights, flashing on the window of a drugstore, whitening a man walking on crutches and a woman carrying two suitcases. Who were they? Where were they going?

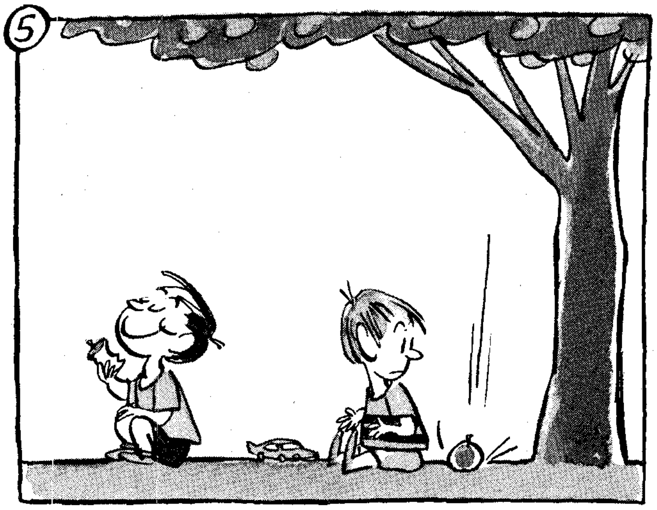
And who is my father, really, Paul wondered. Who is my mother? He felt that he was seeing them, now, as he was seeing the landscape and the town and the random, unexplained people. He thought that, in fact, he must always have seen the larger part, the submerged part, of them so—in uncomprehended glints, in fragments that slipped away.

He remembered his mother and her storms of temper. After the first flashes, she would go to the piano and play Schumann by ear, rolling the chords. But Schumann was seldom equal to the occasion. Presently, she would stamp off to her sewing room, to read the Bible. She was by no means religious, but when she was troubled—and the quickness of her anger had always troubled her dreadfully—she went to the Bible to steady herself with good examples and vouched-for maxims.

I never thought much about her reading the Bible that way, Paul reflected. All I knew was, she got mad. I had almost forgotten that Father could have had a store in Chicago. And then it seemed to Paul, in a glimmering instant, that the two things were quite bound together. Change, or the prospect of change, had always undone her. She had raced through her life propping up the status quo, and if anyone seemed likely to tamper with it—to remodel her basement, to change the color of her yellow clapboard house—a storm was sure to come. Had fear blown the storms up? How could you know? Maybe not. But she must always have







been afraid that somehow, sometime, she would be led away into the huge and threatening world her husband longed for.

"I think you have to live up to your principles," the calm girl was saying. She had taken hold of the young man's left hand and was earnestly wringing it. She did not seem in the least aware that she was doing this. "I think you have to have a philosophy of life and be guided by it. I have a great deal to give a man. A great deal. But not all men are like you, by any means, believe me. They can't just sit and converse intelligently with someone. Would you say I was unattractive? I don't mean it personally"—she let the hand go—"but would you? *Would* you?"

The young man shook his head. The girl ran on, her voice infused with a rising despair, for though she understood herself, no one else—men least of all—understood her.

She's a sad girl, Paul thought. She's in the dark, like the rest of us. If only there were a little more light. What have I really found out about my parents, except that I don't know them? What am I learning about the state of Ohio, with that ridiculous thing out there skimming over the top of it? I caught one glimpse of my brother, last Wednesday, and that was all. When Mother said she was glad his old asthma had cleared up, he looked at me as if he expected me to hit him. Apparently it was asthma that kept him out of the war—not essential work, after all. He didn't want me to find out, because I was in it, and because he thinks that only unstable people have asthma. What difference does it make—what earthly difference? I would never have thought he was vulnerable where I was concerned. He certainly never seemed to be when we were boys. If he is vulnerable now—what else is he? What has he been all along? If there had been more light, perhaps—whole light. If we could have seen by daylight.

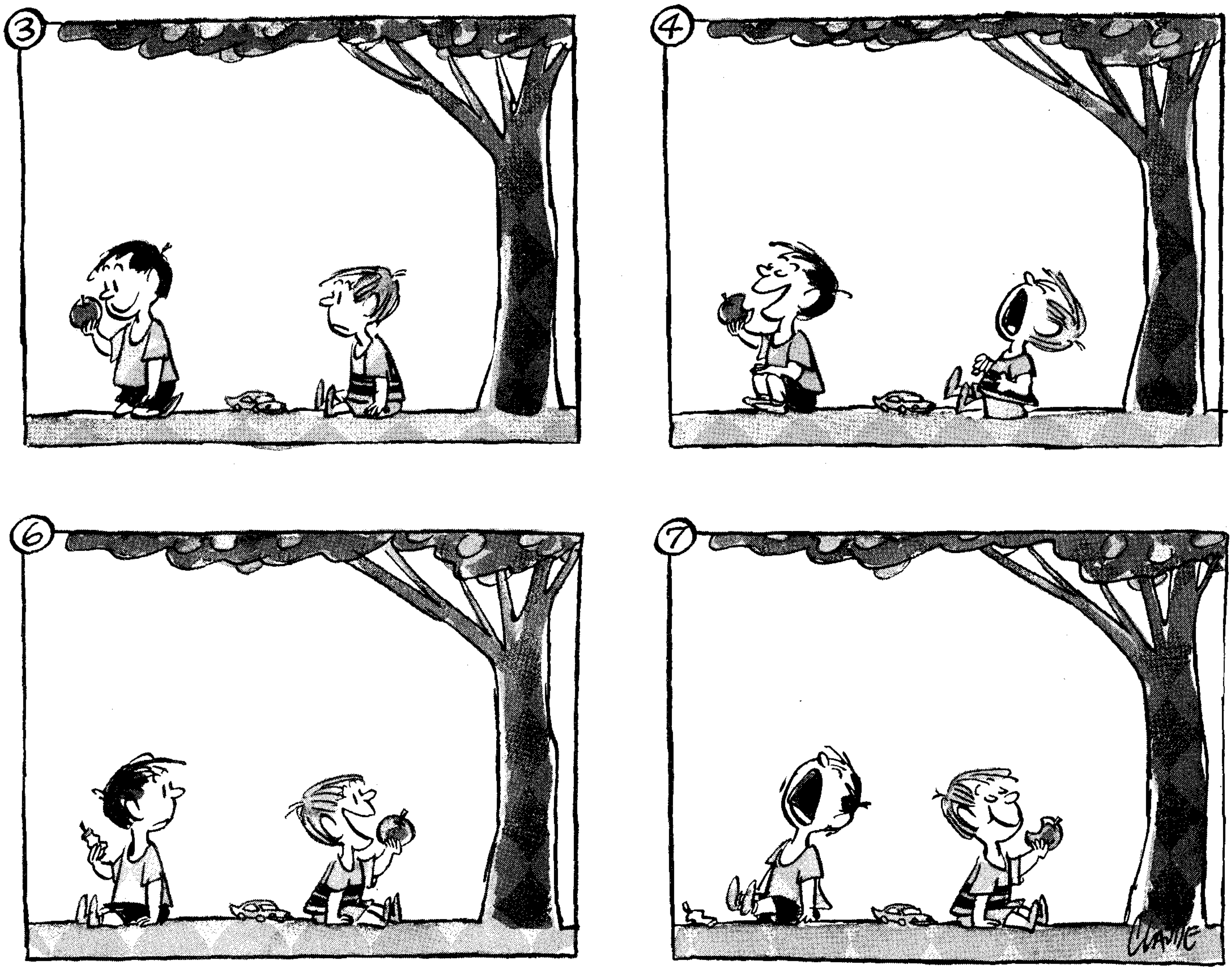
Yet one could not go back and relive a life by daylight. Letters would still flow west and east, and gifts and cards and telegrams; the whole sustaining ritual that he had followed, and his family had followed, upholding the dream of closeness through all the years he had spent becoming an alien, would continue. But the useful illusion itself was gone, and the world looked oddly bleak to him without it.

The fraudulent light swept on, and Paul watched it sadly. He had lost, in a way, three strangers. I never had more than a nighttime glimpse of any of them, he thought. So now it seems I've lost something I never had.

He stood up and wandered off to his room and bed, leaving the girl still talking, searching for herself, and the foreigner still asking, searching for America, and the light still rushing along outside, searching, by now, for Pennsylvania.

THE train stopped. Paul woke. He thought it must be morning, or near morning. He looked at his watch. It said half past six. If the train was on time, the stop was unscheduled. He raised his window shade and got up on one elbow, and saw a small, worn frame station. The sky was gray in the east, beyond a dim, rolling landscape. A man and a woman were standing on the platform. The man was in work clothes. The woman—a tall, straight woman—was in a plain brown coat. She looked as tired, as forlorn, as weather-beaten, in the thin light, as the station itself. Another woman, also tall and straight, came walking quickly along the cinder path at the tracks' edge. Behind her was a porter with a grip, which he set on the platform. She nodded to the man in work clothes and embraced the woman, who clung to her. The two women stood rigid for a moment. The train began to move. The woman who had been waiting took a handkerchief out of her coat pocket and wiped her eyes, then covered her face with it.

The train picked up speed. The faint morning spread. For a while, Paul pushed aside the scene on the station platform as unreal—a distortion of half-sleep, which would take a more comfortable shape when daylight came. But daylight was already coming, and the land was beginning to stir. He could see—now, by daylight—the authentic forms of hills and trees, the geometry of towns, the primary colors of store fronts and filling stations. He saw a man in a farmyard, a horse in a pasture.



And then the day itself began to break into a thousand pieces for him, to swarm.

High on a curve of the tracks and level with the train was a gaunt wooden house with a light on in its kitchen. Paul caught a glimpse of a man in pajamas busy there. Perhaps the man lived alone. Perhaps he was getting breakfast while his wife was upstairs with her head beneath the bedclothes. Perhaps a child was ill. Other houses were waking. A boy was carrying a basket to a henhouse. What would he be when he grew up? Whom would he marry? Where would they live? Did he have a brother as smart as the President of the United States? Last night, it had been easy to people houses and know their inmates; this morning they peopled themselves with total strangers. Two cars stood at a grade crossing, waiting for the train to pass. Last night, cars had been merely headlights, or gliding shapes along roads; now in these two were five observable separate people, with lives that stretched far out beyond the cars, and each other, and themselves. Thirty miles or so to the west, the woman who had got off the train was facing, with her sister (was it her sister?), whatever she had come home (was it home?) to face.

Apparently daylight was harder to see by than night light, after all.

He thought of the three strangers he had left behind, and now it did not seem exactly as if he had lost them for lack of light. I never had them because I couldn't have had them, he thought. No one has anyone.

And then, for a cold second, he thought of his wife and children. Surely he knew, and had, them. Surely they were not strangers. He put the thought aside as an absolute distortion—a thing to be looked at and dismissed in a clearer moment. But, even so, another glimpse came to him—a glint from below the surface of the impossible thought, and one that reflected back to Indiana.

He got up and dressed. The diner was not yet open, and he went to the lounge and sat down at the desk and laid a sheet of the railroad's paper in front of him. We must get back to where we were, he thought. He frowned at the paper and took up a pen. We have to get back to the pattern, to the ritual. We must go on helping each other pretend that we are not strangers.

"Dear Mother and Father," he wrote. And then he went on, thoughtfully, earnestly, choosing and setting down the phrases. "It certainly was wonderful to be with you. I'm sorry it couldn't have been a great deal longer. I enjoyed every minute of it. . . ."

We can't speak, he thought, but we can signal—we can wave.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

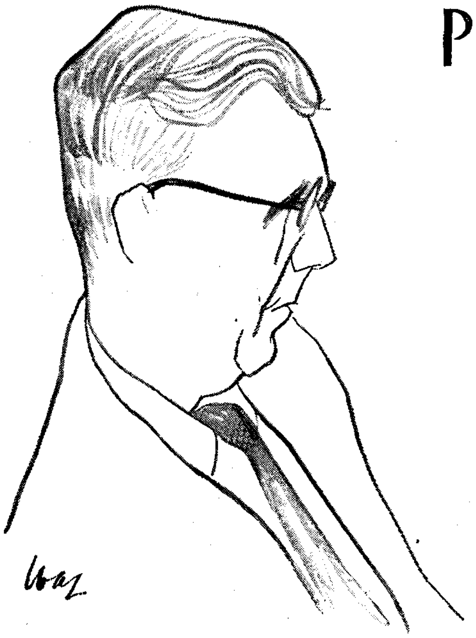
•

ST. LOUIS.—Two European Hoopoe eggs were hatched at the St. Louis Zoo. It was believed to be the first time Hoopoes have bred in captivity. A Hoopoe (which makes a "poo-poo-poo" sound) is the size of a large thrus. Its crest riser and fells. The pair of St. Louis Hoopoes came from Hungary in 1956.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Poo-poo-poo to the large thrus. Poo-poo-poo also to the crest which riser and fells.

PROFILES

POLYMERS EVERYWHERE—II



Dr. Herman F. Mark

FROM time to time, among the passengers leaving the TWA plane that ends its nightly run from New York to Midway Airport in Chicago at three o'clock in the morning is an energetic, bespectacled, pink-cheeked, white-haired man whose erect bearing and purposeful look, together with the fact that he carries two heavily loaded briefcases, might lead one to suspect that he is a diplomat or a corporation president bent on a mission too crucial to be entrusted to a subordinate. This impression soon fades, however, for the traveller no sooner steps off the loading steps than he breaks into a trot, and moments later, well ahead of the other passengers, he bursts into the airline's waiting room, where he abruptly flops down on what experience has taught him is the least lumpy of its upholstered benches. Removing his glasses and tucking them away in his pocket, he inelegantly sprawls at full length on this makeshift couch, extracts from one of his briefcases a small foam-rubber pillow in a freshly laundered linen cover, slips it under his head, and—oblivious of the lights, the rasping announcements from the public-address system, the stares of less uninhibited travellers, and the squashy effect on his collar and his trouser creases—drops off to sleep with the ease of a practiced hobo. Two hours later, he awakens, entirely refreshed, scurries into the washroom with a razor, and, after a few minutes, emerges clean-shaven, if still slightly rumpled. Back at his favorite bench, but now in an upright position, he extracts from the other briefcase a mass of documents, and thus, about five in the morning, begins his workday—perhaps writing a dozen letters in longhand (to be airmailed back to Brooklyn and typed out by two secretaries), or editing an article composed on the flight out, and, with the help of a slide rule and scratch pad, checking the cryptic formulas and equations that pepper its pages. Shortly after seven, he stuffs the papers back into the briefcase and repairs to a coffee shop for juice and coffee, and by the time a limousine arrives to take him to an eight-o'clock appointment at Standard Oil of Indiana's office in Whiting, Indiana, he is in a state of indestructible geniality, his whole being apparently invigorated by the knowledge that he has saved an hour by not riding into town to sleep in a hotel.

This periodic resident of the waiting room at Midway is Dr. Herman F. Mark, a sixty-three-year-old professor of organic chemistry at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, but his casual acceptance of TWA's hospitality can hardly be written off as merely an example of the gently eccentric conduct that is traditionally regarded as the birthright of the pedant. Actually, his title comes close to not defining his job—or jobs—at all. In the role of professor, he teaches polymer chemistry, which, to be sure, is a species of organic chemistry, but one that, having provided the key to the manufacture of synthetics—Lucite, dacron, buna rubber, and countless others—has developed so far along its own special lines that it is almost a separate science. Moreover, he teaches not the regular students at Brooklyn Polytechnic but a mixed lot of graduate students and professional chemists on furlough, who attend his courses at the Polymer Research Institute, a specialized branch he founded in 1946 and still directs. Mark is singularly well qualified to teach polymer chemistry, for he and it almost literally grew up together, and today he is this nation's No. 1 source of the latest reliable information on the subject.

A contemplative theoretical scientist when he wants to be, Mark also derives a huge amount of satisfaction from the fact that innumerable material benefits—ranging from plastic hors-d'oeuvre trays to life-saving artificial blood plasma—owe their existence to polymers, which were regarded as the unpredictable evil spirits of molecular structure until he helped to subdue and discipline them back in the twenties. Specifically, his greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that he was one of a group of research men who discovered how cellulose is put together; that the first samples of Lucite, Styron, and buna-N and buna-S synthetic rubber were created in a laboratory of which he was one of the directors; that he served as an adviser to the chemists who originated orlon and dacron; and that he was the senior member of a team that formulated a set of fundamental equations that are used every day by chemical engineers to regulate the processes by which they "grow," as they put it, the molecules that make up plastics and synthetic rubbers. Mark's reputation is such that a number of large industrial firms—among them E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., the Polaroid Corporation, and Standard Oil of Indiana—retain him as a visiting consultant, keeping him on the road three or four days a week and paying him fees amounting in a year to three times his salary as a professor of organic chemistry. And somewhere along the line he finds time to edit the *Journal of Polymer Science,* a monthly for those who share his interest, and the last word on the subject for anybody who wants to keep in step with polymer progress. "I would hesitate to single out any one of Mark's contributions to science as his magnum opus," Dr. Raymond Fuoss, Sterling Professor of Chemistry at Yale, has said. "He has done many things, all of them good. In my opinion, he has done more than any other individual in this country to advance our knowledge of polymer chemistry."

NOTWITHSTANDING his seemingly obsessive preoccupation with polymers, whether he is dreaming over a bubbling flask in his laboratory, on the seventh floor of the reconverted razor-blade factory that is Brooklyn Polytechnic's campus, or leaping nimbly for a proffered fee as a consultant, Mark is by no means a slave to the things. He and his wife delight in throwing parties, both at their apartment, overlooking Prospect Park, and at a summer place they have at Lake Peekskill, and he is regarded by his friends as quite a connoisseur of food and wine. He is chairman of something forthrightly called the Working Party on Wood Utilization of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, but since wood, being a cellulose, was for years one of the enigmas that kept polymer scientists frantically guess-ing, this activity may be considered within the borders of his province, and so, since the ramifications of polymer chemistry are so widespread, may his being vice-president in charge of project research for the American Committee of the Weizmann Institute of Science, in Israel. He has strayed farther afield, however. During the war, for instance, he not only helped develop the Army's Weasel, or snowmobile, and its DUKW, or seagoing truck, but, together with a former student, invented a special kind of ice, from which an experimental aircraft carrier was actually made—a dizzy venture he became involved in because he is an authority on glaciers and, still more improbably, on avalanches.

Mark's standing as a big glacier-and-avalanche man is traceable to what is almost a mania for skiing and mountain climbing, which seized him as a boy and has eased its grip only slightly now that he is a sexagenarian. He developed the wind and muscles and general stamina demanded by both sports during his childhood in Vienna, where he was born, the oldest of three children, in 1895, in the city's Fourth District, then a semi-commercial region inhabited by lower-middle-class families. His mother was a Viennese Lutheran and his father, a physician of the old-family-doctor variety, was a German Jew who, in his twenties, had embraced Lutheranism; the Nazis, later on, took no stock in this conversion of nearly half a century's standing, and their intransigent attitude toward the doctor's son can be credited with making Brooklyn Polytechnic the world center of polymer thought. At an early age, young Mark showed unmistakable signs of possessing a superabundance of energy even for a small boy. At the Theresianische Akademie, a well-known Viennese private school for boys, he played tennis and soccer as often and as long as his playmates could remain on their feet, and when they finally gave up, he would run ten or twelve times around a cinder track and then two miles to reach home in time for supper.

One of the members of the school's soccer team was a boy named Gerhard Kirsch, who, though a couple of years older than Mark, could stand the pace he set little better than the younger lads. Mark pitied him for this show of weakness but greatly admired him for his scholastic ability, and the two became close friends. One day, when Mark was twelve, Kirsch, whose father was a professor of chemical technology at the University of Vienna, took him on a tour of the laboratories there. According to Mark, that was the turning point. He had never previously thought much about chemistry, one way or the other, but, for some reason that he cannot explain, the sight of flasks and beakers and retorts, of blue-flamed Bunsen burners, of bubbling liquids and the lengths of rubber tubing that carried off their vapors—a sight that has left many a small boy cold, except when it offered him the opportunity to mix up some smelly potion himself—filled Mark with awe as he stood gazing at them from a respectful distance. From then on, he says, he knew he was going to become a chemist.

While Mark was awed by the sight of a laboratory, his reaction was enough like that of most other youngsters to make him yearn to mess around personally with test tubes full of powders and liquids. In fact, his yearning was so intense that when Gerhard, who, being older, was already studying chemistry, proposed that they set up a laboratory of their own, he instantly agreed, and then went home—running even faster than usual—to persuade his mother that his bedroom was the only possible place to set it up in. Pooling their savings, the boys bought enough cheap glassware and bottles of chemicals to fill a large box, which they lugged to Mark's home—an apartment consisting of five small rooms—and there they began a series of experiments they considered successful if the results were sufficiently gaudy or malodorous or loud, or, better still, all three at once. But if the boys did not dis-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

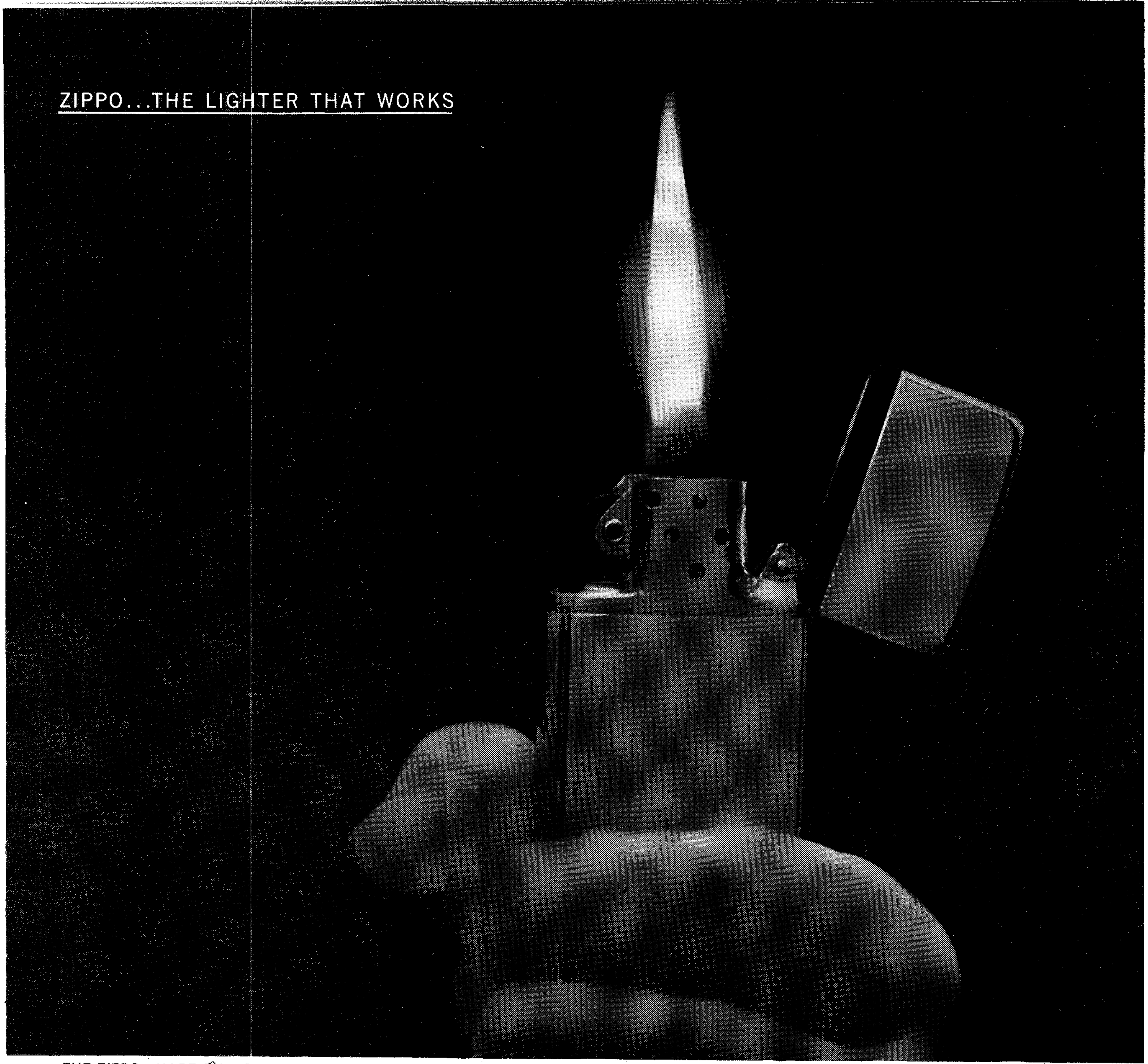
"*You aren't even* *trying**, Mrs. Haffner.*"

tinguish themselves as a constructive research team, Gerhard had picked up certain fundamentals of laboratory technique, either at school or from his father, and Mark learned these from his friend almost without knowing it, familiarizing himself with such matters as the process of precipitation, filtration, and washing as a means of separating one substance from another; ways of measuring and regulating degrees of acidity and alkalinity; and, above all, the ever-present need for the utmost purity in his chemicals and exactness in his methods. Borrowing his friend's chemistry textbooks, and even his classroom notes, he found that reading about experiments more complicated than any he could attempt in his bedroom laboratory, and more dramatic than any he had ever imagined, filled him with a deeper excitement than he had once derived from stories about the deeds of bold knights.

AT eighteen, Mark, who had continued his private studies and was already as far advanced in chemistry as the average college senior, graduated from the Akademie and decided to get his compulsory military-service term out of the way before going on to a university. It was not as hard a decision for him to make as it would be for most intellectually inclined youths already dedicated to a scientific career, since he liked skiing and mountain climbing almost as much as chemistry, and he knew he could volunteer in the Kaiserschützen Regiment, an élite Alpine infantry unit. After signing up and being sent to the South Tyrol, the young recruit showed a remarkable capacity—one that has served him well ever since—for adapting himself to a new environment; to the amazement of his parents and friends, he wrote home that he was finding military training delightful, Army food excellent, and forced marches a lot of fun. Life went on in this jolly fashion for about a year—until the summer of 1914, when his regiment was abruptly stripped of its skis and shipped to the Russian front, where it was flung into trench warfare of a type for which the mountain troops were wholly unprepared, and even Mark had to concede that the food, at least, wasn't all it might be. His outfit participated in the bitter battles of Lvov and Przemyśl, in which it lost eighty-five per cent of its men—killed, wounded, or taken prisoner—but the casualty list did not include Mark, who once, when his company, on the point of being encircled by the enemy, was ordered to retreat as fast as it could, lightly loped ten miles through dense woods to safety while most of his comrades collapsed along the way and were never heard of again. His advances were not habitually to the rear, though, and he was awarded a whole chestful of decorations for bravery in the line. In the end, he, too, had to drop out, suffering from a shrapnel wound in the ankle, and was taken back to Vienna, where he spent two months in traction in the ward of a military hospital. At his request, his father brought him several books on organic chemistry to while away the time, and when the soldiers in the beds nearby had a look at the titles, they put him down as an odd duck. Their opinion of him swung somewhat in his favor when they learned about the decorations he had received, however, and it swung still farther one night when, a couple of bottles of schnapps having been smuggled in, he proved that he could drink right along with the best of them. But the next day it swung back again, for while they sprawled around nursing hangovers in addition to their wounds, Mark spent several hours concentrating happily on one of his chemistry texts; his ability to alternate periods of strenuous conviviality with sessions of heavy swotting was beyond his wardmates' comprehension, and the same faculty bemuses some of his more sophisticated acquaintances today.

"I'll tell you what Nasser wants, if I may. Power, Prestige, To Be Loved."

When Mark's ankle healed, he rejoined the luckless Kaiserschützen, which was being reorganized back on its home grounds in the Tyrol, and served with it for three and a half years on the Italian front, rising through the ranks to be commissioned a lieutenant, and collecting another batch of decorations for leading troops on perilous sorties through the mountains. Here, too, he mystified his comrades, for sometimes, on returning from a nerve-racking patrol, he would relax in the approved Army fashion by getting drunk, but just as often he would find relief in working out a set of equations concerned with boundary conditions governing the diffusion of liquids, or some such. The



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In the summer of 1918, the Italians drove the Austrians off a ridge known as Zugna Torta—a position so long contested that its importance was far more emotional than strategic. The next day, Mark led three hundred men in a counterattack, and, after a short but deadly battle, retook the ridge. As the hero of the occasion, Mark was awarded the Leopolds Orden—his country's highest honor—and for years afterward Zugna Torta meant to Austrians approximately what Suribachi does to Americans. The following November, however, the Austrian front collapsed, and Mark's battalion commander surrendered his forces at Acquaviva. Along with some of his fellow-officers, Mark was interned in a requisitioned convent at Monopoli, near the southern end of Italy's Adriatic coast, where he appears to have found the life of a prisoner of war no less enjoyable than he had earlier found basic training. The sea was blue, the air was clear and invigorating, there was no interruption in his officer's pay from Austria, and there were always informal classes to attend, at which each prisoner taught the others what he knew best. Mark set to work polishing up the Italian, French, and English he had acquired at the Akademie, and within six months he was fluent in them all.

TREATY negotiations were still dragging on when, in May, 1919, Mark received a letter from home informing him that his father was seriously ill. Instantly, the joys of confinement vanished, and he began making plans to escape. Getting into a prearranged fist fight with another prisoner, he led the guards to believe that he had provoked it, and was sent off, in the custody of an Italian sergeant, to a disciplinary camp. When the convent was well behind them, Mark drew on his newly perfected Italian and some of his accumulated pay to suggest delicately that he would like to make the sergeant a small gift of money if the latter thought there was any chance of their losing each other in the railroad station. The gift was accepted, and a few minutes later, when Mark, entering the station washroom, considerately turned to hold the door open for his companion, the sergeant was not there.

Before leaving the convent, Mark had managed to scare up a few brass buttons. Now, in the privacy of the washroom, he brought out a needle and thread he had also foresightedly made

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off with, and sewed them on his tunic in place of the telltale dark-green buttons of the Austrian uniform, hoping they would make him look enough like a British private to get by in that uncritical part of the world. Then he boarded a northbound train and found an empty compartment. Some thirty miles up the line, however, a British colonel entered the compartment, and, as the train continued on its way, sat puffing at his pipe and reflectively eying the getup of his fellow-passenger. Mark tried to ignore the colonel's scrutiny, but finally, certain that he had been found out anyway, and suspecting that candor was his best course, he let down his guard. "Really, sir," he said, drawing now on his newly polished English, "I feel obliged to explain the situation," and he did so. After hearing him out, the colonel puffed some more, then nodded, saying, "Good show. Perfectly understandable. Carry on." With that settled, the two men enjoyed a companionable journey until the colonel reached his destination. Mark remained in the compartment until the train reached the outskirts of Verona, where he jumped off, believing that he would stand a better chance of avoiding inquisitive military authorities if he covered the rest of the distance to the border on foot. He had to dodge a few patrols, but for the most part he had an uneventful time of it as he strolled happily up through the Alpine passes that took him back to Austria.

Arriving in Vienna toward the end of July, Mark found his father out of danger—and himself the most decorated company-grade officer in the Austrian Army. All told, his homecoming was a joyful one, but, after pausing barely long enough to kiss everybody in sight, he hurried over to matriculate at the university for his long-deferred study of advanced chemistry. Although he was something of a national hero, and in fairly constant demand for appearances at veterans' conventions and state functions, he managed, by going without vacations, to complete the requirements, thesis and all, for a doctorate—normally a four-year task—in a little less than two years and, although he felt he had not done quite the bang-up job he might have if he had not been simultaneously courting a tall, blond young lady named Maria Schramek, received his degree *summa cum laude*. Not a bit winded, he packed his bags at once and set out for the University of Berlin, where he had been offered a position as an instructor and laboratory assistant. As soon as he had got his bearings there, he returned to Vienna,

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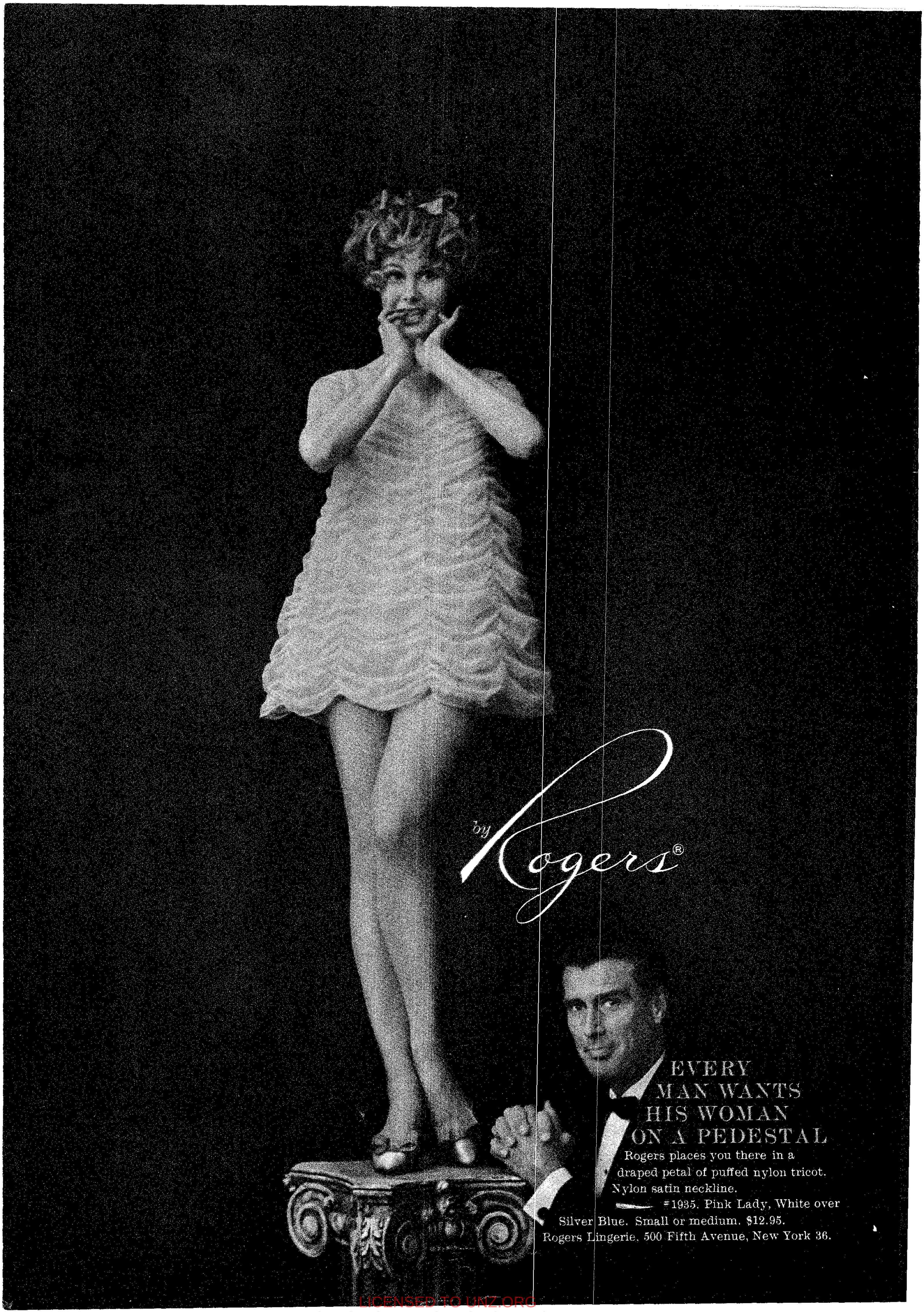

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married Fräulein Schramek, and took her back to Berlin with him. It was a time of economic upheaval in Germany, and the young couple had a rather hard time of it for a while. One of the young Frau Mark's principal fortes was, and is, a talent for making *Nusstorte*, *Backhuhn mit Paradiessauce*, and other delicacies of the *Wienerküche*, and it was a severe blow to her to find that the best she could afford was boiled potatoes and black bread, with now and then a piece of *Wurst*. As the inflation worsened, even these became luxuries for the Marks, who had nothing but his salary as a beginner at the university to get by on, and only food parcels sent by thoughtful relatives back home prevented their plight from becoming really serious. With hardship all around them, their own name came to sound like a constant reproach as, infected by the contagious obsession of their German neighbors, they followed the hourly changes in the steadily diminishing value of the mark. When at last the currency was repudiated, Mrs. Mark pasted all their leftover marks in a scrapbook and totalled them up for grim laughs—199,147,357,608 of them, by her count.

Mark's studies in Vienna had been confined to matters of chemistry, but he had always had a corollary interest in physics, and in Berlin this deepened, particularly when he met and became friendly with a number of celebrated physicists, Albert Einstein, Max Planck, and Max von Laue among them. The range of their powerful and daring minds stimulated his own mind to a point where he concluded that his future lay not in classic organic chemistry but in some dark and as yet only vaguely defined region somewhere between organic chemistry and physics, and after six months at the university he eagerly snapped up an opportunity to switch to an independent research organization in which, he knew, scientists were already busy staking out claims in that frontier territory. His new employer was the famous Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, in Dahlem, a suburb of Berlin, and there he became a fledgling member of a staff of full-time researchers, with no teaching obligations to distract them, and was soon assigned to a job that seemed to be the very blend of chemistry and physics he had been groping for—a study of the shape, size, and arrangement of molecules in organic solids. It was a study that presented certain obvious difficulties, for the electron microscope, the only means of photographing a molecule, had not yet been invented. It was also a study that

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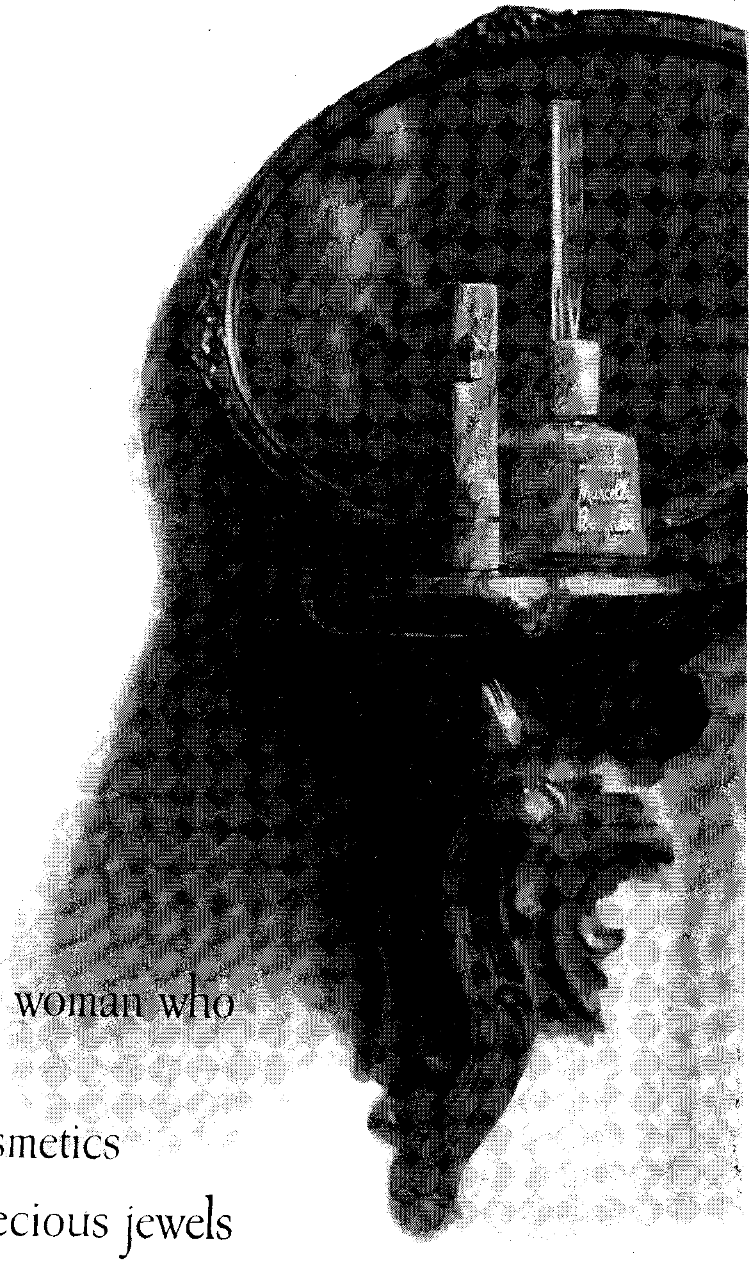

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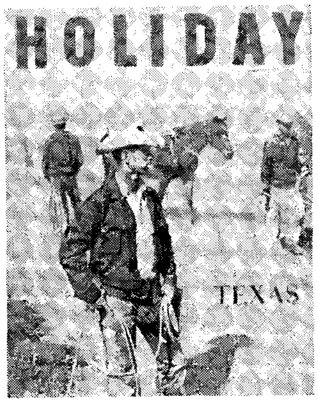

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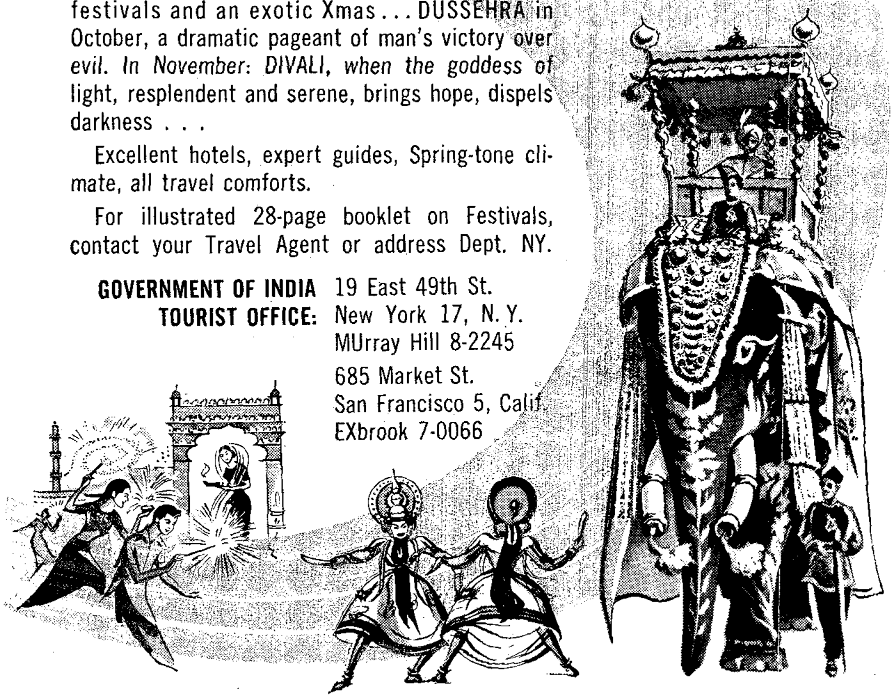

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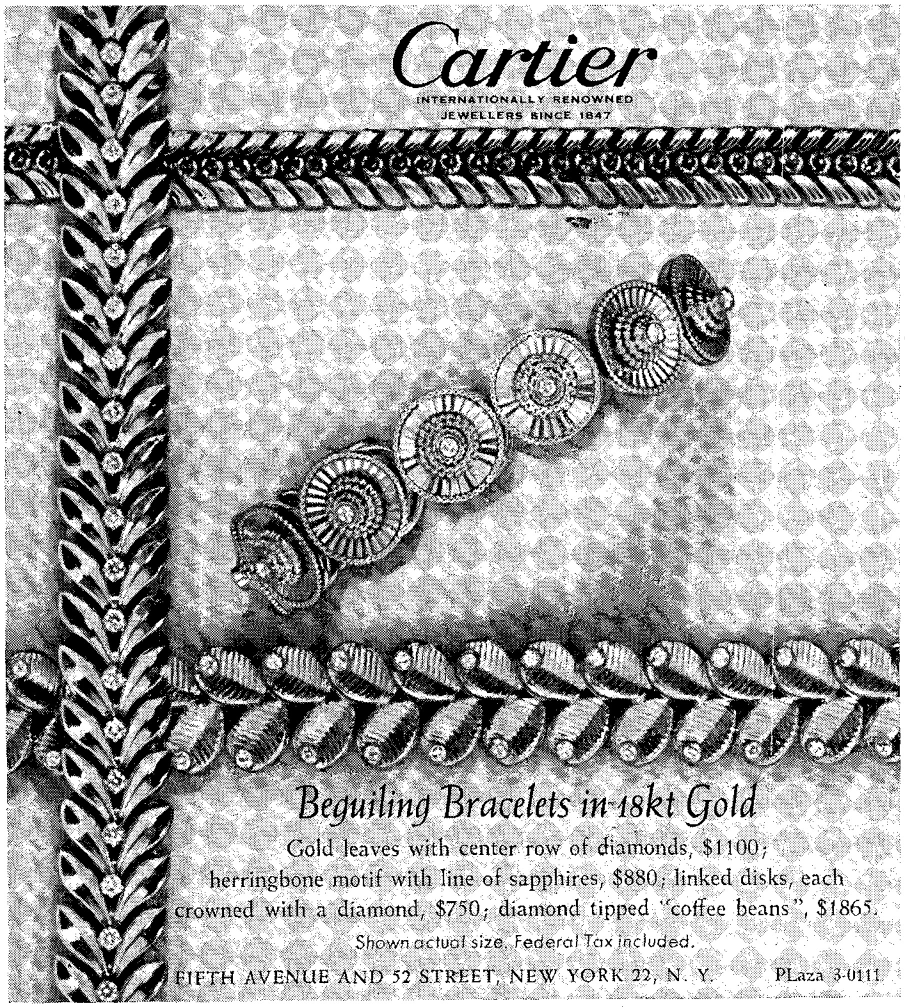

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led Mark almost at once into the newly hatched science of polymers.

ALTHOUGH molecules could not then be photographed, ten years before Mark arrived in Berlin his future friend and mentor von Laue had discovered that when a narrow beam of X-rays was passed through a bit of crystalline material, such as a grain of salt, curious geometric patterns formed on the X-ray films—rings, spots, wedges, and so on. Von Laue proved that these patterns were a diffraction effect—that the rays were being deflected as they passed between the fixed molecules of the crystal. With this slim clue to work on, one could work backward toward a portrait of the size, shape, and arrangement of the molecules themselves. Picturing them in this way was roughly comparable to trying to portray an invisible man by squirting a garden hose in his direction and noting where the stream of water falls uninterrupted to the ground and where it splatters off sidewise or up and down. It was a slow and difficult process, but it worked, and by resorting to it Mark came to feel on fairly close terms with molecules of chemically simple substances, such as urea and ethane, which were made up of what turned out to be relatively few atoms.

One day early in 1923, Mark's immediate superior in the laboratory handed him a small twist of hemp and proposed that he make a study of its molecular structure. Mark recognized this as a sign that he had graduated from the ranks, for hemp presented a real challenge, and one that he had all to himself, since nobody else was working along the same lines. Hemp, he knew, was made of cellulose, and cellulose was one of the many organic compounds—rubber, proteins, and the components of blood, silk, and wool were some of the others—that had defied analysis. It was impossible to come to grips with them by using any of the accepted analytic methods; they wouldn't dissolve except in strong acids, which destroyed their structure irretrievably, and their reaction was the same when, in the course of routine studies, they were treated with other chemicals or exposed to temperatures high enough to melt or vaporize them. The key to the problem ultimately turned out to be that they were made up of large and complex molecules, or macromolecules, formed by the joining together of dozens or even hundreds of smaller molecules. Such substances are polymers.

A hundred years ago, a few open-minded scientists began suggesting, with

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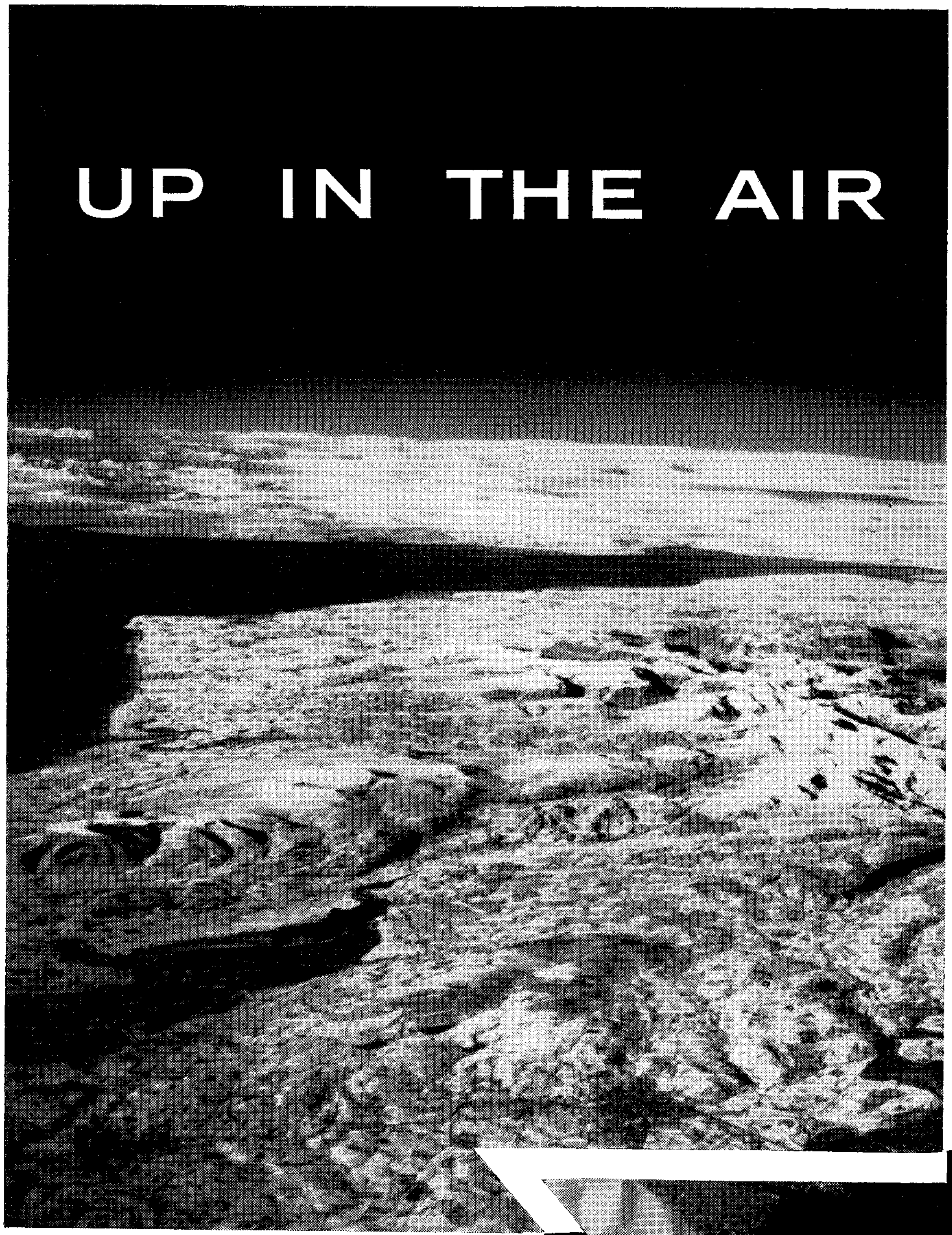
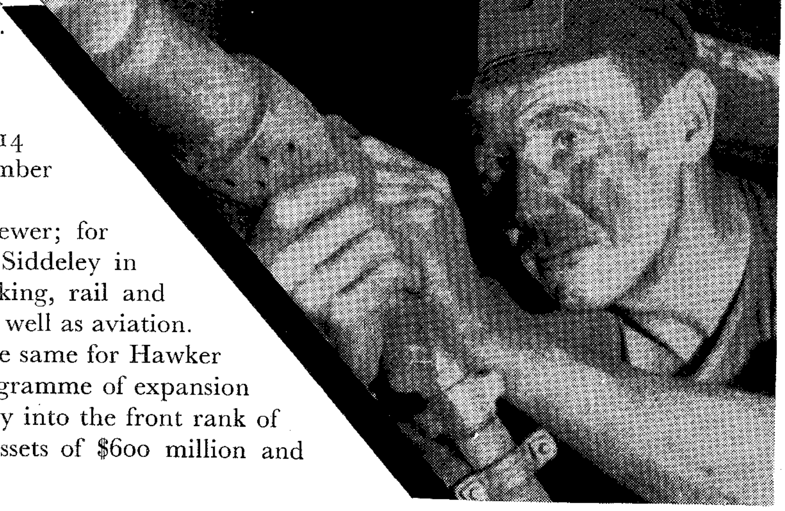
UP IN THE AIR YET DOWN TO EARTH



The Solway Firth and surrounding country taken from an Avro Vulcan, 50,000 ft. up.



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an air of desperation, that macromolecules *must* exist, as the only answer to the riddle of why some organic substances behaved as they did and yet could not be analyzed; their writings are full of phrases like "it is only by this assumption that we are able to explain . . ." and "their formation can only be accounted for by supposing that . . ." But assumptions and suppositions are a weak foundation on which to build a new branch of science, and for three-quarters of a century after these distraught surmises, the study of macromolecules floundered about, making almost no progress. It was not until the early twenties that the eminent German chemist Hermann Staudinger, some fourteen years older than Mark, showed that macromolecules are indeed real, that they are the product of polymerization, and that they take the form of long chains of atoms. In the words of one authority, he thus "laid the theoretical basis for the subsequent developments in plastics, synthetic fibres, and [other] branches of industrial chemistry," and for his pioneering work he belatedly received, in 1953, a Nobel Prize in chemistry. However, Staudinger's experiments were only the first step toward a successful analysis of polymer structure. About the same time his findings were being published, Mark took one of the next steps when he began to X-ray the hemp he was studying. His films showed fuzzy patterns that, surprisingly, were somewhat similar to the patterns von Laue had obtained with simple crystals. Mark was forced to the conclusion that, unreasonable as it seemed, hemp fibre contained crystals. So, too, on examination, did cotton, wood, and flax. Gradually, Mark and his colleagues determined that the cellulose molecules making up all these substances were long chains of hundreds of molecules—in this case glucose, a kind of sugar—stuck end to end, and that the chains lay more or less parallel to each other, and were bound together at intermittent points by a mutual pull, somewhat analogous to gravity. These points of contact had all the characteristics of simple crystals, and accounted for the patterns on Mark's X-ray film. Being so small in comparison to the over-all length of the molecules, the "crystallites," as Mark called them, tied the molecules together into the strong material known as cellulose, yet allowed for considerable flexibility. Added to the Staudinger concept of the macromolecules, this discovery practically drew a picture of the internal machinery of at least one polymer, and chemists, hearing Mark's ideas, felt as though

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they had at last been given a glimpse into the interior of the micro-universe of cellulose.

ONE chemist who was particularly impressed by this glimpse was Kurt H. Meyer, director of research for I. G. Farben. In 1926, he called on Mark at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute and all but begged him to join the staff of the company's research laboratory at Ludwigshafen. Mark would receive an excellent salary, Meyer said, and he would be supplied with as many assistants and as much equipment as he desired. Furthermore, Meyer assured him, if he was apprehensive about being criticized for abandoning pure science and selling out to industry, he could put his mind at ease; the Farben outfit would arrange for him to preserve his academic status simply by suggesting to the president of the Technische Hochschule, an engineering college in nearby Karlsruhe, that Mark be appointed to the faculty as an associate professor. To Mark, the prospect was dizzying.

The Marks moved to Ludwigshafen in January, 1927, and he became, at thirty-one, both a professor and the head of a laboratory staffed by twenty scientists. During the next few months, Mark and his assistants did much to dispel the clouds of mystery enveloping the macromolecule, and he rapidly became a well-known and controversial figure at conventions of scientists in Liége, Milan, London, Paris, and so on, where he disclosed, bit by bit, the revolutionary progress he and his subordinates were making. He was also in great demand as a lecturer, not only because of the nature of his fast-breaking discoveries but because of his manner of speaking in public, which he has preserved to this day, and which is notable for his uninhibited use of such actor's tricks as mock surprise, confidential intimacy, thundering proclamations, and sudden joy. It was then, when he had money to spend, that he became a gourmet and developed a taste for good wines, and no scientific honor that came his way in those days gave him greater pride than his election to membership on the Farben commissary's wine-tasting committee.

All this time, Mark, whose experiments both at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute and at Ludwigshafen were in some ways paralleling but in other ways contradicting Staudinger's, was writing, or collaborating in the writing of, a great many technical papers on the advances that were being chalked up by his laboratory, and presently, per-

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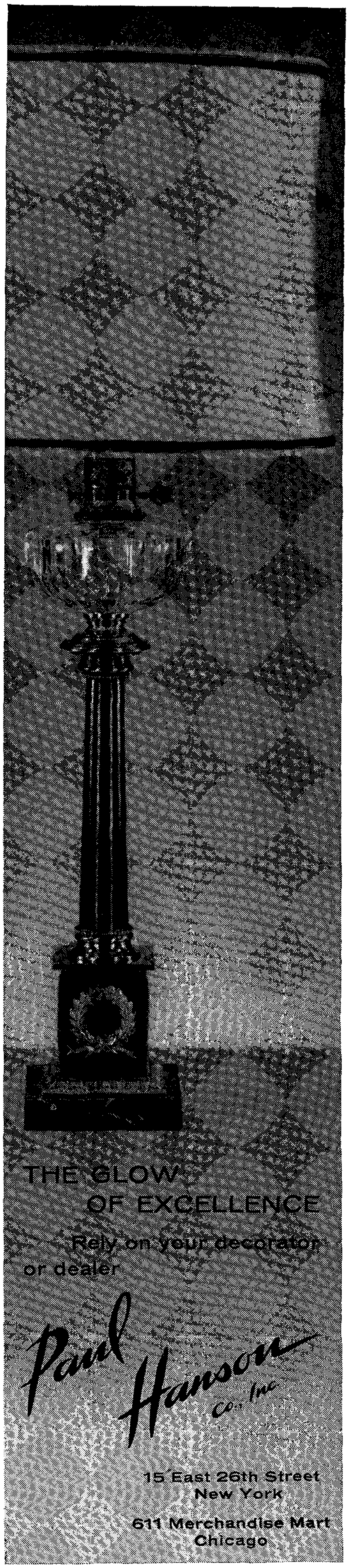

haps because of these, a spirited rivalry grew up between the two men—a useful rivalry, Mark now feels, because it stimulated both the professors and their staffs, even though it caused a certain amount of ill-natured squabbling at scientific meetings. Mark looks back on this period with an air of charitable indulgence, and at least twice he has made it clear that he bears the older man no malice—once by writing a generous tribute to him on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1956, and publishing it in the *Journal of Polymer Science*, and again by inviting and finally persuading him to come to this country for a lecture tour, which is scheduled to begin this Saturday—at, of course, the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. "Staudinger was, I admit, rather brusque toward Meyer and me back in the twenties, but that is just his manner," Mark told a Saturday-afternoon caller at Lake Peekskill a few weeks ago, as he sat on a float dangling his feet in the water. "Besides, he was involved in some personal troubles at the time, and they may have made him a bit sharp. One must take such things into consideration. He stayed on in Germany under the Nazis, so in the end he had more difficulties than I ever did. He is a great scientist, and I am pleased that now I am a good friend of his."

In the eyes of the Farben company's directors, Mark's sudden rise to eminence and his theoretical achievements were all well and good except for the single disquieting detail that his laboratory was showing no direct profits. As time passed, he became increasingly aware of how unhappy they were about this; one unmistakable sign was a mounting reluctance on the part of the supply department, notwithstanding Meyer's earlier assurances, to furnish him with the equipment he wanted. But Mark was confident that if he could hang on just a little longer, he would effect the breakthrough from the theoretical to the practical that his employers were awaiting so impatiently, for he was daily getting a clearer mental picture of the relationship between the shape and arrangement of macromolecules in polymers and the properties of the substance they formed. The physical qualities of different polymers, he began to realize, depended on the shape and flexibility of the individual molecules—a factor that had never seemed of much significance to classic organic chemists. Mark found that if its molecules were arranged in an orderly sequence, a macromolecule would have a regular shape and would easily dovetail with its mates to form a strong-

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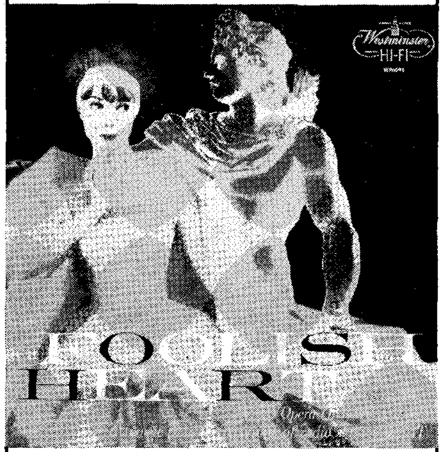

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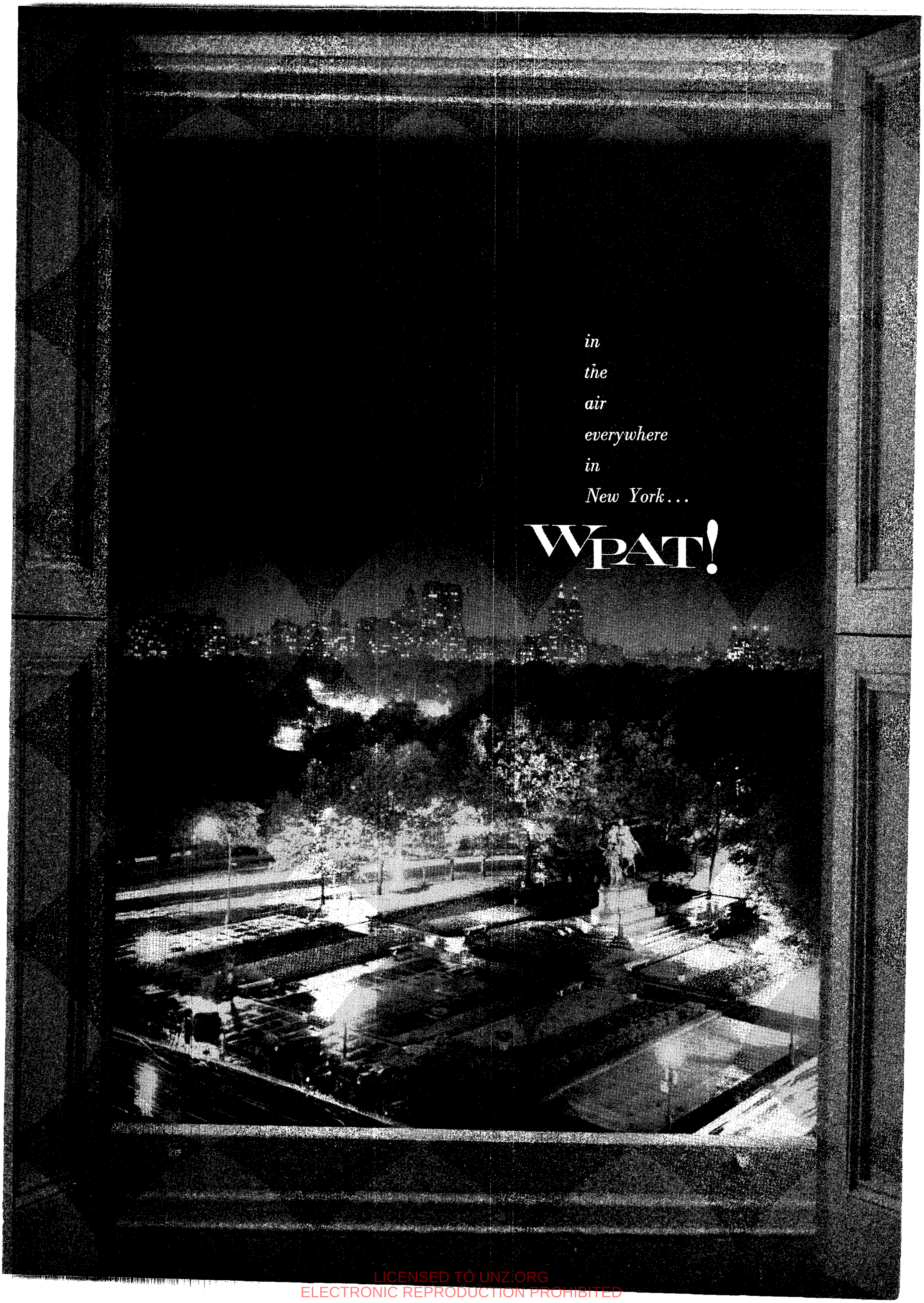
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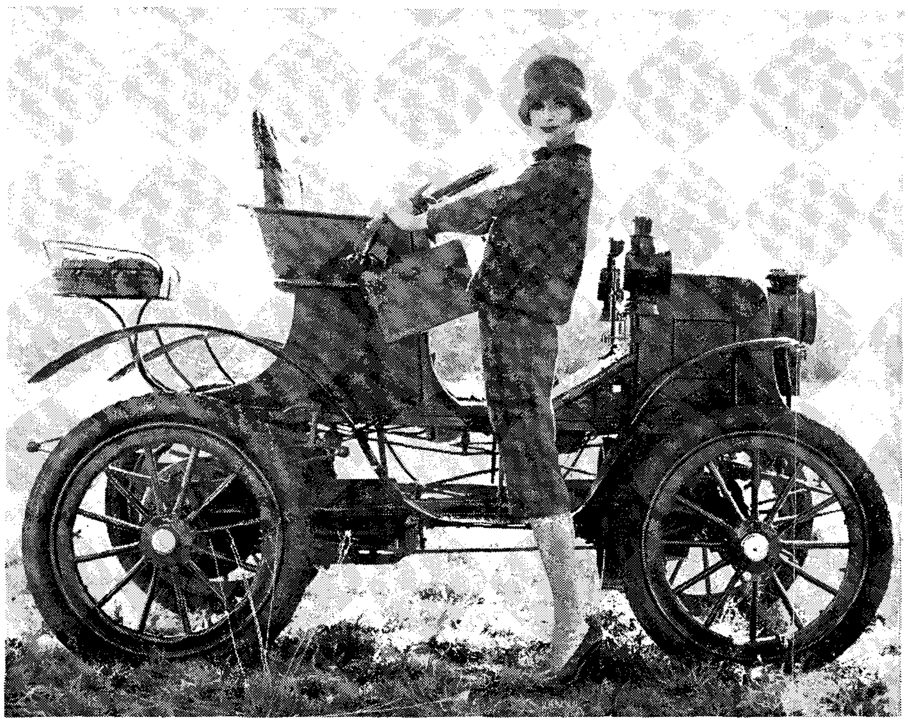

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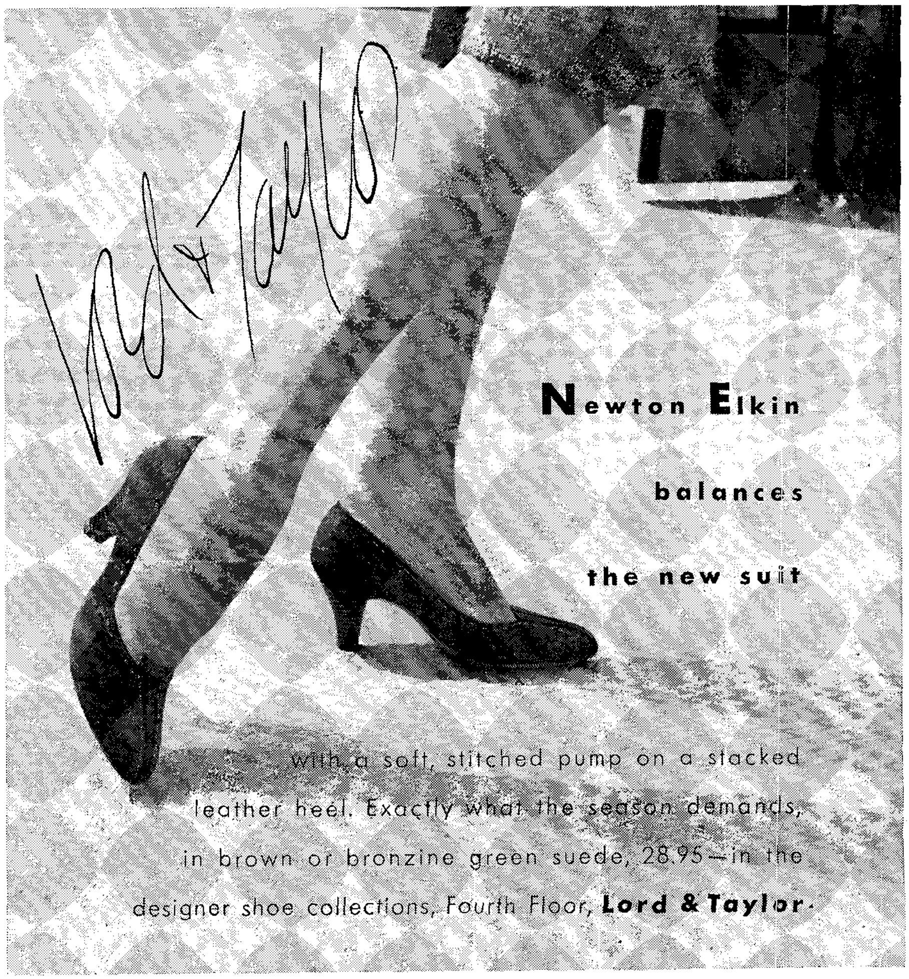
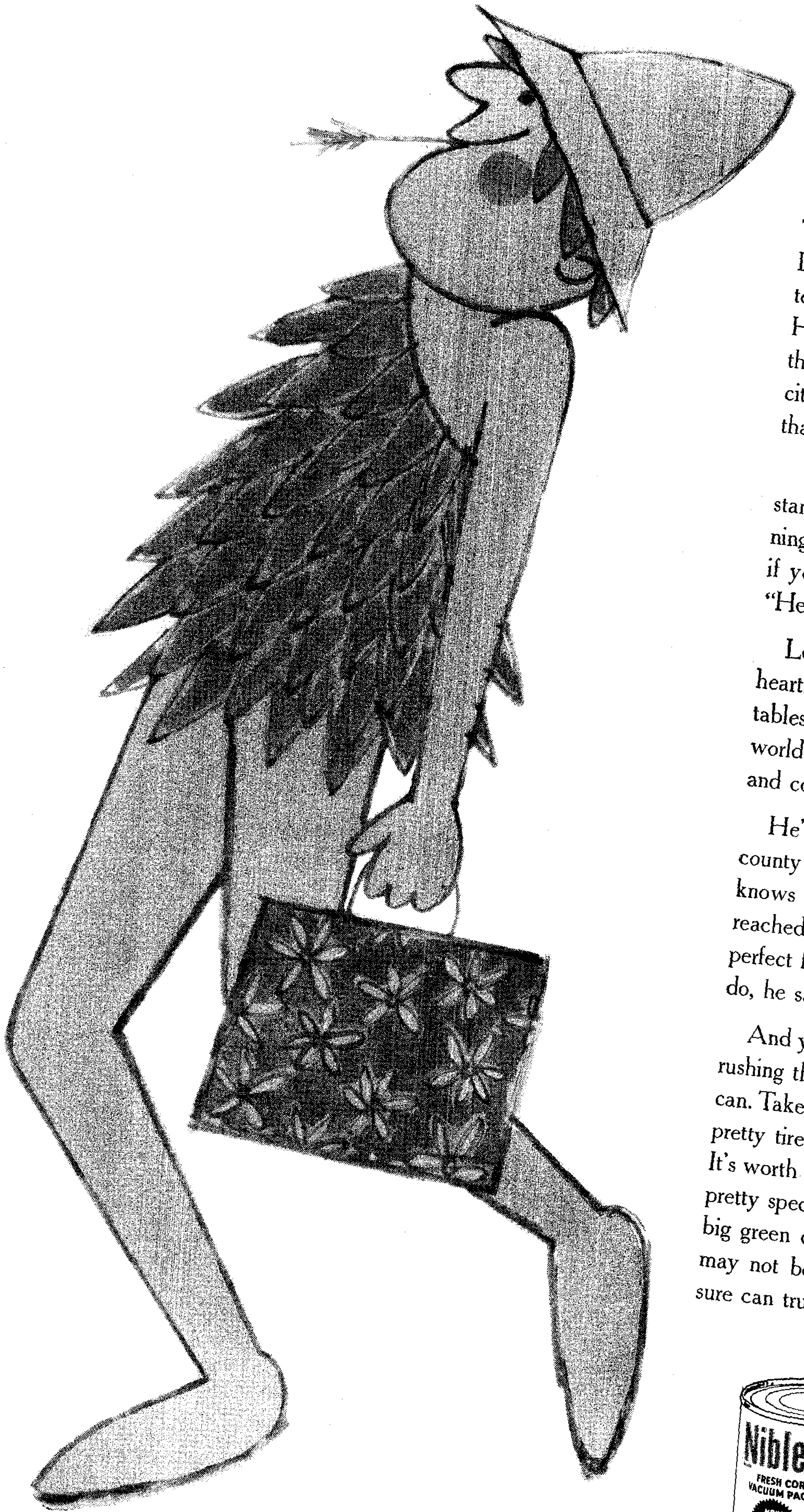


Newton Elkin balances the new suit with a soft, stitched pump on a stacked leather heel. Exactly what the season demands, in brown or bronzine green suede, 28.95—in the designer shoe collections, Fourth Floor, **Lord & Taylor**

ly knit solid. But if it had been erratically assembled, taking a zigzag shape with haphazard branches and spurs, it and its mates could form only a tumbled, tangled heap. Wood, cotton, and hemp could thus be understood at last as substances made up of regular molecules tightly interlocked, like parts of a jigsaw puzzle. Gooey or gummy polymers (such as tars, resins, and the like) were made up of erratic molecules, which could not hold on to each other and formed a soft, mushy tangle, or flowed and slipped like noodles on a plate. In the case of rubbery materials, the macromolecules were like springs linked together at a few points; they could stretch out and snap back without losing their grip on each other, thus producing a material with a permanent shape.

Armed with this insight, Mark's laboratory was steadily concocting new polymers and turning them over to the development department, which tested them in order to ascertain whether they had any commercial possibilities, and toward the end of 1929 the electrifying word went around the plant that one of them showed great promise. This one was based on the common liquid called styrene. Upon being emulsified in water and heated with peroxide, Mark had found, it was transformed into a cheesy white mud, which in turn, when molded under carefully prescribed conditions of heat and pressure, was transformed into a clear solid plastic that seemed ideal for making combs, saucepan handles, cigar holders, electrical parts, toys, and any number of other common objects. It was given the name polystyrene, and sample bars of it were sent around to various manufacturers to see if they could use it.

The first intimation Mark had that the breakthrough had at last occurred came one morning a month or so later, when Farben's chief engineer called him up and asked if he wouldn't find an extra autoclave or two helpful in his laboratory, and perhaps half a dozen more assistant chemists. Dazed, Mark replied why, yes, of course, and after he had recovered from his surprise, he guessed, correctly, that the company had received its first cash orders for shipments of polystyrene. The crisis was past, and over the next four years Mark's laboratory came up with several hundred more new polymers; while most of these proved to be of little commercial value, the few that clicked more than compensated for the duds. The money-makers included three that, with some refinements, now rank among the world's most popular plastics: the polyvinyls,



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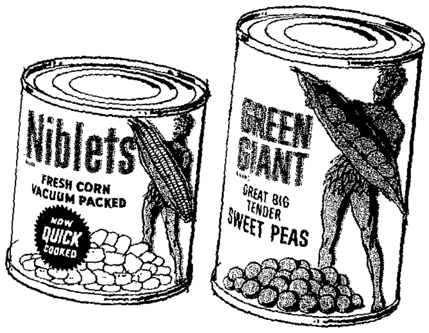

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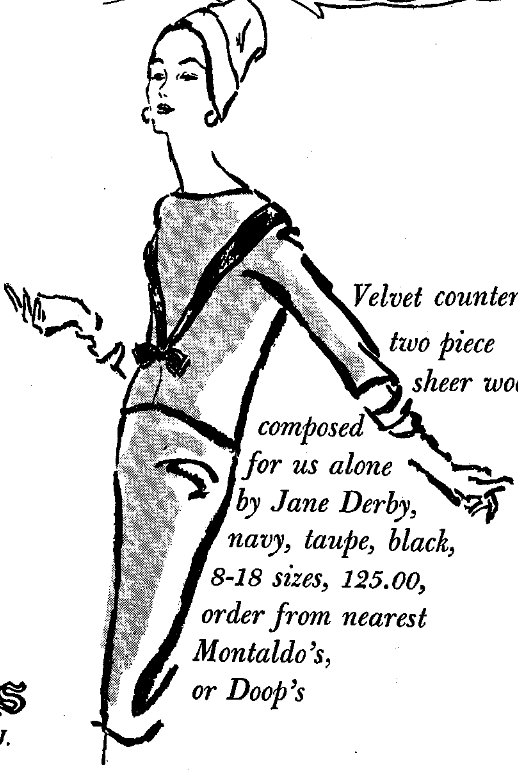

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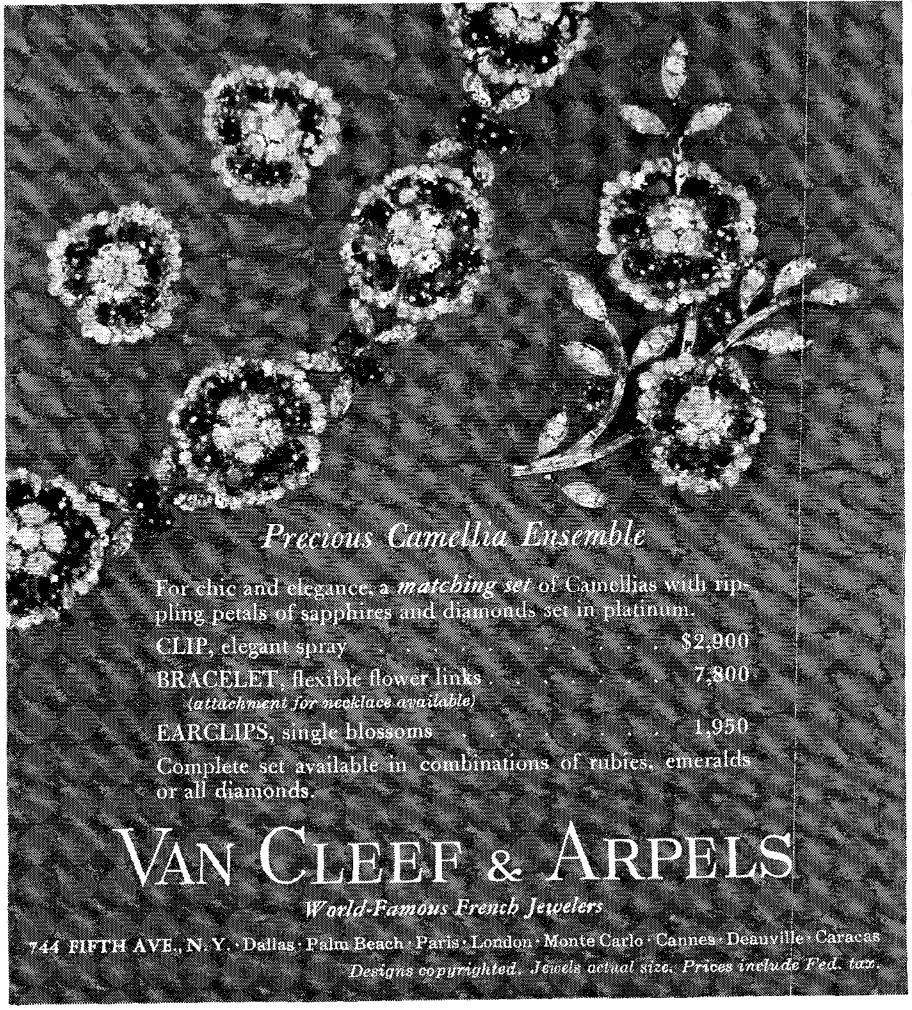

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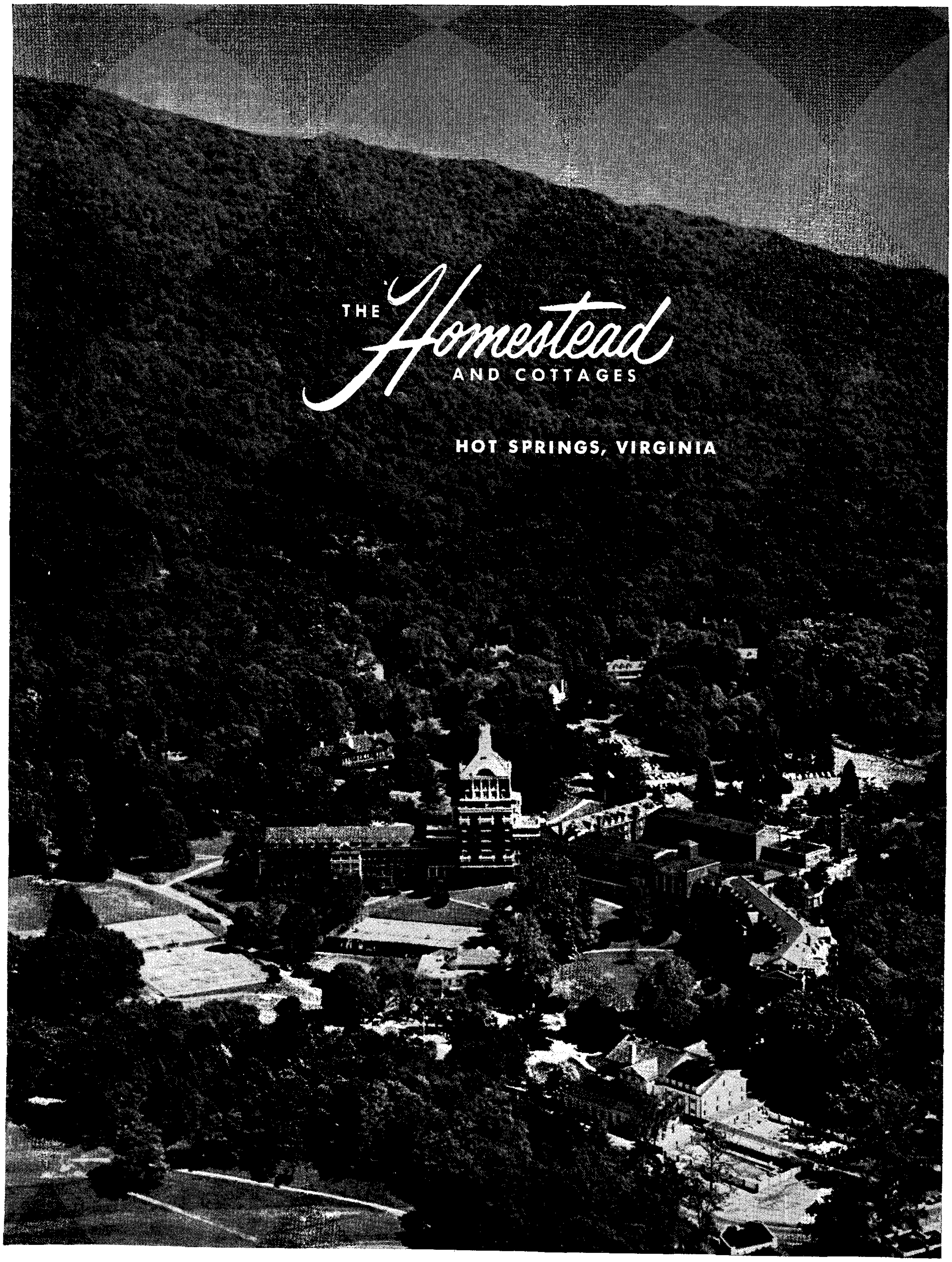
used for floor tiles, latex paint, and unbreakable records; the polyacrylics (Lucite is perhaps the best known of them), used in airplane windows, false teeth, and laboratory equipment; and—produced by Mark in conjunction with another Farben laboratory—buna N and buna S, two versions of today's most widely used synthetic rubber.

THE end of this exciting period in Mark's life came in 1932, when Franz von Papen was named Chancellor of Germany and things began looking up for the Nazis. Frau Mark, who was brought up as a Catholic, proved a good deal more prescient about the troubles ahead than her half-Jewish husband, and it took her some time to persuade him to get out of the country. Eventually, though, he passed the word along to a few of his influential friends that he was looking for another job, preferably in Austria, and before long he was offered the post of director of the First Chemical Institute at the University of Vienna, from which he had graduated eleven busy years before. The salary, he noted ruefully, was only a tenth of what he had been getting at Farben, but he had to admit that the position itself was quite a distinguished one, and when he talked to the Farben people about his plans, they helped ease his sadness over the difference in pay by promising him a generous annual retaining fee as a consultant. They did not, however, urge him to stay, and Mark professes to be perfectly sympathetic with their position—a sentiment that some of his Jewish friends consider unreasonably sunny. "When I talked to some of the directors of Farben about switching jobs," Mark explained not long ago, "they agreed that if things went any further in the Nazi direction, it might be awkward to have me on their staff. They were nice old gentlemen, though, and I could see that they were quite relieved to learn that I was going to leave before they would have to fire me, and that they were delighted to put me on a retainer. All in all, in view of the circumstances, it seems to me they were as decent as anybody could wish."

In October, 1932, the Mark family, which now included two young sons—Hans, who was three, and Peter, who was six months old—returned to Vienna. Freed from the pressure that had driven him to produce new polymers at the rate of nearly one each working day, Mark became a strictly theoretical scientist again, settling down to make a thorough study of precisely what occurs in the solutions where poly-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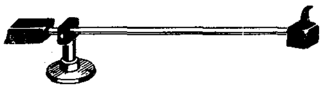

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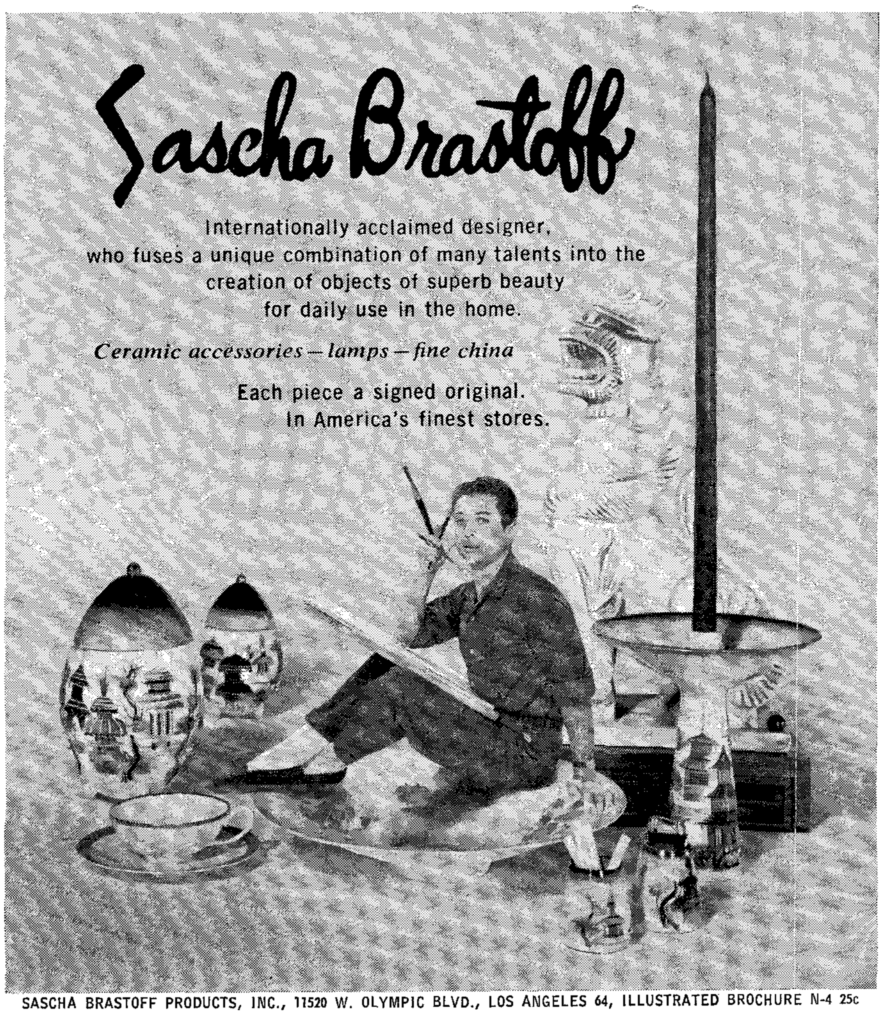

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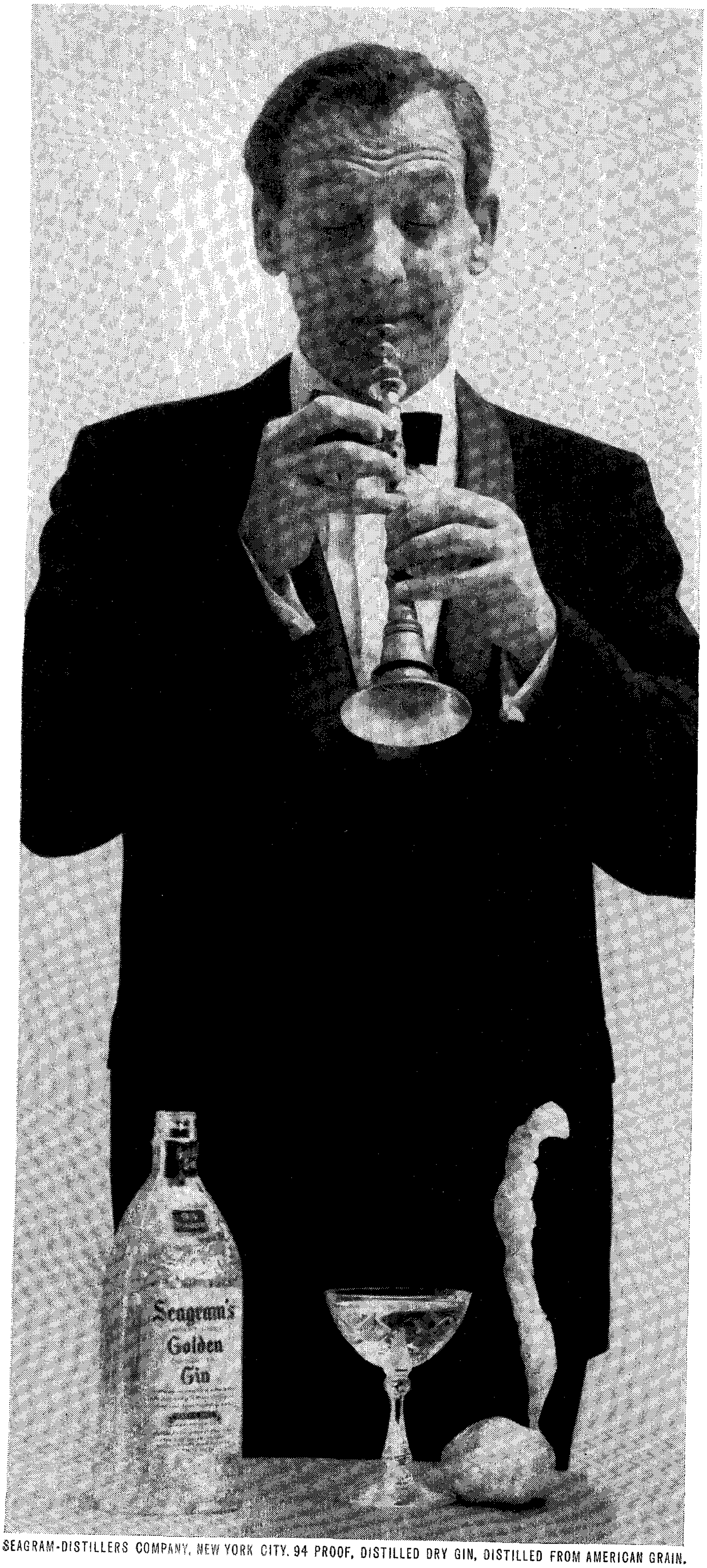
merization takes place. "I felt that the time had come to evaluate all the scattered individual observations we'd been making in the course of each experiment, and express the essence of their meaning in a set of general laws," he says. "In Ludwigshafen, we'd had to make hundreds of polymers in order to find half a dozen worth-while ones. That was mainly because we were only just learning how the small molecules were hitched together to form macromolecules, and what forces affected the hitching-together process, for better or worse." Assisted by several scientists, including Dr. Rudolf Raff, who has since become manager of the polyethylene branch of the Koppers Company, at Pittsburgh, Mark made hundreds of new experiments with scores of different starting materials, varying their concentration in the reacting solutions, the temperature of the solutions, and so on. From a hopeless-looking accumulation of graphs and charts, he began to discern a few patterns. The more concentrated the solution, for instance, or the hotter, the sooner a macromolecule would stop growing. From these and similar observations, Mark and his co-workers gradually extracted a set of fundamental equations, as unintelligible to the layman as Einsteinese, that summarized all the available knowledge of how polymers take shape in solutions. "With these equations in his head," Mark says, "any good polymer chemist—whether he is attempting to produce a new polymer in his laboratory or directing the operation of a giant synthetics plant—can get the kind of substance he wants, and get it not just almost but exactly the way he wants it."

WHILE compressing the swirling particles of fact collected during years of laboratory experiments into these solid chunks of learning, Mark kept his mind in tiptop form by collaborating with Dr. Eugene Guth, now consultant to the director at Oak Ridge, on a basic study of the nature of rubber elasticity; by writing a book on polymer chemistry; by making an analysis for the university's medical school of the natural polymers created by tumors and various infections; and by serving as a member of the country's Board of Education, to which he was appointed by Engelbert Dollfuss, a wartime comrade of his, who became Chancellor of Austria about the time the Marks returned there. Dollfuss also appointed Mark a member of the Agriculture Ministry's avalanche-warning commission, a post that gave him a good op-



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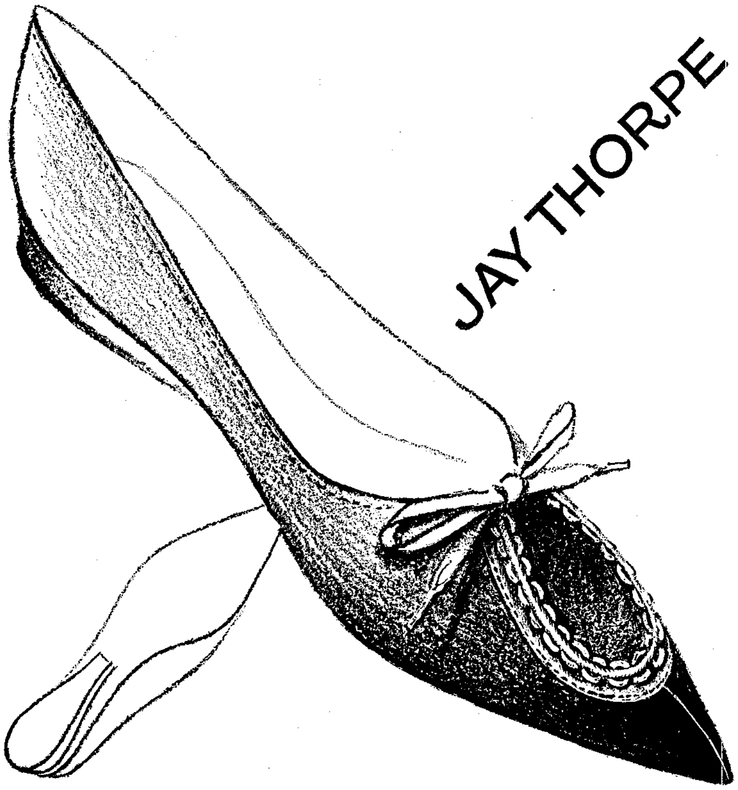

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portunity to keep his muscles in tiptop form, too; like a volunteer fireman listening for the sound of the village alarm to call him to action from his humdrum desk job, Mark would wait impatiently in his laboratory for the report of an avalanche, and the instant one came in he would dash off to the scene and ski up the mountainsides to some remote cluster of cabins to question their inhabitants about what the weather had been like just before the snow started to slide. By the summer of 1934, avalanche-chasing had itself come to seem humdrum, and Mark organized a small expedition, financed jointly by the Academies of Science of Vienna and Moscow, to explore the Bezingi Glacier in the central part of the Greater Caucasus, a desolate, wind-swept mountain range that lies between the Black and the Caspian Seas in Russia and is peopled only by a few nomadic Kirghiz and Kalmuck shepherds. His object was to find a new source of heavy water—a variant of ordinary water, in which it is found in minute quantities, the ratio being one part D_2O, or heavy water, to about five thousand parts H_2O. Heavy water was much prized by physicists for the information it could give about atomic structure, but in those days the available supplies of it were extremely limited, and Mark had a well-informed hunch that glacier ice contained a higher percentage of it than newly frozen ice did. In the company of two students and three professional mountaineers, he journeyed by train, muleback, and skis to the glacier, and there the party spent three months testing samples of its ice. The results confirmed his hunch; the concentration of heavy water at the tongue of the Bezingi was three times as great as normal. Mark celebrated the outcome by climbing a sixteen-thousand-foot mountain, and the expedition then returned to Vienna. His discovery lost its practical value not long afterward, when an efficient method was developed for distilling heavy water out of the ordinary tap variety, but even if the glaciers of the world are not now being hacked to pieces to meet the needs of physicists, Mark by no means grudges the time he put in on his junket to the Greater Caucasus, and would rather like to return someday and enjoy again the hospitality of its bleak slopes.

Again, as in Germany, the darkening political situation led to a turning point in Mark's life—more gradually this time, but just as inexorably. Again, as in Germany, Mark was loath to take it seriously; a man of almost pathological optimism, he tolerated pro-Nazis on his staff at the university even after the as-

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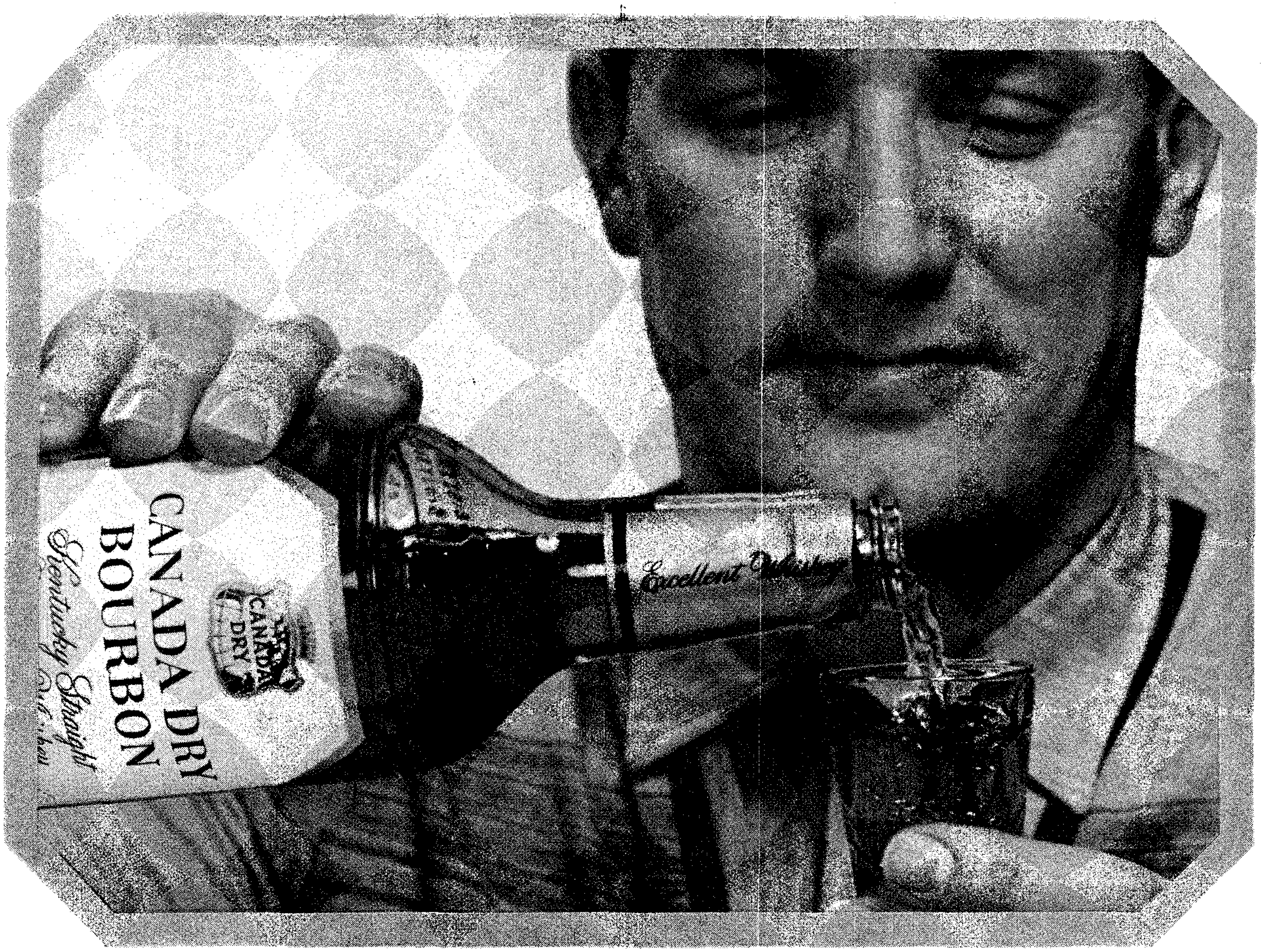
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sassination of his friend Dollfuss, in 1934, and twitted them amiably about their attitude, as if they were adolescents suffering from acne and sure to get over it in due time. And again, as in Germany, Mrs. Mark saw the danger to her husband much more clearly than he did, and besought him to get out of the country while he could. But since Vienna was his home and he had such a variety of interests there, he was much more reluctant to make the break than he had been in Ludwigshafen, and for a long while he did nothing about the matter beyond investigating a few possibilities of jobs in foreign countries. He kept stalling, in fact, until March, 1938, when Austria, then in a state of revolution, was occupied by German troops. Mark was immediately arrested and taken to Gestapo headquarters, where he was compelled to surrender his passport and was questioned all night about what he had been up to lately. Perhaps because very little of what he truthfully told his questioners was intelligible to them, he was paroled the next day—without his passport. For the moment, his half-Aryan ancestry was sufficient to keep him out of a concentration camp, but the morning mail on the first of the following month included half a dozen envelopes containing curtly formal notices of dismissal from his various public posts, as well as one informing him that he had been suspended from the university.

At last Mark was obliged to concede that his wife had been right and he had been wrong, but now that he wanted to escape, it looked for a while as if he might have waited too long, since obtaining permission from the government to emigrate was by then out of the question. Mark, however, soon showed himself to be as resourceful in the world of intrigue as in the laboratory. First, he bribed a Nazi lawyer to retrieve his passport and to have it inscribed with an authorization for him to visit Zurich as a lecturer and to take his family along for a brief vacation in the Alps. Next, he liquidated as large a part of his savings as he thought he safely could without calling attention to himself, and began quietly buying lengths of platinum wire—a foot from one dealer, a couple of feet from another, and so on—until he had a total of four yards, which he bent into coat hangers. At last the great day came when Mark, tricked out in *Lederhosen*, strapped skis and rucksacks to the top of his car, tied a Nazi flag to its radiator, loaded his family inside, along with a few of their possessions—including a number of dresses neatly suspended from coat hangers—and headed west. At the

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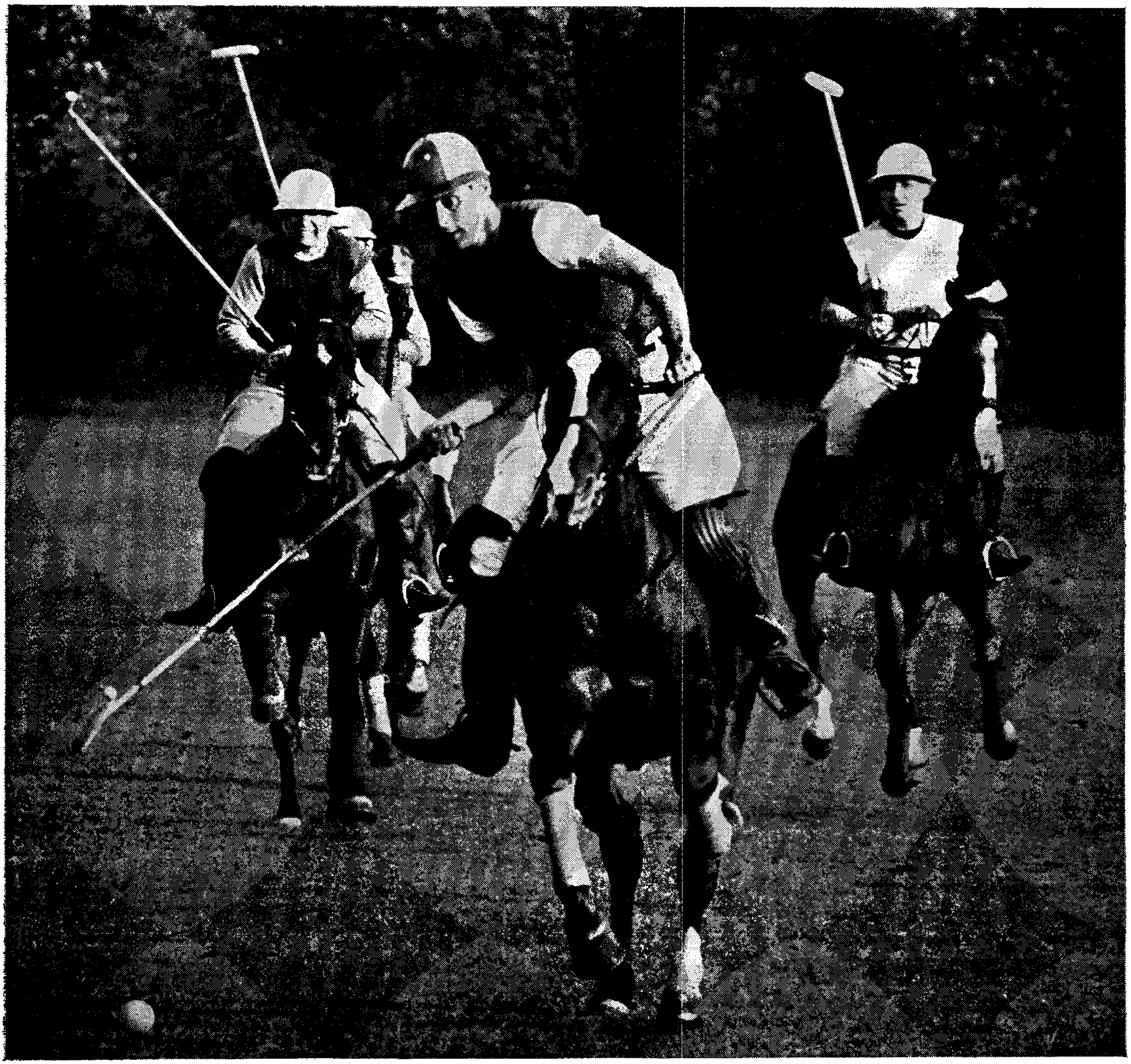

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Swiss border, he presented his passport, and minutes later the little party had left Austria behind.

The coat hangers brought four thousand dollars in Zurich, a thousand of which the Marks sent back to Vienna as a bribe to have their furniture and books forwarded to them. The remaining three thousand was set aside for day-to-day expenses while Mark, glad now that he had heeded his wife's warnings sufficiently to track down a handful of companies abroad that might have work for him, wrote to inform them that he was available, and waited for replies. The previous year, he had been invited by one of them—Industrial Cellulose Research, Ltd., a subsidiary of the Canadian International Paper Company, with headquarters in the mill town of Hawkesbury, sixty miles west of Montreal—to join its staff as the head of a research department, which he would be given a free hand in organizing. At the time, Hawkesbury had seemed a long way from Vienna, and Mark had let the matter slide, but fortunately it developed that the Canadian firm, although it had set up a research department in the meantime, was still ready to take him on as its manager. He moved his family to London to await clearance by the immigration authorities, and when his visa arrived, went on ahead. Arriving in Hawkesbury, in September, 1938, he found a house for his family, and, in one of his first letters back to his wife, enclosed a set of floor plans giving the dimensions, in feet, of the rooms. Mrs. Mark took the figures to be metres and, as a woman accustomed to doing much of her own housework, looked forward to her daily routine in the new world with some misgivings, which only made the house seem more attractive when, a few months later, the family was reunited in it and she found that she was not going to have to sweep and dust rooms the size of auditoriums.

Mark's job, which involved supervising research into pulp-testing methods at a dozen paper mills, widely scattered throughout Canada, kept him, by ordinary standards, pretty steadily on the go. To him, however, it was a sinecure, conducive to lethargy, and for the first few months he enjoyed his life of unprecedented ease. Then the novelty of it began to wear thin, and in order to ward off the fidgets he wrote two more books on polymers, and edited a volume of the collected papers of the late Wallace Carothers, the du Pont chemist who invented nylon. These, however, were stopgap measures; at bottom, trundling from one pulp-test-

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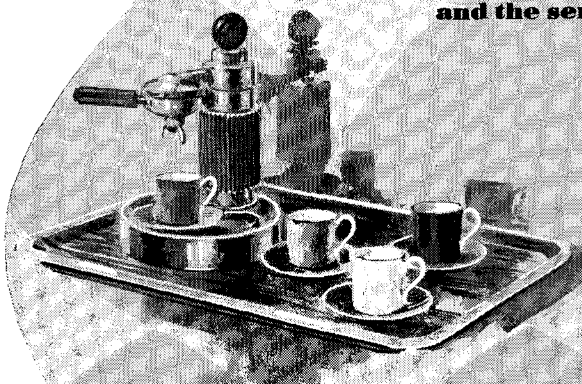

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ing laboratory to another, he felt out of things. By the fall of 1939, he realized that he could not go on with the same routine much longer, and when, late that year, he attended a meeting of the American Chemical Society, in Baltimore, he sounded out several fellow-scientists he had met at European conventions on the chances of finding something more to his liking in the United States. "As soon as word got around that Mark was available, there was a mad scramble to get him," a representative of General Electric who was present at the meeting recalls. One of the scramblers was du Pont, which sweetened its offer of a job as consultant with a promise to get Mark into this country at once as a permanent resident. The firm could do this, he was told, by arranging with Brooklyn Polytechnic to hire him as an "adjunct professor" at a nominal salary; this would entitle him to a teacher's visa and assure his immediate entry. Du Pont's offer, with its extra incentive, appealed to Mark, and in May, 1940, he and his family settled into a roomy apartment bordering on Prospect Park at Ocean and Parkside Avenues in Brooklyn—a natural base of operations for him, since du Pont plants are scattered all over the country, while Polytechnic is firmly based in downtown Brooklyn.

Definitely back in the swim, though in new waters, Mark began gleefully splashing about as if he had known these currents all his life. Half of each week he devoted to darting from one du Pont factory or research center to the next, examining its facilities, scrutinizing its techniques, and conferring with and advising its chemists; the other half he spent at Brooklyn Polytechnic, where—alternating between the role of hustling, shrewd organizer and expediter and that of sympathetic teacher and painstaking research scientist—he soon established himself as perhaps the most extraordinary adjunct professor in academic history. In putting this energetic import from Hawkesbury on their payroll, Polytechnic's administrators got a good deal more than they had bargained for (during his first half-dozen years on the faculty, Mark was the moving spirit in launching a profitable summer school on the premises of the Institute—launching it first and later getting the approval of his superiors to do so—and, working single-handed, set up his world-famous center of polymer studies, the Polymer Research Institute, in the very heart of the school's chemistry department), but as the dust slowly settled, the general feeling was that everything had turned out

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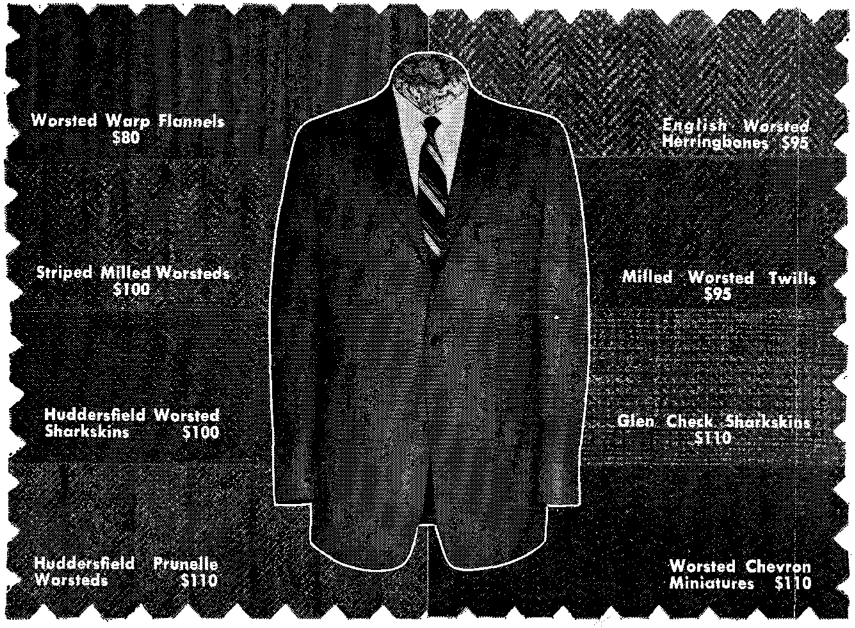
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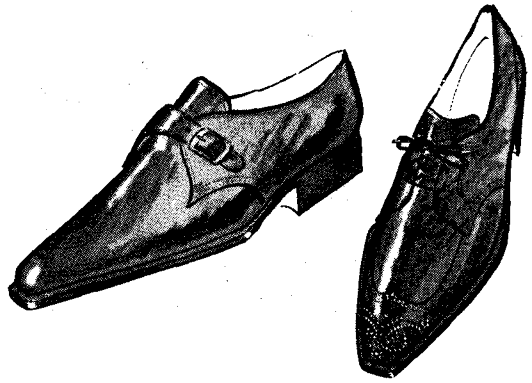

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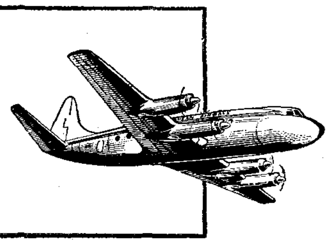

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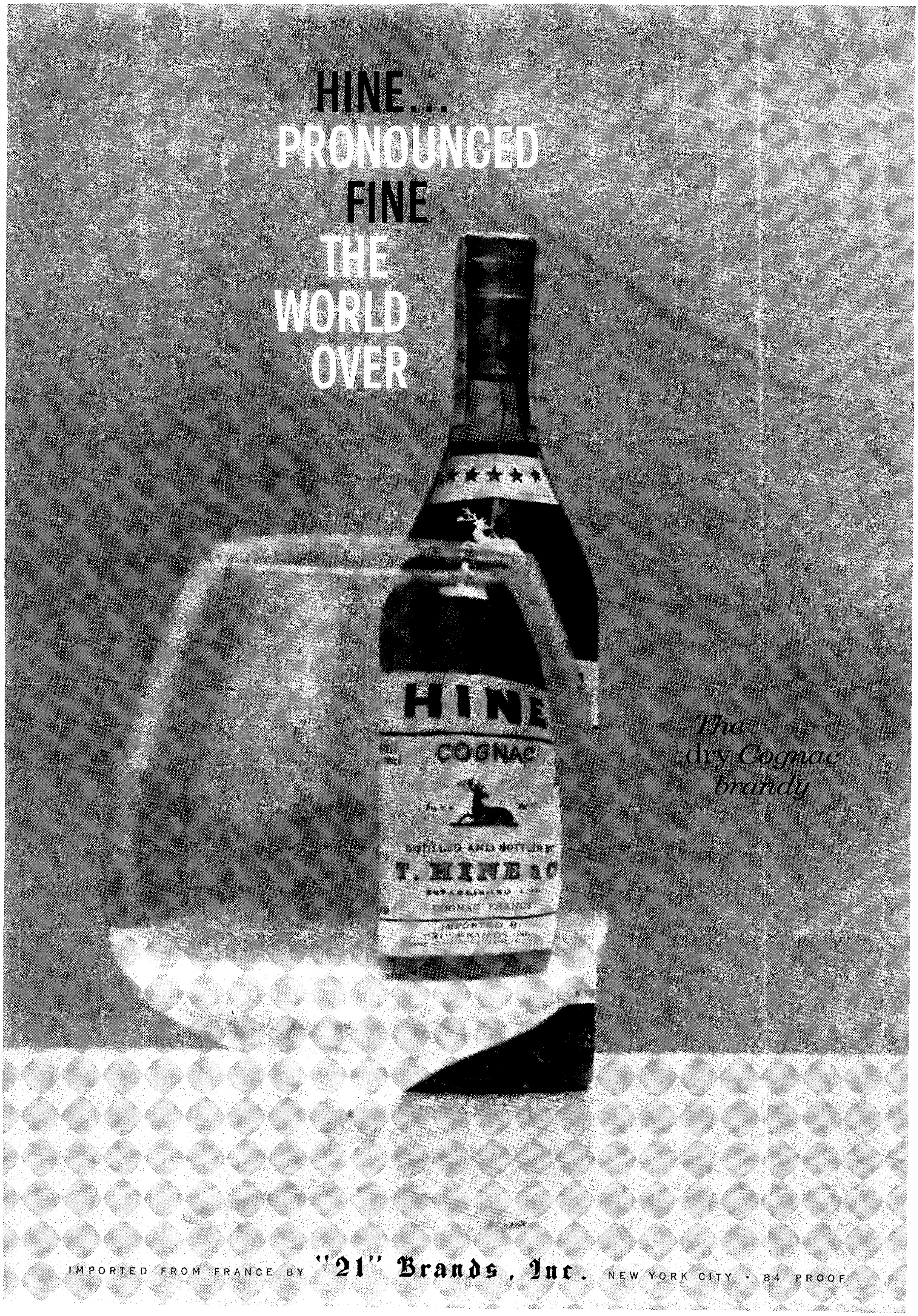
for the best. Typically, some of Mark's most intensive labors in behalf of Polytechnic were carried on at a time when he was also working for various government or Anglo-American agencies in support of the Allied military forces. Before the war ended, he had directed several of the Quartermaster Corps' research projects, on which the Army spent a total of about a quarter of a million dollars, and into which he frequently dragooned whole platoons of his associates at Polytechnic; at one time he had forty graduate students and members of the faculty busy on the development of plastic-coated tents, mildewproof fabrics, and gasproof clothing. In 1941, at the request of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, he packed his skis and mountain-climbing gear and flew up to Jasper National Park, in Alberta, Canada, where he made a study of the capacity of snow and ice for supporting weight under varying weather conditions—often, though he was now forty-six, contentedly sleeping out in a wilderness famous for sub-zero temperatures. This project was undertaken for the guidance of engineers who were designing the Army's snowmobile, and, back in Washington to submit his snow-and-ice report, Mark so impressed the O.S.R.D. people by what seemed to be an understanding of the problem in general that they appointed him a consultant to assist in the final phases of developing the Army's DUKW.

Mark, however, made his most singular contribution to the war effort even earlier. One day in the spring of 1941, he received a telephone call from a man in Washington who declined to give his name. "Is this Dr. Herman Mark, the Viennese ice expert?" the caller asked, in a rich British accent. "No, no, my dear fellow," Mark replied, in the affable way he has with everybody, whether friend or unidentified stranger. "I'm a polymer chemist." The caller cleared his throat uncertainly, and then asked if this was not the same Herman Mark who had written several articles on the incidence of avalanches and the structure of glaciers. Mark admitted that it was but made light of the papers as the by-products of a youthful indiscretion. Nevertheless, the caller requested Mark to pay a visit to his office in Washington as soon as possible. Mark showed up there the next day and was introduced to the scientist members of a highly secret Anglo-American enterprise known as Operation Habakkuk and headed by Geoffrey Pyke, an imaginative British inventor, whose aim was to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build unsinkable aircraft carriers made of ice and equipped with refrigerating machinery that would enable them to heal torpedo wounds in their sides as fast as submarines could inflict them.

The difficulty was, Pyke told Mark, that natural ice makes an unsuitable material for ships of war. A direct hit might easily split an all-ice ship in two, or reduce it to a mass of splinters; even a rough sea might break it into bits and pieces. Could Mark, an authority on the structure of ice, suggest anything? Offhand, Mark could not; the best he could do was to point out that rubber, even in its vulcanized state, has a tendency to creep and shear when subjected to stress, but that the addition of finely ground carbon black goes a long way toward eliminating this weakness. Perhaps, Mark suggested, some ingredient corresponding to carbon black could be found that would have a cohesive effect on ice. "Very well," said Pyke. "Find it." The Operation Habakkuk scientists then turned their attention to the next problem on the agenda, and Mark hurried back to New York, rented space in a refrigerated warehouse in downtown Manhattan, hung up an overcoat and a pair of ear muffs there as part of his laboratory attire, and, assisted by Walter P. Hohenstein, who had been a student of his in Vienna, ran off a protracted series of experiments, preparing and testing sundry mixtures in search of the key to Pyke's improbable dream. At the end of six months, the two scientists emerged, and Mark, once his teeth stopped chattering, got in touch with Pyke and informed him that they had found it—a slurry of wood pulp and water that, when frozen, would stand up well not only against the conventional hazards of aircraft carriers, like bombs, torpedoes, and shellfire, but also against sunlight, since it melted at a much slower rate than ordinary ice. A report on the advantages of the new substance (it was presently named Pykrete, possibly because Markhohensteinkrete was considered a little awkward) was presented to Roosevelt and Churchill at the Quebec Conference, and it would appear that the two leaders were all set to give an iceberg fleet a try. At any rate, a sixty-foot, thousand-ton Pykrete pilot model, named the Habakkuk I, was built, and in the summer of 1943 it cruised the waters of Jasper Lake—a trial run in which it is supposed to have performed perfectly. By then, though, effective ways had been devised of minimizing the threat of German submarines, and, reluctantly, the crew of Habakkuk I turned off its refrigerators

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for
going
to
Berlitz?"

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HOWARD: Are you out of your mind? Firing a real French cook like Renée!

PEGGY: Real French, my rotisserie! Why do you suppose she was going to Berlitz?

HOWARD: Because *I* sent her. French cooks are hard to get these days.

PEGGY: Oh? Especially *young* ones?

HOWARD: Now, Peggy, you know very well . . .

PEGGY: I know very well that a real French cook doesn't have to take French at Berlitz.

HOWARD: But Renée isn't taking French, she's taking English.

PEGGY: She's tak—*what?* Do you mean to say Berlitz teaches *English?*

HOWARD: Do you think they're *provincial?* Berlitz teaches any language you want.

PEGGY: Oh dear. *What* have I done?

HOWARD: You've burned the ragout! But I'll call Renée and we'll all go to Chambord.

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and left the ship to resolve itself into a pulpy scum on the water.

SINCE the war, Mark has, if anything, stepped up his schedule. For the past sixteen years, he has served as chairman of the scientific planning committee of the Weizmann Institute of Science, in Israel, and for the past twelve he has also been chairman of the wood-utilization committee of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, and if neither of these jobs has quite the Sunday-supplement appeal of a frozen aircraft carrier, they have, over the years, consumed a lot more of his time. This is also true of his responsibilities as editor of the *Journal of Polymer Science*, which, after hours of reading and accepting or rejecting manuscripts, corresponding with authors, and even proofreading, he has been getting to press regularly since he founded it, eleven years ago. Nothing will induce him to slow down. Only a few weeks ago, feeling that, out of fairness to the scientists who subscribe to his *Journal* and also make pilgrimages to his research institute to find out what's up, he ought to familiarize himself with the present state of polymer chemistry in the Soviet Union, he flew off to Russia for a fortnight's visit, making his own arrangements and paying his own way. He spent the first week at the Karpov Institute of Physical Chemistry, in Moscow, and the second at the Institute of Macromolecular Chemistry, in Leningrad, and returned bearing samples of Russian nylon and other plastics, as well as tidings, which, if not startling, were the first word about his specialty to come out of that part of the world in some time; the polymer chemists in Russia, he reported, are on an approximately equal basis with those of the West—working on more or less the same problems, making much the same headway in solving them, and, in short, neither getting very far ahead of the West nor lagging very far behind it. Moreover, laboratory workers in Russia complain just as bitterly as their Western counterparts about how long they have to wait for equipment and supplies to come through. "I told them," he says, "that here was one of the areas in which there was complete agreement between East and West."

Upon getting home from his Russian jaunt, Mark barely allowed himself time to unpack his suitcase and pack it again before he was off on another of his cross-country trips—touring industrial plants, inspecting their laboratories, and conferring with their chemists. Then he headed back toward Brooklyn, boarding a night train at Buffalo and, after a snack in the diner, retiring to his compartment, where he worked until two, reading manuscripts submitted for publication in the *Journal* that had piled up during his absence abroad. He rose before dawn, and bathed, shaved, and dressed, and when the train pulled into Grand Central, he was standing in the vestibule of his car at the head of a line of passengers in a hurry to get off. After a cup of coffee in the station, he made straight for his office at Polytechnic, where, seating himself at his desk, he began editing the manuscripts that had met with his approval the night before. He was still at it when the first of his students, yawning and heavy-lidded, ambled past the door. "Ah, good morning, good morning!" Mark sang out upon catching sight of the listless young man. "How are *you*? How are *you*?" The student showed no surprise at this vociferous greeting, or at the note of genuine concern about the state of his health that somehow came through the uproar; Mark greets everyone exuberantly and shows an earnest interest in everyone's well-being. After he had hailed three or four more students in this fashion, the first of his two secretaries came in. He thereupon repeated the ritual, but he amplified it somewhat by asking about not only her health but that of her husband, her baby, and her cat. At nine, he received his first visitor of the day—a polymer chemist from Italy—and a half hour later, the Italian's problems disposed of, he called his wife, starting out, as is his custom when he has just returned from a trip, by crying benevolently into the phone, "*Na, na, na, wie geht's Dir, liebes Mäderle? Hast Du gut geschlummert?*" The quality and duration of other people's sleep are, like their health, of constant concern to Mark. "He's a nut on the subject of sleep," one of his students observed the other morning, shortly after acknowledging a double-barrelled greeting from Mark, who had demanded information both on how he was and on how he had slept. "Very considerate of him to give a damn one way or the other, when you come to think about it. But I guess he really feels sorry for us, and for all the other people in the world who have to spend a third of their lives just lying there in their sacks, vegetating." —MORTON M. HUNT

(*This is the second of two articles on Dr. Mark.*)

◆

The Prince [Hamlet] is not, let's face it, a normal average boy.—*John M. Conly in the Atlantic.*

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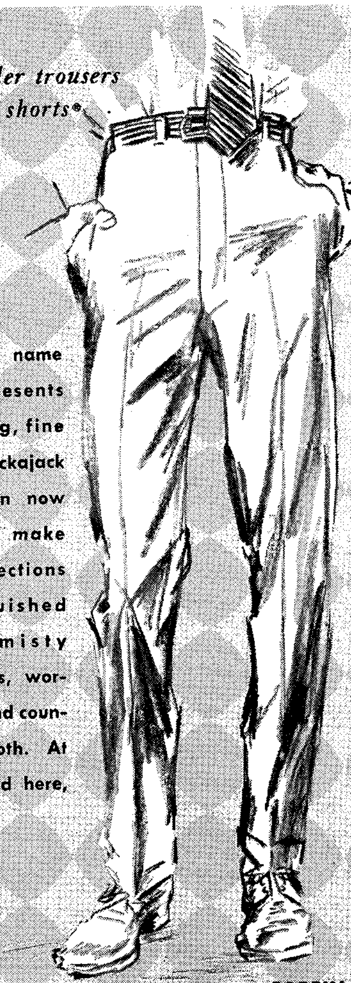

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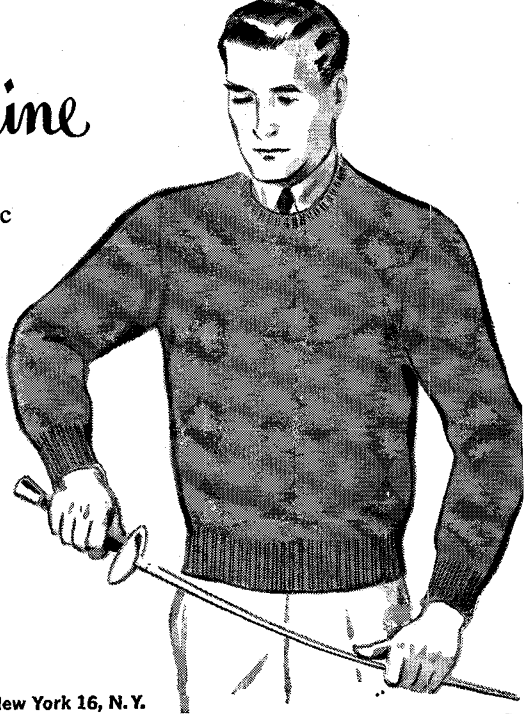

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rescue

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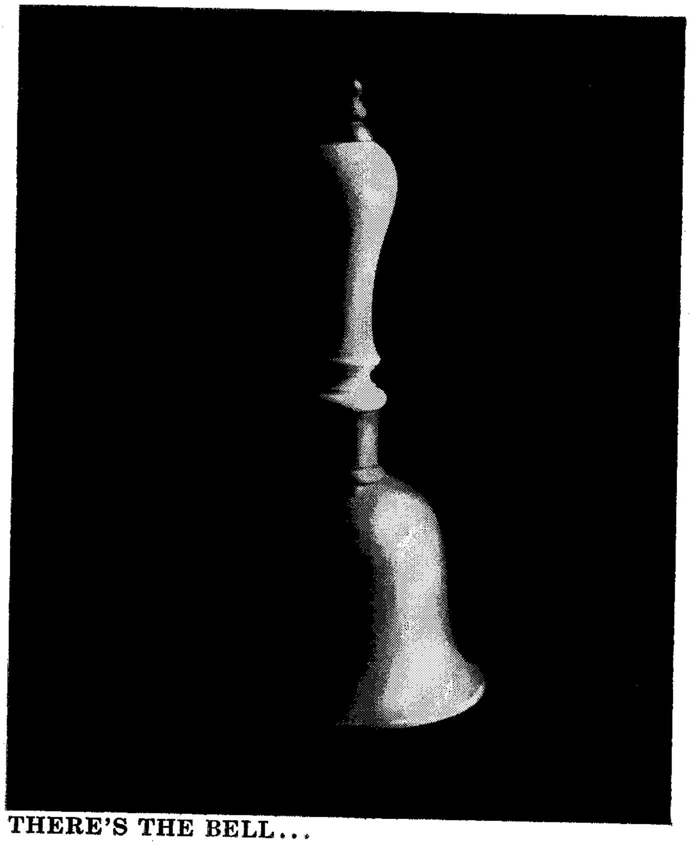
“DUNKIRK,” an English picture produced by Sir Michael Balcon and directed by Leslie Norman, recounts, in documentary style, some of the events attendant upon the evacuation of a third of a million British soldiers from the beaches of France eighteen years ago. Unlike “Mrs. Miniver,” another film that dealt with the subject, “Dunkirk” indulges in no mock heroics or tear-jerking tricks; it simply recites the grim facts of the case. Unfortunately, it never concentrates on any particular character for very long as it shuttles between home front and battlefront, and consequently our sympathies with the participants never get a chance to develop fully. Still, in its reconstruction of the events in France it conveys a good deal of the suffering, terror, and despair that both soldiers and various civilian refugees experienced while fleeing before the Nazis in 1940.

By way of demonstrating fireside complacency in England and military confusion in the field, the film includes among its principals a buckle manufacturer (Richard Attenborough) who is doing all right with Army orders and is prepared to sit the war out quite profitably; a lance corporal in France (John Mills) who has taken charge of a group of stragglers; and a war correspondent in London (Bernard Lee) who is convinced that the war effort is in the hands of nincompoops. Both the manufacturer and the correspondent eventually abandon their indifference and cynicism, and, as amateur sailors, provide a couple of the boats making up the flotilla that goes forth to rescue Mr. Mills and all the others huddled on the beach at Dunkirk. Newsreel excerpts woven into the film add mightily to its general air of authenticity, and while the production is a long one—it runs for two hours or so—its climactic scenes are worth waiting for. At times some of the players put so much Bow Bells dialect into their speech that they are practically incomprehensible, but Mr. Mills, Mr. Attenborough, and Mr. Lee are al-



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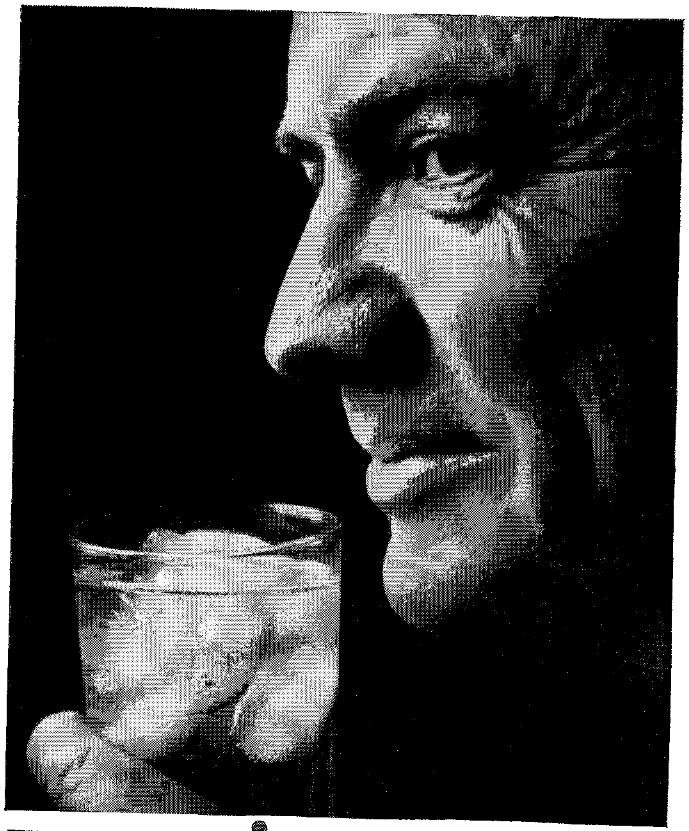

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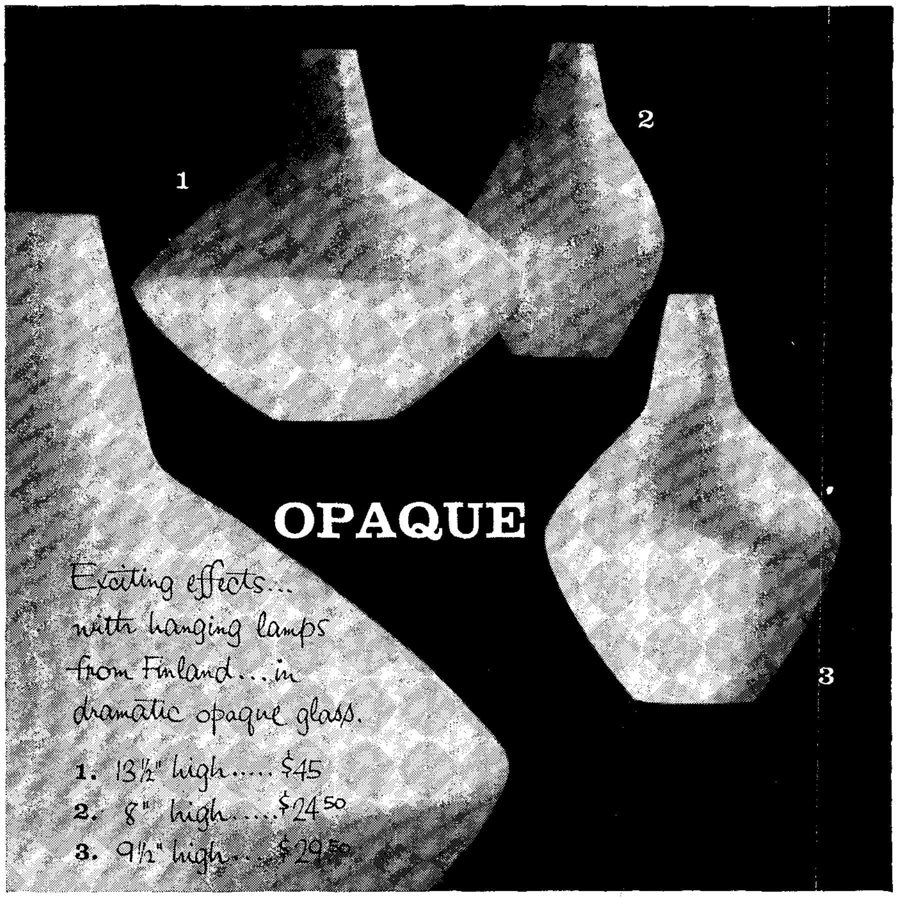
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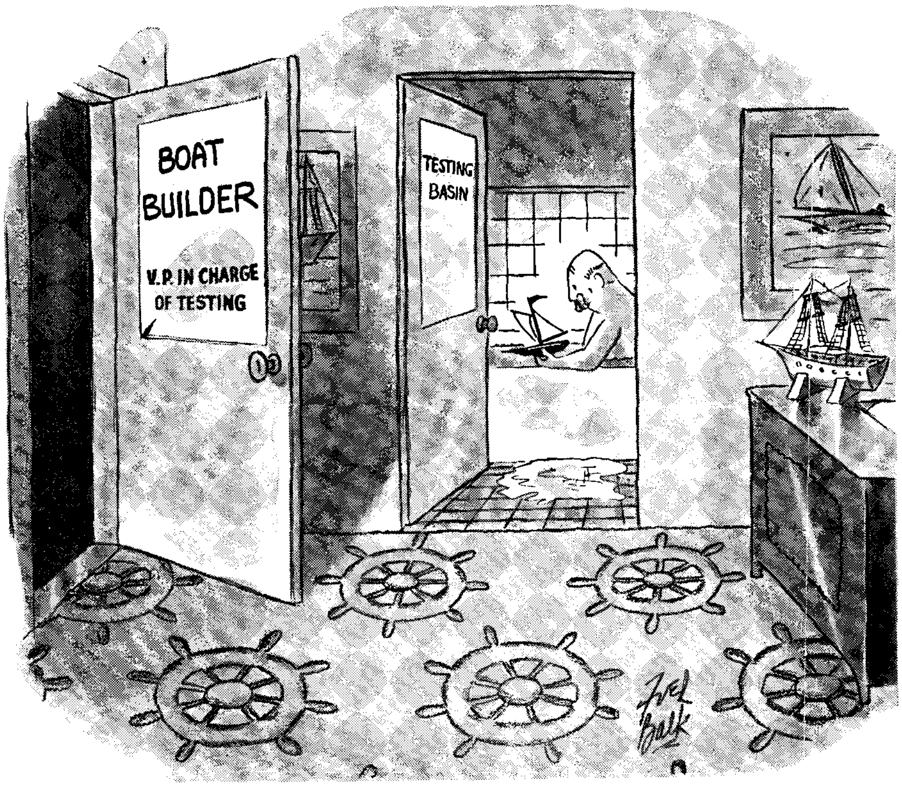

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ways articulate, and if they are now and then lost in the movie's crowded scenes, they perform most capably when they get a chance to be seen and heard.

"Wind Across the Everglades" will blow nobody good. It has to do with the efforts of an Audubon Society agent toward the end of the last century to make the resident bog-trotters of the Florida swampland stop killing birds to get feathers for ladies' hats. As played by Christopher Plummer, this friend of our feathered friends is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent, and about the only black mark against him is the fact that on one occasion, while passing through Miami, he takes a few too many aboard in a primitive brothel. When he gets out of that iniquitous hole, though, and starts his campaign against the bird slayers, he proves himself everything his Audubon Society superiors could hope for. His chief opposition out in the Everglades is provided by a large, uncouth, hairy type, who sports an egret feather in his hat and has as his closest chum a cottonmouth moccasin, which he wears around his wrist. Burl Ives plays this character with all stops out, and he and Mr. Plummer have a hell of a melodramatic time of it as they slosh about through the muck and mire trying to do each other in.

The picture, however, isn't content to confine its action to the pro-bird and anti-bird men. It goes off on tangents about the origins of Miami, the plight of a Seminole who has been banished by his tribe, and sundry other not particularly ornithological matters. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Nicholas Ray, it numbers in its cast Gypsy Rose Lee, Tony Galento, Sammy Renick, and Emmett Kelly. They make an odd assortment, but then this is an odd picture. —John McCarten

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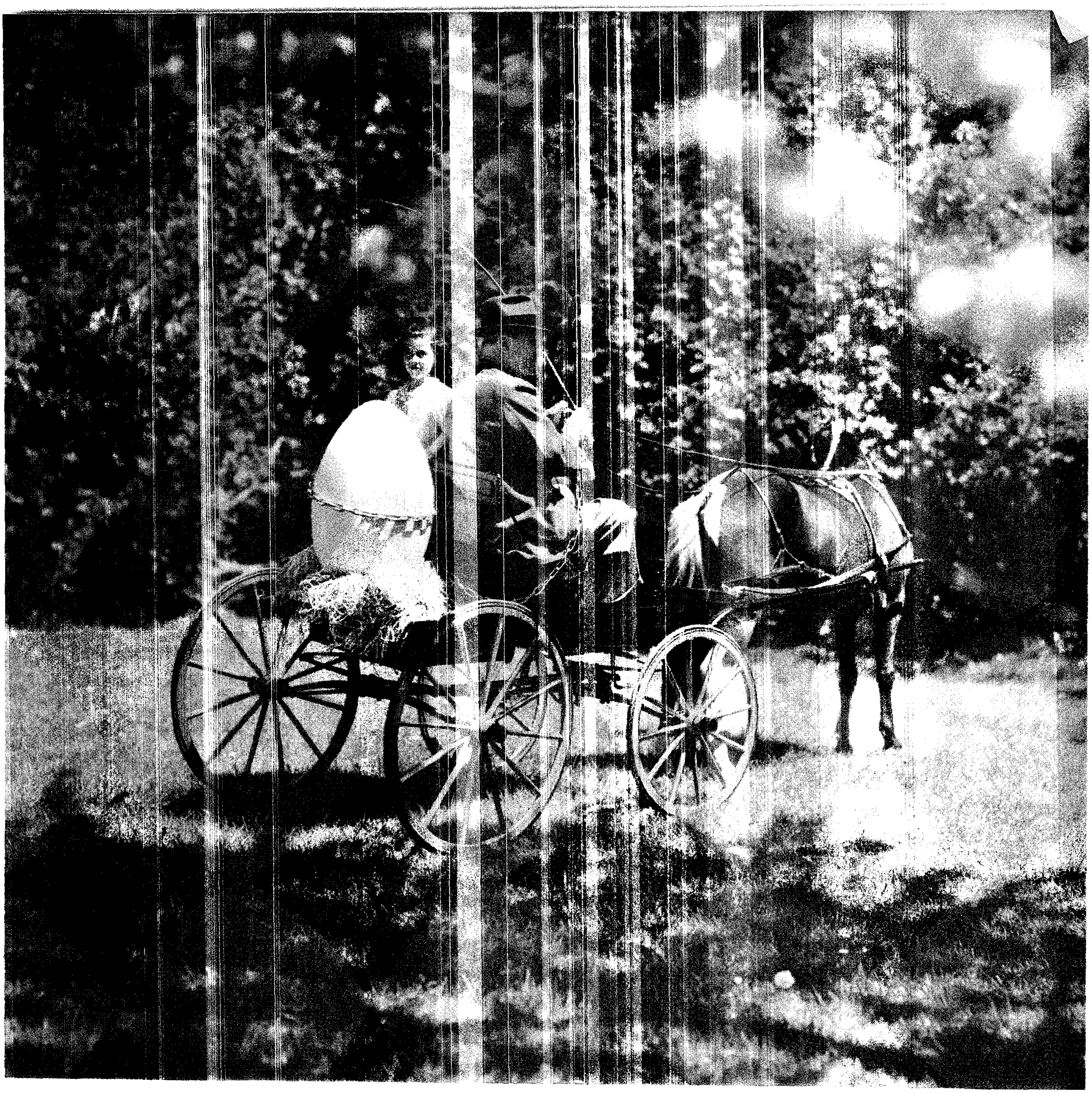

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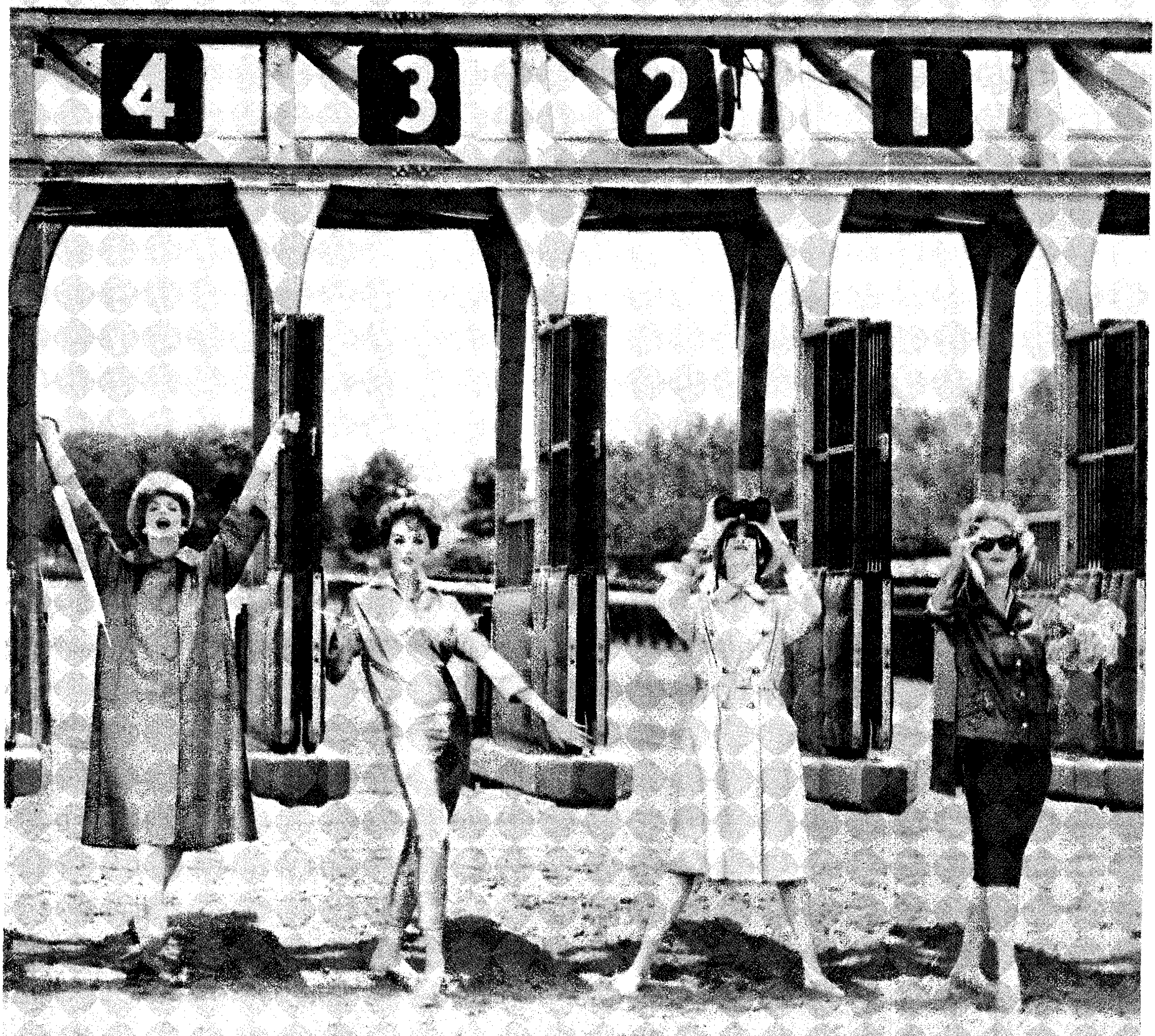

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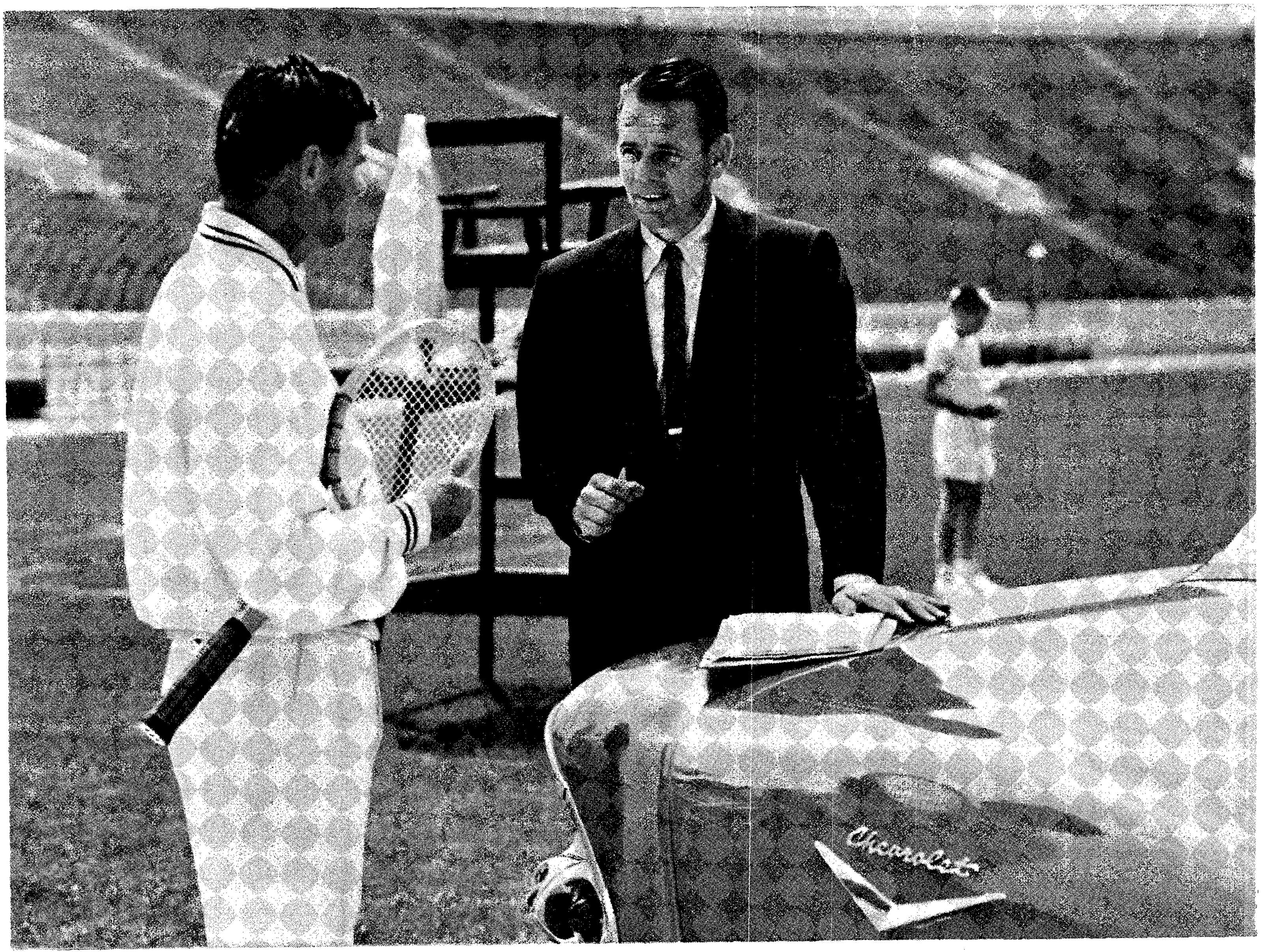

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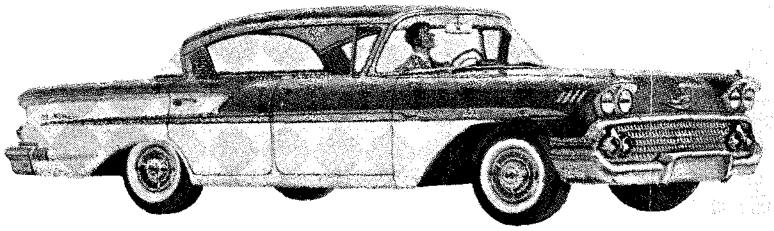

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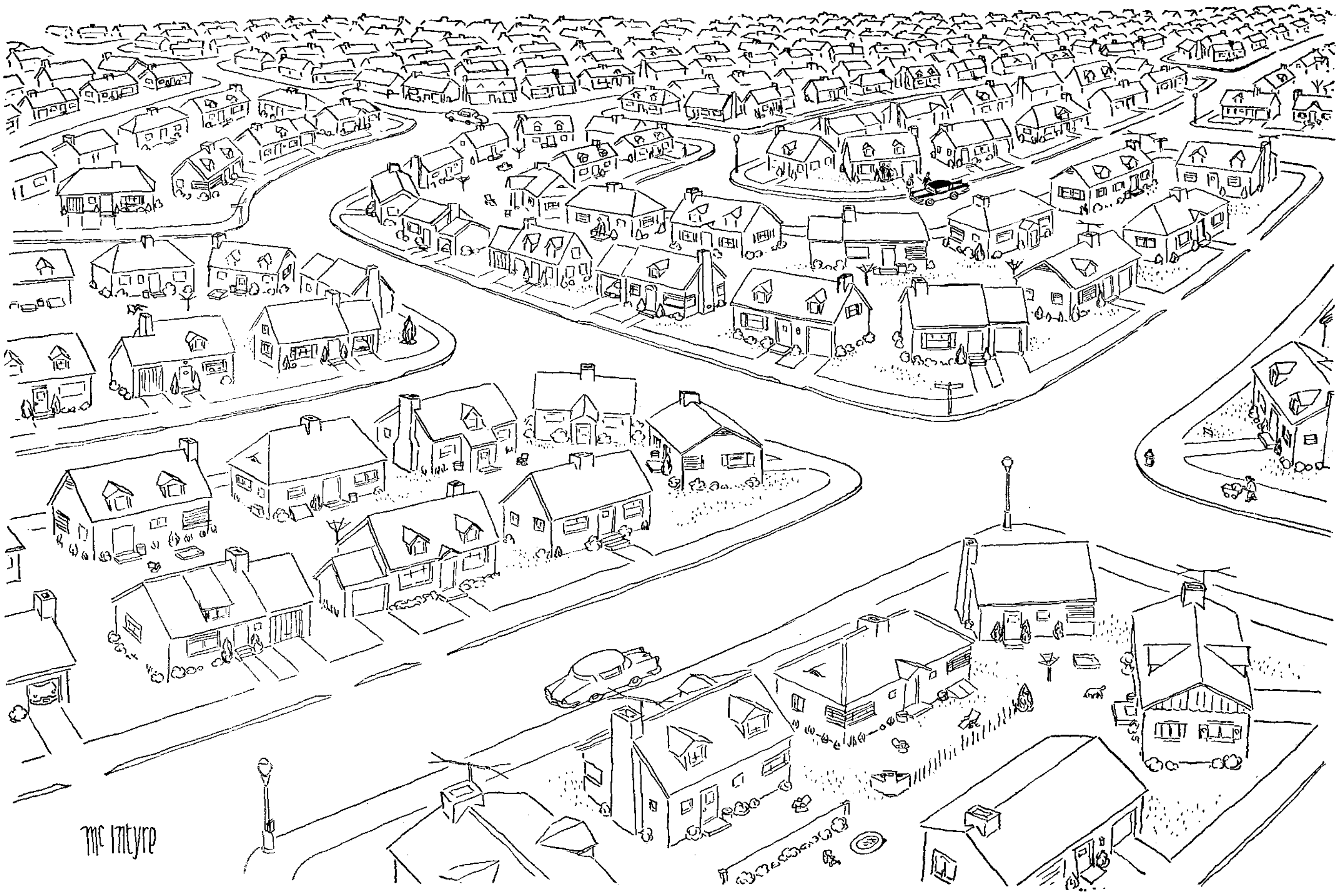
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 11

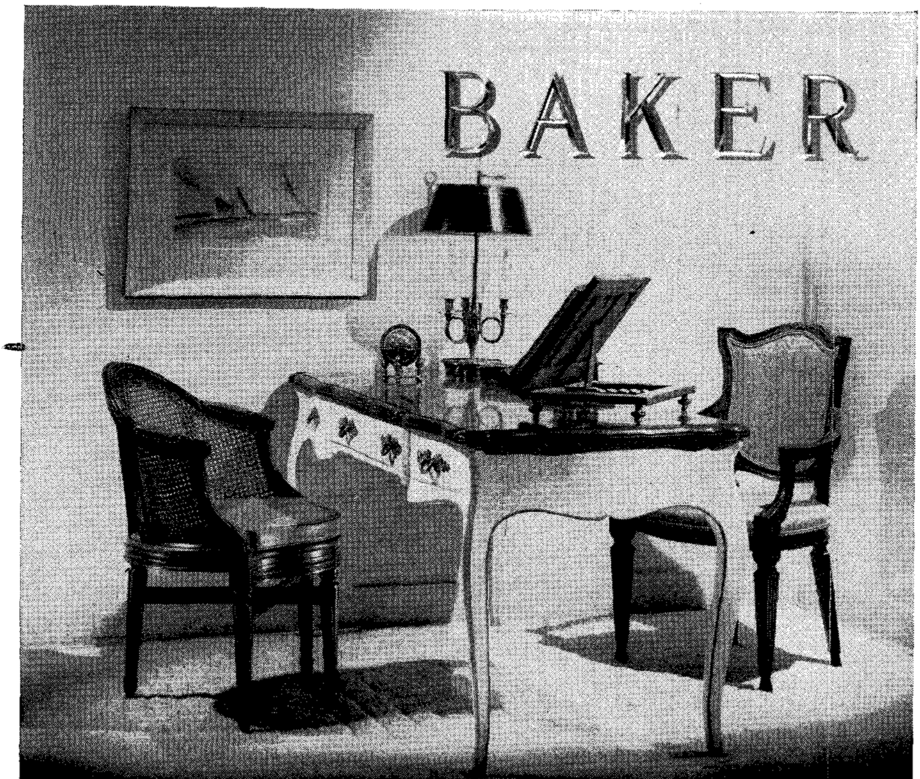
ONE of Mr. Dulles's favored devices is to address the chancelleries of the world clad in an anonymity as thin and as provocative as one of Mlle. Bardot's wraps. He has an agent summon reporters from representative American publications for what is known as a "briefing" or a "backgrounder" on American policy. The journalists who show up are put on Scout's honor not to attribute to the Secretary of State anything the Secretary of State says, and Mr. Dulles thereupon proceeds to deliver himself of pronouncements of a sort that only he could make with any authority. In a general way, of course, there is nothing new in this; politicians often say things off the record that it would be impolitic to say directly and responsibly, and some of them, like Franklin D. Roosevelt, have based a whole weapons system on the trial balloon. What is unique about Mr. Dulles's refinement is the studied, deliberate flimsiness of the disguise; it is intended either to be penetrated immediately or to be torn from him within a matter of hours. Furthermore, it is often used to give American policy a rather different emphasis from the one that appears in his official statements or in those of the Constitutional framer of American policy, the President. Thus, on the eve of last December's conference in Paris of the NATO heads of government, which the President attended in high hopes of being able to bind up the wounds of the alliance and so end what was then called its "crisis of confidence," Mr. Dulles successfully dampened what he thought was too bright and sunny a climate of opinion by holding a "briefing" in which he said he didn't expect much of anything to come of the meetings. It was four or five days before anyone said in print that the bearish "briefing officer" was John Foster Dulles, but it took not much more than four or five minutes for members of other delegations to be in receipt of this intelligence. And again last month, at the United Nations General Assembly meeting in New York, the Secretary of State, speaking anonymously to American reporters merely in order to be of assistance in supplying them with "background," spread the word to the eighty-one Assembly members that the United States, contrary to all its angry words of the preceding weeks, was not going to say a great deal about "indirect aggression" in the Middle East and was not going to insist that the U.N. "presence" in Lebanon and Jordan should be a military "presence."

What may in the future stand as the classic instance of the technique was revealed at the September White House in Newport, Rhode Island, just a week ago today. Mr. Dulles had gone there to confer with Mr. Eisenhower on the crisis in the Formosa Strait. They were closeted for an hour and three-quarters, and at the end of that time Mr. Dulles emerged bearing a thousand-word declaration on American policy, which, he said, had the full authorization of the President. This document seemed, on first and second reading, a masterpiece of obfuscation and, in some respects, an instrument of retreat. In it, Mr. Dulles put the world on notice that the United States would aid Chiang Kai-shek in the defense of his garrisons on Quemoy and Matsu unless it decided not to do so. It pointed out that if the President found that the coastal islands were being attacked as part of a general plan to attack Formosa, and if he further found that the defense of these islands was essen-



"Now that you know where we are, don't be such strangers."

tial to the defense of Formosa, he could, under the terms of our 1954 treaty with the Chinese Nationalists and a joint Congressional resolution of 1955, commit American arms to repulsing the Communist attack. At the same time, Mr. Dulles's statement said—some two weeks after the Communists had renewed their bombardment of Quemoy, and some several days after Nationalist military leaders had said they could not withstand a full-scale attack without aid—"the President has not yet made any finding under that resolution that the employment of the armed forces of the United States is required or appropriate in insuring the defense of Formosa." The Washington *Post's* editorial judgment on the statement was that it was to be taken "as a weakening of the American position," and this appraisal would almost certainly have been shared by anyone in this city who looked upon the statement as the last—or at least the latest—word on American policy. The statement, however, turned out to be by no means the last word for that day. Within less than an hour of its release, the correspondents who had accompanied the President on his golfing and fishing holiday were invited by James Hagerty to a "briefing" on the Dulles statement by the world's foremost authority on the subject, its author. It was explained that Mr. Dulles was prepared to give his own "interpretation" of his own statement—provided the news reports did not identify the Secretary as the briefing officer but merely described him as "a high official" of the government. Mr. Dulles then proceeded to assert that the fuzzy, temporizing state paper was in fact an ultimatum delivered by an iron-willed President and Secretary of State. He said that in his judgment it constituted a most solemn warning to the Chinese Communists, and that if—God forbid—he were a member of the Peiping regime, he would "think very hard before I went ahead in the face of this statement." He was asked if it had been settled that American forces would go to Chiang's aid on Quemoy in the event that Chiang's forces had difficulty in holding it, and he said that, in his view, this was precisely the significance of the statement just released by the Secretary of State. He also said, as the declaration had not, that American intervention could very well mean the bombing of the Chinese mainland, and he revealed that our Navy and Air Force commanders in the area had already been given orders to engage in "hot pursuit" if they were attacked.



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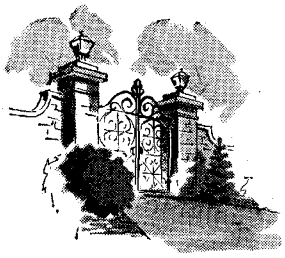

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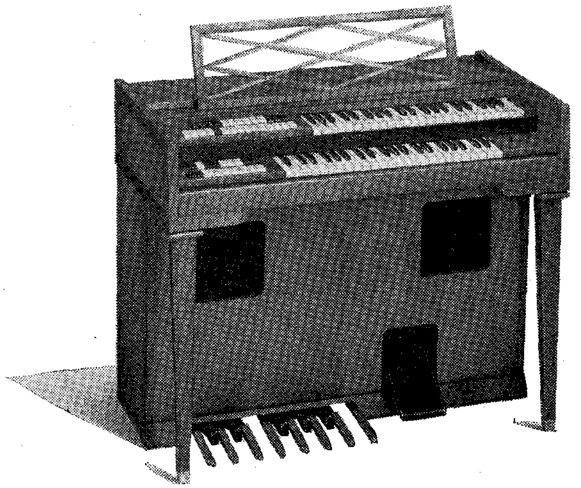

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In newspapers the following morning, in embassies here, and in Foreign Ministries around the world, the "high official's" interpretation of Mr. Dulles's declaration was treated as an assertion of American policy that superseded the declaration itself. Thus, the Washington *Post*, whose editorial writer had gone to work with only the official text and had found it spineless, ran on its front page a banner headline reading, "EISENHOWER WARNS U.S. WILL FIGHT TO SAVE QUEMOY FROM RED CHINESE." The New York *Times*, in an editorial also based on the statement alone, noted that the statement "stresses that the President has not yet . . . determined" what response to make, but its front page ran a headline saying, "U.S. DECIDES TO USE FORCE IF REDS INVADE QUEMOY." What had happened was precisely what one imagines Mr. Dulles had intended to happen. Newspaper editors had immediately seen through the mask of the "briefing officer" and the "high official" and concluded that John Foster Dulles had spoken. There was really nothing else they could conclude, and nothing else Mr. Dulles could have wished them to conclude. Had true concealment or anonymity been his aim, he would hardly have spoken as "a high official" in Newport on September 4th, for there were only two of them there at the time—the President and himself. (Mr. Hagerty could have been counted to make three, but the reports eliminated him by noting that he had organized the briefing session and was part of the audience throughout.) It could not have been Mr. Eisenhower, for, unlike certain of his predecessors, he never volunteers anything to the press, and he would not in any case turn up in the guise of a "briefing officer" explaining a statement made by a subordinate. It was forty-eight hours before anyone—it happened to be Dean Acheson, in a sharp attack on administration policy—publicly identified the "briefing officer" as Mr. Dulles. This may have cleared up a mystery for a certain number of American newspaper readers, but the mystery could never have existed in Peiping, Taipeh, Moscow, or any other capital where there are diplomats who receive intelligence bulletins from their agents in this agent-infested city. In those places, it was known that Mr. Dulles, after issuing a statement that seemed to say the United States was not prepared to go to the brink of war in the Formosa Strait, announced that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the United States stood poised

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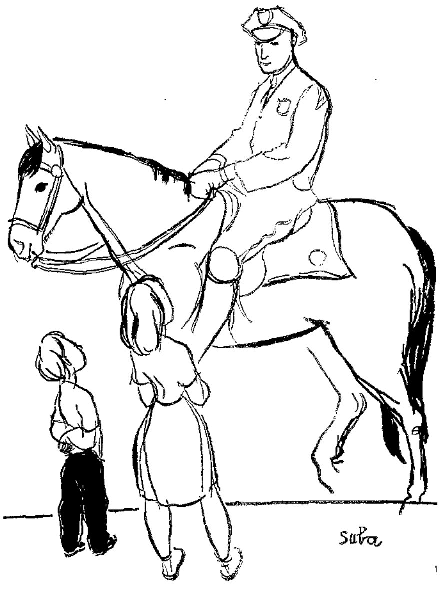
on the brink and was prepared to plunge over it.

IT may be that this particular bit of brinksmanship will go down as one of Mr. Dulles's triumphs. The shelling of Quemoy ceased for two days, a convoy unit of the Seventh Fleet went to the island and returned without being molested, and Premier Chou En-lai, of the People's Republic of China, proposed a resumption of the ambassadorial talks that had been broken off in Geneva last December. No one can prove that it was not Mr. Dulles's firmness that led to these desirable developments; Mr. Chou's statement followed Mr. Dulles's and referred to it, and the very least that can be said is that the Secretary's conduct in this case did not have the appalling consequences that some of his critics feared it would have. The crisis, though, is not yet over, and there remain here a good many questions about the meaning of the past week's events. One of them is whether Mr. Dulles really *was* stating effective American policy when he spoke to the reporters at Newport. Was it, as he said, *the significance* of the seemingly flaccid declaration that we would fight for Quemoy if we saw that Chiang could not hold it, and was this the understanding that Mr. Dulles had reached with the President in the course of their long meeting? If the statement meant what Mr. Dulles said it meant, and if the President stood behind him, why didn't the two of them write Mr. Dulles's understanding into the document? Why was it necessary to have an "interpretation" of the statement before anyone had suggested the need for one? An answer that suggests itself immediately is that Mr. Dulles was unable to get the President to agree to a stiff policy and that he used the "briefing" gambit to make it appear that his views were the controlling ones. "It might even be said," Chalmers Roberts, of the Washington *Post*, wrote, "that this kind of talk by a 'high' official amounts to psychological warfare on the President, an effort to commit the United States, in hopes of deterring the Communists, to action the President himself refused to agree to in advance." This is not the first time anyone has suggested that Mr. Dulles might be guilty of insubordination, and in all probability it will not be the last. Still, a week has passed since Mr. Dulles spoke, and he is still Secretary of State. The President is an easygoing man, but one would have to abandon all hope for the republic for the next two years if one were to believe that his tolerance was such that he would stand by while an appointee defied him by committing the country to a war that he wished no part of. Moreover, the President, whenever he has been given a chance of repudiating or endorsing some view of the Secretary's that appeared at variance with his own, has stood by Mr. Dulles, often in what has seemed to be rather extravagant language. "I think he is the wisest, most dedicated man that I know," Mr. Eisenhower said of Mr. Dulles early this year. "I am just one of the President's assistants," Mr. Dulles said as he was leaving for Paris last December.

But if the psychological-warfare theory is insupportable, the only plausible alternative, described by Mr. Roberts as the "escape-hatch" theory, is almost equally so. The notion in this case is that the administration rejoices in a bifurcated diplomacy, which allows it to follow a "hard" and a "soft" line simultaneously. The hard line can be pursued without the ultimate sanction of Presidential authority, for whatever deterrent value it may have; should it fail of its purpose, the administration is free either to retaliate as threatened by the "high official" or to say that retaliation was never part of its plan and to fall back on the statements authorized by the President. In the present case, extra color is lent to this theory by the fact that the soft statement released by Mr. Dulles fudged the whole question of American response, leaving matters just about where they stood on August 27th, when the President, asked about Quemoy at his news conference, said, "You simply cannot make military decisions until the event reaches you." (This seemed an odd doctrine indeed for the



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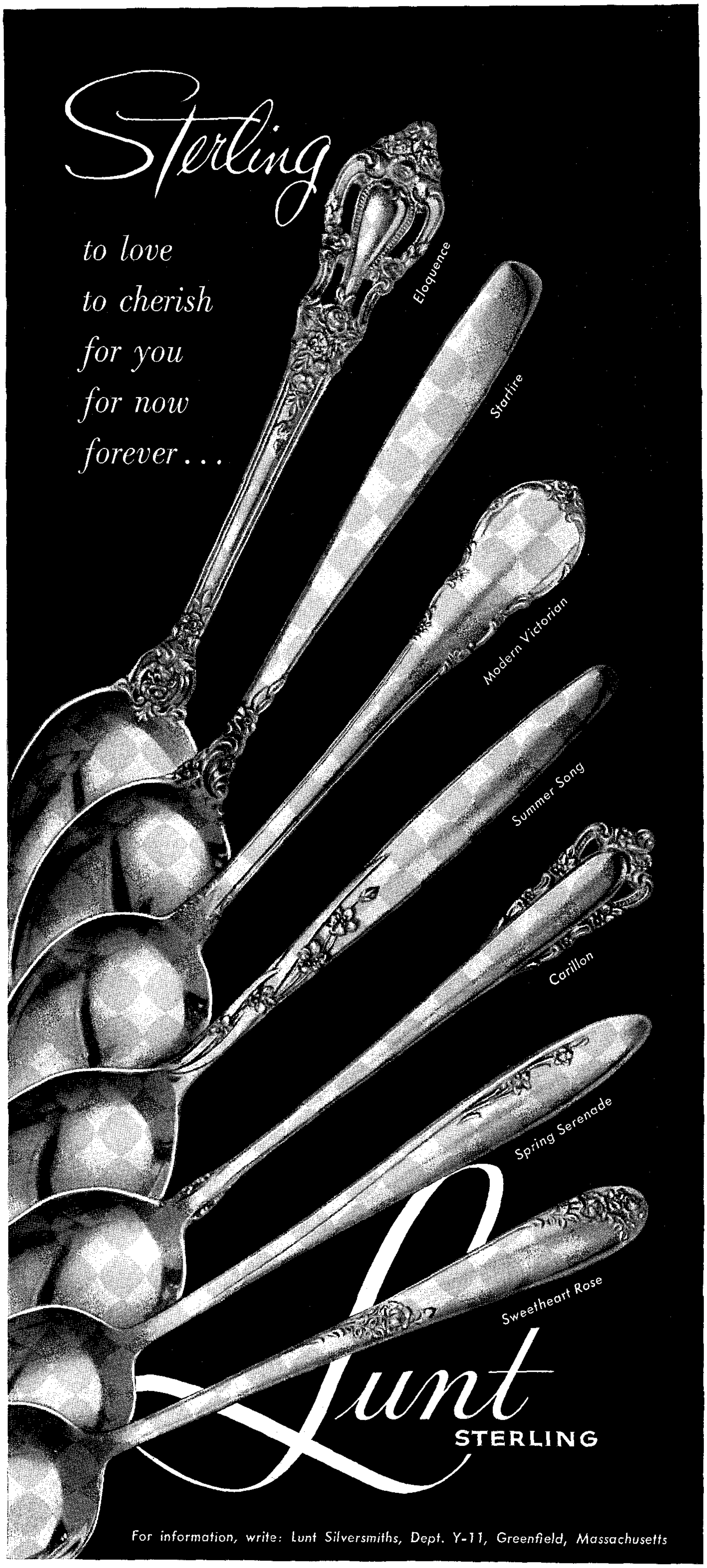
planner of the greatest military campaigns in history.) But while it is plainly desirable for any strategist, in war or diplomacy or any other branch of politics, to retain as much freedom of choice as the situation will allow, it seems inconceivable that when war and peace may hang on an adversary power's estimate of our intentions, the responsible directors of American foreign policy should deliberately sow confusion. To be sure, such a strategy would be fine as long as the adversary power chose—as it evidently has chosen in this case—to be restrained by the unofficial warnings of firmness; if, however, it chose to bank on the intimations of softness in the policy officially proclaimed, the consequences could be disastrous, and our diplomacy could be characterized as a licensing authority for disturbers of the peace. It seems reasonable to assume that the President and the Secretary of State, both of whom have repeatedly spoken of the dangers of war by miscalculation, are as well aware of these possibilities as anyone else, and that if they appear to encourage a misreading of our intentions, they do not do so purposely.

WHATEVER the explanation of this peculiar business may be, the widespread assumption here is that the administration, if it gets through the present crisis without any shooting, will do what many of its members have wished to do all along—seek a general disengagement in the Formosa Strait. No responsible figure has ever seriously contended that the coastal islands have any strategic importance in the defense of Formosa; they became important to the defense of Chiang Kai-shek's army because they became a dwelling place for a sizable part of it. This, it has often been said, came about not at his insistence but at the insistence of Admiral Arthur Radford and others who, in the early days of the administration, wanted Chiang to be in a position to harass the mainland. The islands are handy for the purpose, and this is the purpose they have been put to for the past six years. In that time, though, practically everyone in the government has come to realize that if China is ever liberated from Communism, the liberator will be someone other than Chiang Kai-shek. The President, one can be sure, has never thought otherwise. Neither, in all probability, has Mr. Dulles; before he became Secretary of State, he spoke well of the idea of recognizing the Peiping government, and while he has spoken on the other side of the question since

1953, he has never spoken with the true fervor of the Asia First crowd that played so large a part in forming American policy in the early years of the decade. (To judge from his press conference yesterday, he would be willing to negotiate the future status of the islands, and if he were to do that, he could not simultaneously hold that Formosa would fall without them.) A striking feature of the present situation is the silence it has called forth from Senator Knowland, who, though he has a job cut out for him in California, is still the Republican leader in the Senate. The fact is that there is almost no one here who really feels that this country would be defending anything but a dubious principle and a cause as thoroughly lost and remote as that of the Confederacy if it made any substantial sacrifice to hold Quemoy and Matsu. Indeed, the climate of opinion on this question has changed so greatly in recent years that one now hears certain expressions of sympathy for the Chinese Communists in their desire to bring the coastal islands under their own administration. A couple of days ago, Senator O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, said that he thought the United States was coming very close to "aggression" by sending warships to within five or six miles of the mainland, and the argument is frequently made that we would take precisely Peiping's attitude if any foreign power had an island base that put it in a position to sink ferryboats and hamper coastwise trade, as the Nationalist forces on these islands have done.

There is little doubt that the administration would like to negotiate a disengagement, but there is a good deal of doubt about whether it will be able to do so. It cannot bargain away the islands, because the islands aren't ours to bargain away. They are, in fact, the only pieces of real estate over which we or anyone else recognizes Chinese Nationalist sovereignty. (In this country's book, the Nationalists are merely guests on Formosa, which has no status either as part of China or as an independent country.) We could force Chiang to withdraw his troops from Quemoy and Matsu, but if we did, we would be risking disruption of his authority over his armies and over the Chinese on his principal island base, for while we can abandon, on grounds of realism and prudence, any hope of his eventual conquest of the mainland, he cannot give it up without at the same time disbanding his armies—or at any rate reorganizing them as a kind of Formosan home guard. Everything he has rests on the



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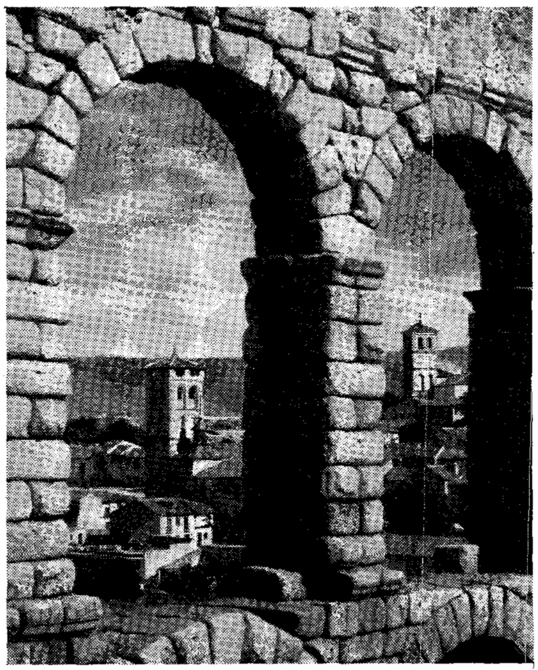

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fiction that he is making ready to reconquer China. If that illusion were destroyed, it would be impossible to defend either our continued recognition of him or the continued presence of his regime in the United Nations. Peiping knows all this, and in the circumstances it is not difficult to see why Chou En-lai thinks it a good time to talk business.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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TODAY'S HERALDRY

[*From the annual report of the Sanborn Company, makers of medical instruments and equipment*]

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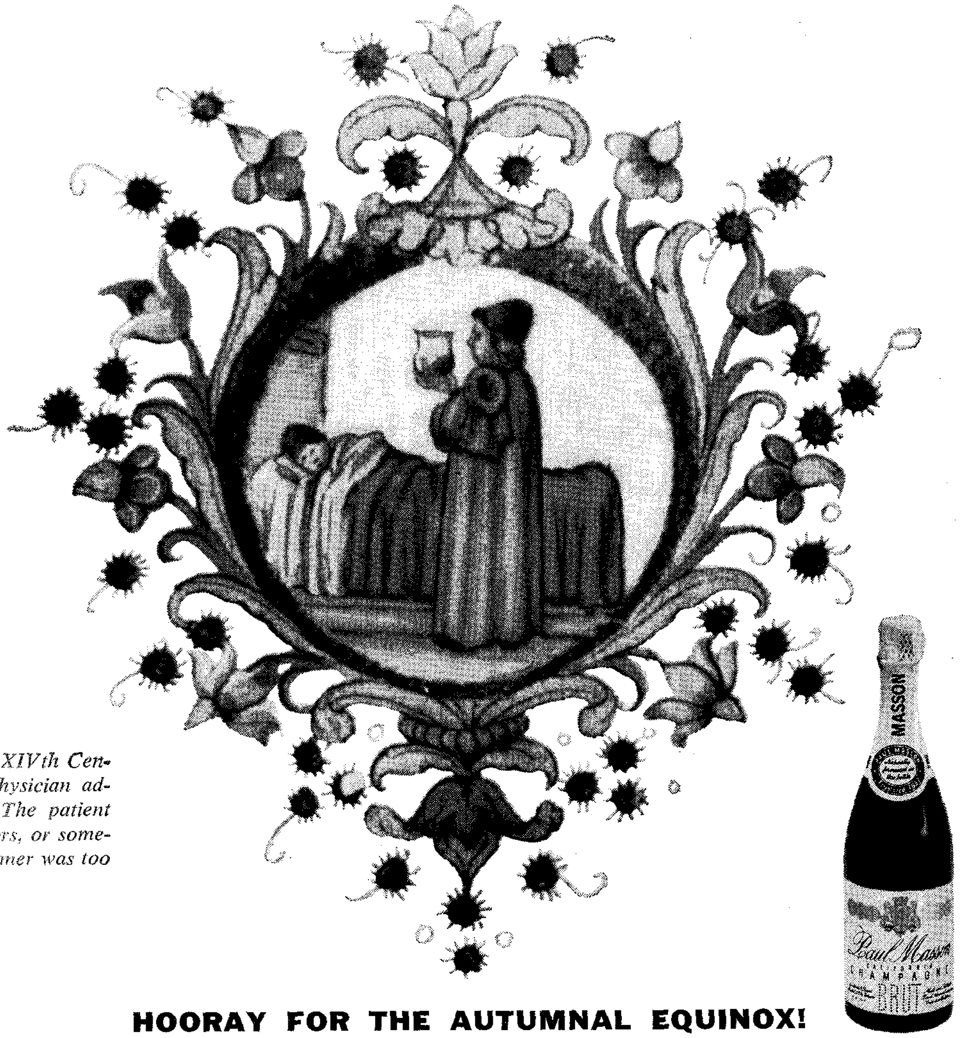

SEPTEMBER, *in this XIVth Century plate, shows a physician administering a potion. The patient has a miasma, or vapors, or something. Perhaps the summer was too much for her.*

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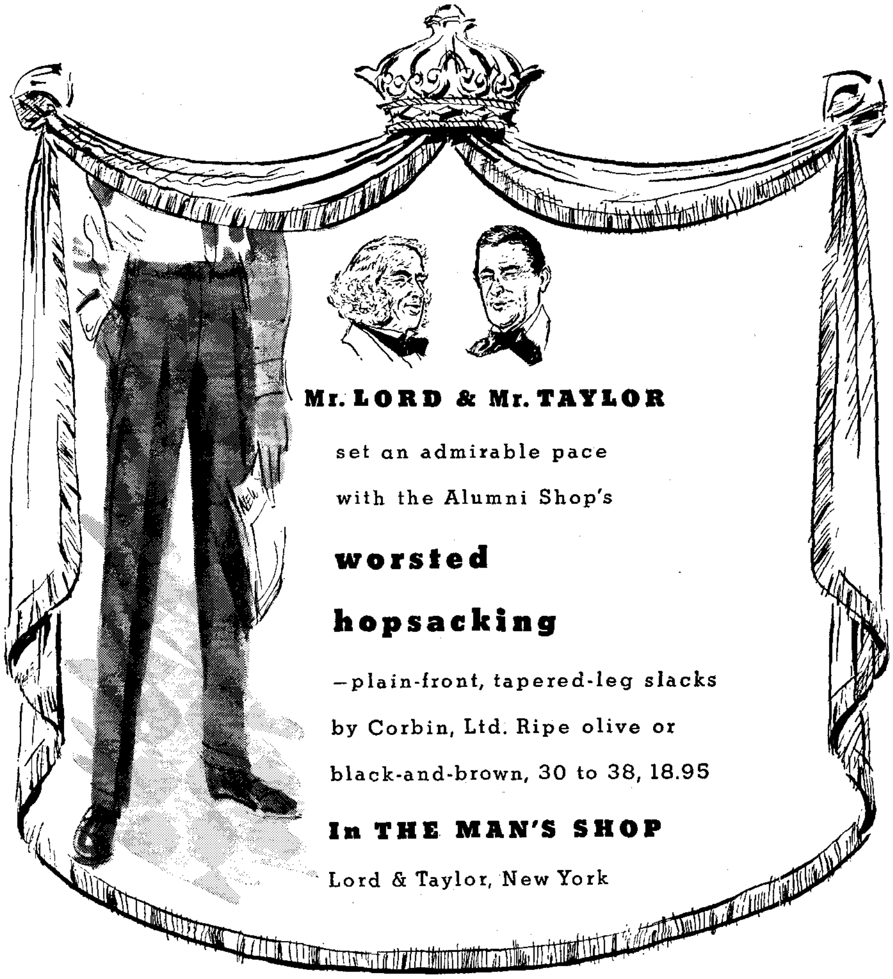

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

THE dismayingly poor quality of most of the records I have listened to in recent weeks finally drove me to the shelf where I keep miscellaneous recordings I have collected over the years but haven't written about. I took down a set called "Sarah Vaughan Sings Gershwin"—a double-decker put out by Mercury a year or more ago and still available in the shops—and put it on. I hadn't been carried away by these performances at the time they were released (Miss Vaughan's glossy voice, heightened by the sheen of the orchestral accompaniments, seemed to coat the pulsating songs with a sort of film, making them bright but a bit static), and this time around my immediate response wasn't much different. Still, her singing has good points that probably outweigh the bad, and she kept me with her for the duration of the recording. But as I listened, I found myself marvelling, as I have many times before, at the richness and vitality of Gershwin's songs. For one thing, they were mostly set down at a time—the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties—when a handful of gifted songwriters were happily exploring the possibilities of the popular song, and, what is more important, finding outlets for their efforts on Broadway and in Hollywood. The heady intellectual and emotional climate in which so many delightful compositions by men like Gershwin, Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, and Jerome Kern were written has since been pretty well dissipated. Back in those days, a sense of gaiety predominated among the songwriters, but there was also a sense of pride—pride in the stimulating little island called Manhattan, pride in breaking away from the European-influenced operettas that had dominated the American stage, and, most of all, pride in their own audacity, for almost all of them were young men. The songs, particularly the lyrics, were smart—sometimes self-consciously so. Then, as the thirties ended, the depression and the war made New York seem progressively smaller in importance. Concern gradually replaced audacity, and there came a desire for a more comforting kind of theatre music, which was suddenly and happily supplied by the new

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team of Rodgers and Hammerstein. Lorenz Hart, Rodgers' brash and brilliant first collaborator, had died, and in any case the bite of his wit was no longer in keeping with the times, and Hammerstein, whose sentimental style had often bordered on saccharinity in the past, found fresh inspiration, along with a becoming sense of humor, in the American past. "Oklahoma!," with morning-bright melodies and words jouncing along to chicken-scratch rhythms, invested the theatre with sunny wholesomeness, a condition it shows no immediate signs of recovering from. It was not "Oklahoma!" alone that accomplished this, of course; it was the continuity of the Rodgers and Hammerstein collaboration that firmly embedded the Broadway stage in the simple life. Only "Guys and Dolls" made a powerful thrust in the opposite direction, and even that was weakened here and there by trite romantic confections.

Well, Miss Vaughan got me into all this, and I must say that in spite of my reservations about her work, I found it bracing to hear her line out, in addition to a general selection of the more familiar pieces, such neglected Gershwin products as "Isn't It a Pity?," an artful ballad from "Pardon My English," of 1932; "Aren't You Kinda Glad We Did?," a posthumously introduced rhythm number from the 1946 movie "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" (I wish, though, that Miss Vaughan hadn't mistakenly sung "Chapter One" for "chaperone" in the phrase that goes "On my good name there will be doubt cast/ With never a sign of any chaperone"); and a winning piece, "Things Are Looking Up," from the 1937 film "A Damsel in Distress." Even today, most of these numbers manage to retain "an impudent, fresh sound," as Arthur Schwartz noted in an article entitled "Fascinating George," which comes along with Victor's "The Serious Gershwin" set, first issued three years ago. Schwartz was referring there to the chorus of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," but it applies to almost everything Gershwin ever wrote.

SPEAKING of show tunes, Columbia, a firm that shows a decent respect for this field of music, has just trotted out three collections of two records each—compilations of tunes by Irving Berlin, by Sigmund Romberg, and by Victor Herbert. There are no new slants on the stuff, and partly because of this, I suppose, I found the European-rooted creations of Herbert and Romberg a bit musty. Berlin

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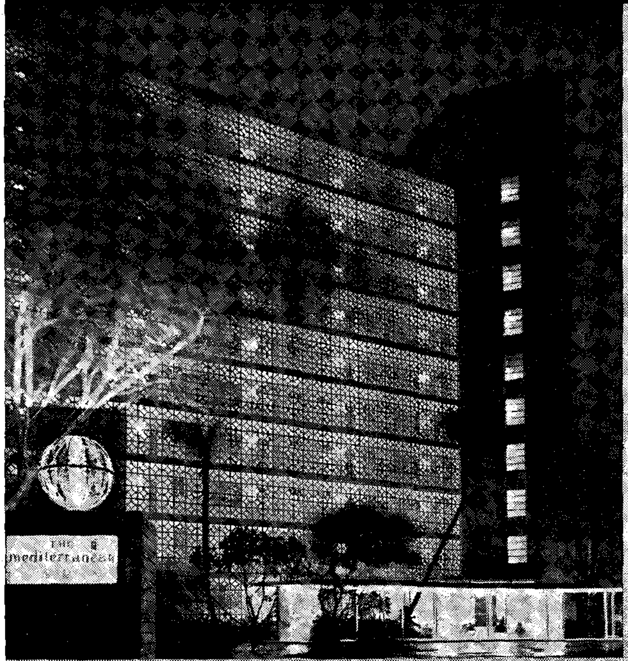

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proved more appealing, with his now caressing, now jaunty efforts, all obviously rooted in Tin Pan Alley. What should attract any student of such lore, though, is the voluminous program notes accompanying each set. I suppose that's not much of an inducement for buying records, but it *is* agreeable to see the circumstances surrounding the creation of each piece so carefully detailed. Frank DeVol conducts the Berlin roundup, Paul Weston does Romberg's, and Percy Faith roams the accommodating slopes of Herbert's melodic lines.

As I said earlier, I have found little satisfaction in the new releases, but the little I've found I'd like to mention in brief:

Sing Me a Swing Song—If Bobby Short, who interprets fourteen recherché works herein, had a voice to match his taste in material, he'd be the wonder of the day. Alas, he hasn't, and it is sometimes hard going when his fuzzy, quivering baritone assaults such well-made structures as Cole Porter's "It's Bad for Me" and "From Now On," the Rodgers and Hart conceit entitled "How Can You Forget?," and Duke Ellington's "Rocks in My Bed." (*Atlantic*)

Johnny Nash—Young Mr. Nash restores the art of crooning—and in the tenor range, of all places—but his limpid renditions of "Imagination," "Darn That Dream," "My Foolish Heart," and nine others like that are piquantly influenced, here and there, by phrasings borrowed from the jazz vocabulary. An extremely pleasant singer, Mr. Nash. (*ABC-Paramount*)

Moments Like These—Dinah Shore, who must get around to the better supper clubs and keep her ears open wide, presents a lot of unhackneyed material, including the French charmer "When the World Was Young," Cole Porter's nifty "I Loved Him," and "Now I Know," a forgotten Harold Arlen work, which, as I recall it, Miss Shore sent aloft in the wartime movie "Up in Arms," starring Danny Kaye. (*Victor*) —Douglas Watt

•

A GRACKLE OBSERVED

Watching the black grackle
come out of the gray shade
into the sun, I am dazzled
by an unsuspected sheen,
yellow, purple, and green,
where the comb of light silkens
unspectacular wings—
until he, unaware
of what he means at this one
peculiar angle of sun,
hops back to his modest dark
and leaves the shining part
of himself behind, as though
brightness must outgrow
its fluttering worldly dress
and enter the mind outright
as vision, as pure light.

—Lisel Mueller

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NEW YORK CITY,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1958

The Editors, *The New Yorker*
GENTLEMEN:

NO one in his right mind would relish public disagreement with your reporter Richard Rovere when he is covering the Washington scene. But since Mr. Rovere has ventured into a realm where he is a self-acknowledged amateur ("John Knox Rides Again," *The New Yorker*, August 16, 1958), and since this is the realm in which I, as a Protestant theologian teaching at Union Theological Seminary, live and move and have my being—namely, the ecclesiastical arena—I feel called upon to tangle with him at a few points.

Some eight years ago, in an article in your magazine, Mr. Rovere propounded the thesis that a successful New York Protestant minister must possess, and emblazon upon the printed page, at least three full names. Failing this, he could use parts of four names. However, and this was the crux of the matter, if a man did not use three names or parts of four—i.e., if he was a two-name man or even a two-name-and-one-initial man—he was not likely to succeed in his field. That, reduced to its simplest terms, was Mr. Rovere's thesis.

His second article, the one that prompts this rejoinder, points out that history has not, in fact, supported this thesis—the Reverend Donald Harrington and the Reverend Dr. Robert J. McCracken being the chief ministerial flies in Mr. Rovere's numerical ointment, since both of them are, by Mr. Rovere's standards or any others, successful New York Protestant ministers. After citing other relevant data, Mr. Rovere propounds a *new* thesis, and I quote: "Opportunity awaits the two-namers. There is no hard-and-fast rule." This is, if I may say so, a much easier thesis to defend, and history is sure to be kinder to Mr. Rovere's second attempt than it was to his first. Hereafter, for the sake of brevity, I shall refer to the new thesis as Rovere's Rule.

If I may be permitted a short reflection upon the nature of Mr. Rovere's shift, I must emphasize that he not only is posing as a *reporter* of the trends of history, a modest title befitting any modest man, but is also posing as a *molder* of the trends of history, a con-

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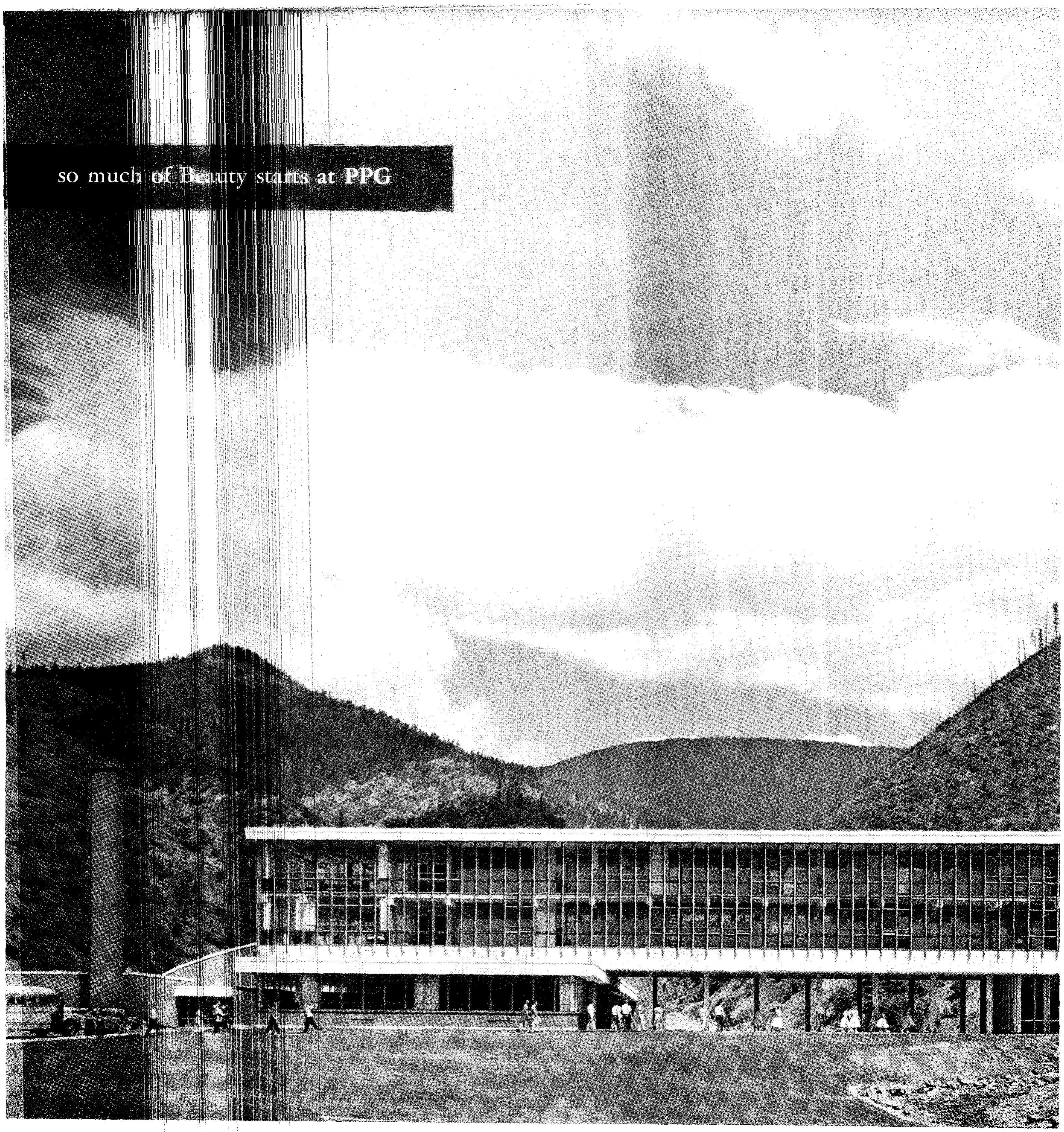

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siderably more exalted role. For Mr. Rovere claims that his article may have been partly responsible for the decline in three-name Protestant clergymen. What he is *really* telling us seems to be this: (a) I pointed out that three-name clergymen held sway but made clear that there was something a little stuffy about it. (b) Shortly afterward, a shift to two-name clergymen began to be apparent, for which I can, with all due humility, take credit. (c) Thus my original thesis is shattered, but, by golly, I am the guy who got it shattered.

I can only comment that this is a perfect example of having your theological cake and eating it, too. With that background, I wish to append to Mr. Rovere's ruminations on the subject of ecclesiastical names four footnotes:

1. We must not be content, as Mr. Rovere is, to put our main focus on the *what* of the situation. The very nature of the problem, containing as it does the mystery of human motivation, makes it necessary for us to ponder the *why:* Why have so many Protestant ministers in the past exhibited a three-name identification complex, and why is this situation now in flux? I suggest a reason. The three-name identification complex has been an attempt, possibly subconscious, to identify with a Trinity symbol. The use of names to convey a truth was old stuff to the seventh century B.C. prophets. And as any student of church history knows, almost everything has had its day as a Trinity symbol, whether clover, fleur-de-lis, or triangle. What could be more natural than that the Old Testament prophetic impulse should have been wedded to thousands of years of Christian history to produce the plethora of three-name ministers of whom Mr. Rovere has made it his business to keep us conscious? Notice how neatly this premise helps to explain the persistent use by Mr. Harrington of *two* names, since he, being of very liberal persuasion, must have grave doubts about the adequacy of the Trinitarian formulae of the early church councils. In the case of the Reverend Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, whose orthodoxy is beyond question, the identification is clear. In the case of the Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, the state of whose orthodoxy is quite a different matter, we have an example of what in certain circles is called Compensation. Now, the over-all result of the Trinity-symbol thesis, when combined with the first part of Rovere's Rule ("Opportunity awaits the two-namers"), is this: *Theological orthodoxy is on the wane.* If the Trinitarian-symbol identification

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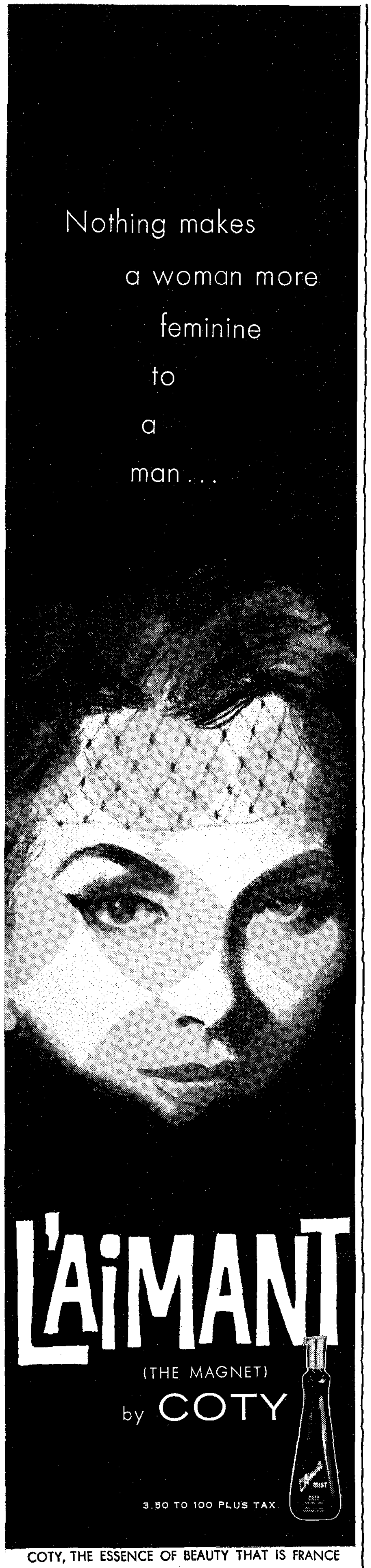
complex is disappearing, this indicates to us the direction American theology is taking.

2. Mr. Rovere has been quite honest in telling us that the extent of his research was a few glances at the Saturday and Monday religion pages of the New York *Times*. This, I submit, is not quite ample for the Significant Broad Generalizations that have led to the formulation of Rovere's Rule. Account must be taken of the fact that there is a lot of *other* Protestant activity in New York City. There are publishing houses that bring out religious books whose titles and authors are also recorded on the religion page of the *Times*. There are seminaries with faculty members who reside in New York City, write books for New York publishing houses, and on occasion even preach in the churches of the John Sutherland Bonnells and their kind. We must, therefore, broaden the purview of our investigation of New York ecclesiastical names to include these men. When we do so, two further facts of significance emerge, both of which must be taken seriously in any realistic use of Rovere's Rule.

3. One is that the incidence of *four*-name men—or, rather, two-name-and-two-initial men—is due largely to imports from abroad and is not a distinctively American phenomenon. My most cherished example is the Reverend Professor J. V. Langmead Casserley, of the faculty of General Theological Seminary here, who surely possesses the most pleasantly mouth-filling name on the current theological scene. Dr. Casserley hails from Great Britain. The successor of George Arthur Buttrick at Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church is the Reverend David H. C. Read. Dr. Read hails from Scotland. And if one watches the list of visiting dignitaries who preach in New York pulpits or speak at New York seminaries or write for New York publishers, one is constantly aware of the name of Nels F. S. Ferré. Dr. Ferré hails from Sweden. There is one difficulty, however, with the four-names-for-foreigners thesis—the president of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Henry Pitney Van Dusen. (I am assuming that Dr. Van Dusen belongs among the four-name men because the "Van" is spelled with a capital "V.") Although Dr. Van Dusen spends a lot of time abroad, as one of the powers of the World Council of Churches, it cannot be said that he hails from Holland or Germany. He hails from Philadelphia.

4. The last emendation that must



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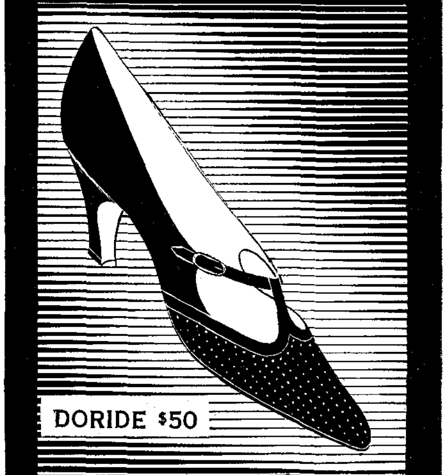

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be made to Rovere's Rule rests on wholly unassailable ground. It is this: Whatever may be the incidence of three- and two-name men as Protestant *ministers*, to be a significant Protestant *theologian* a man may use only two names. When one is asked, for example, to name the two most outstanding Protestant theologians in America, the answer is easy—Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich. Nobody puts a middle initial in Niebuhr's name. Nobody refers to Paul Johannes Tillich, though that could be done legally. And the men at the top set the style. (Niebuhr, however, may have initiated a trend that will deal a severe blow even to Rovere's Rule, for he signs his name with a scrawl that can, with due patience, be identified as "RNiebuhr." I am not suggesting that Rovere's Rule will have to be so radically amended as to read, "Opportunity awaits the *one*-namers," but at least this possibility is on the horizon.) As we pass down the list of two-name theologians who preach in New York pulpits, publish in New York publishing houses, and teach or guest-lecture in New York seminaries, we find our data getting more impressive all the time: John Knox (not to be confused with the earlier John Knox). Norman Pittenger. Jerald Brauer. James Muilenburg. Liston Pope. Roger Hazelton. Roland Bainton. Wilhelm Pauck. Daniel Jenkins (who in his early books was Daniel T. Jenkins, but saw the light in time). Seward Hiltner. John Baillie. Confronted with all that evidence, only a stalwart soul like James Hastings Nichols can stand firm, a nonconformist to the end.

Mr. Rovere may do what he likes about all this, but these are facts, and they all point in one direction—for a Protestant theologian in New York today, only two names are permissible.

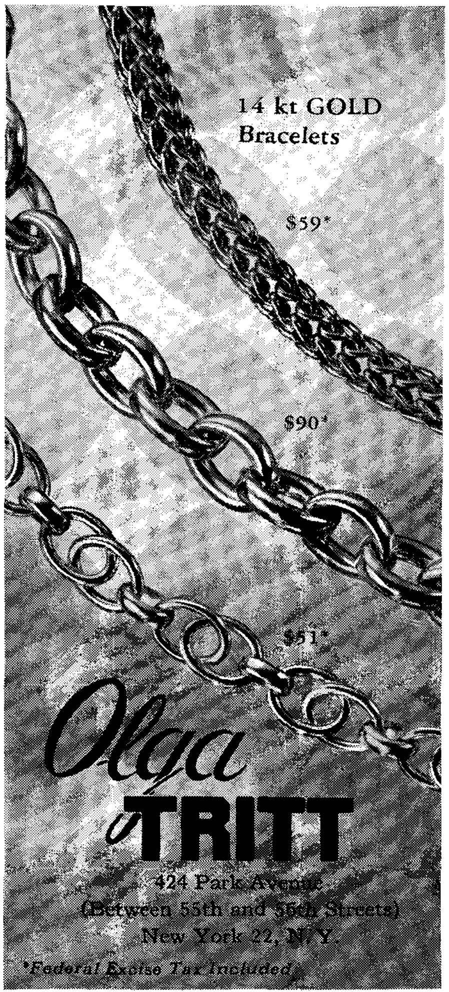
So that no one can accuse me of trying to further my own cause in this matter, I sign my name as is my custom, to wit,

ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN

•

> Jolitta appeared on the CBS-TV program, The $64,000 Question.
>
> She spelled "seismography," "ionosphere," "seiche," "anemometer," "schizophrenic," "kaleidoscopic," "euphemistic," "proselytizing," "obsovieve, a brother and three sis."—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

That's spelled "sisses." We're pretty sharp ourself.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ECHO OF THE WHISTLE

ALTHOUGH I have frequently taken a pleasure trip on the Staten Island ferry—a nationally popular diversion that ranks right up there with Mammoth Cave and the clambake—practically all I knew about it until a few weeks ago was that a ride still costs only five cents and is good for what ails you. Admittedly, this is not much more than a moderately enlightened resident of Cheyenne might be expected to know, but for years it was enough for me. Then, one recent evening, in the course of a restorative cruise on the ferry, I fell to wondering about the men who run the bustling vessels, and about the background and traditions of their fleet. So the next morning I called up the city's Department of Marine and Aviation, which manages the line—and has done its best to obscure the individuality of the boats by emblazoning not their names but its cumbersome title in huge white letters across their barn-red flanks—and within the next few minutes an alert official had furnished me with quite a number of elementary facts. I learned, for example, that there has been a ferry service of one sort or another to Staten Island for close to three hundred years; that the present line has been in constant operation since its founding, in 1884, by the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company, from which the city took it over in 1905; and that last year its ferries made a total of eighty thousand trips along the Upper Bay, between the foot of Whitehall Street, Manhattan, and St. George, Staten Island, carrying twenty-three million passengers, four-fifths of them commuters and the rest a hodgepodge of sea-air advocates, lovers, prospective suicides, drunks, and out-of-town and indigenous sightseers. The line has ten boats, I discovered, and their names, which are inconspicuously inscribed on the pilothouses at either end of the vessels, are, in order of seniority, the American Legion, the Dongan Hills (a Staten Island community), the Tompkinsville (ditto), the Knickerbocker, the Gold Star Mother, the Mary Murray (a Colonial Murray, of Murray Hill), the Miss New York, the Private Joseph F. Merrell (a soldier from Staten Island, who was killed in action during the Second World War and was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor), the Cornelius G. Kolff (a Staten Island real-estate man and booster, who died in 1950), and the Verrazzano (the discoverer of New York Bay).

Since calling the department, I have also learned, from one of several ferrymen I have come to know—Captain Peter Merli, who, at seventy-four, has logged over half a century of ferrying in New York City waters and is senior master of the Staten Island fleet—that, official camouflage notwithstanding, each of the boats has its distinctive characteristics. A short, well-stomached man with heavy jowls, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a feet-apart, head-thrust-forward stance, which is doubtless a result of having spent the better part of his life peering out of pilothouse windows, the Captain informed me that the ferries range in age from seven to thirty-two years, in capacity from 2,212 to 2,954 pedestrian passengers and twenty-six to forty-five automobiles, in length from 264 to 290 feet, and in height from two to three decks—the main deck topped by the saloon and bridge decks, in that order, and not counting the topmost, or hurricane, deck, which is off limits to passengers. But the most telling way in which the boats differ, he continued, is in their response to the wheel. "Ferryboats can be skittish creatures," he said. "I've been at the helm of dozens of them in my time, and every one acted different. Even sister boats of the exact same design got their own personal temper. Ferries being flat-bottomed boats, how they answer depends mostly on how much quick water—prop wash, that is—they got under them for the rudder to catch ahold of. And for some reason no two of them throw wash alike. Now, a few of the captains hold that the newest, fastest, biggest ferries—the Verrazzano, the Kolff, and the Merrell—are the best, because they've got more powerful propellers and give the rudder more stuff to dig into. Maybe so, but, myself, I've never been partial at all to them big boats. Sure, they answer to the rudder all right, but the way they're built, the rudder just don't answer to the wheel as snappy as on the small ones. No, give me an old girl any day. They mind."

CAPTAIN MERLI, a widower who lives out near Fort Hamilton, in Brooklyn, expressed this preference early one brisk, gusty afternoon, shortly after I had joined him in the (for the time being) offshore pilothouse of the Tompkinsville, which, having been built twenty-eight years ago, is one of the obedient old girls. At the moment, the Tompkinsville, a winsome double-decker with such old-fashioned charms as steamboat panelling in the cabins and two skinny, jaunty black stacks, was tied up at the Whitehall end of the run, waiting for the signal to set off on the next trip to Staten Island—a five-mile voyage that, under ordinary conditions, takes a bit under half an hour. In keeping with the Tompkinsville's age, her pilothouses, perched at the two ends of the hurricane deck, have oak panelling and ribbed, conical ceilings, but otherwise they are much like any other ferryboat pilothouses—small, squarish, multi-windowed structures, containing the wheel, three feet in diameter; an enormous emergency wheel, almost twice as large; and an assortment of standard maritime gear, such as a magnetic compass, an electric telegraph, a voice tube to the engine room, a medium-sized radar set, a short-wave radio, a

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A buzzer sounded twice in the offshore pilothouse, and Captain Merli, who was wearing a double-breasted navy-blue suit and a white cap with a gold-and-blue captain's badge above the visor, replied with a single poke at a button on the wall. "That was my pilot—or assistant captain," he said. "He's back there in the after pilothouse, and he buzzed to let me know the mate has cast off the lines and we're ready to sail. Now watch that." He nodded toward a semicircular dial, installed under one of the windows, that looked something like an elevator indicator, its arm pointing back in the direction of Manhattan. An instant later, the arm swung in an arc of a hundred and eighty degrees and came to rest pointing forward. "You see, a ferryboat is the easiest vessel afloat to turn around," the Captain went on, with a dry chuckle at what I gathered was an old wheeze. "We have three of them pointers aboard—one in each pilothouse and one in the engine room. The engineer likes to know which way we're heading, too." Then, stepping up to the smaller of the two wheels, he set the telegraph at half speed ahead and pulled the whistle cord, sounding a long, sonorous blast that made the pilothouse windows shiver in their casements. "Just to warn river traffic that we're on our way," he said.

Throbbing gently, the Tompkinsville eased out of her racks, as ferrymen call the roughly parallel rows of hardwood piles, faced with sturdy planks and extending about a boat's length out into the water, that form a ferry slip. Once the stern was clear of these, Captain Merli moved the telegraph up to full speed ahead and made due south for Castle William, a circular sandstone fort on the northwest tip of Governors Island, which is the first navigational landmark in setting a course for Staten Island.

Suddenly, a green, rope-bearded tugboat skirted Coenties Slip, a short distance up the East River, and sped directly toward our port bow. "Stubborn, pesky little beetles, them tugs," the Captain said, watching it suspiciously. "Act like they own the harbor." When the tug had advanced to within a hundred yards of us, he yanked his whistle cord, but despite this warning the little boat, perkily dipping its whiskers again and again into the waves, pounded along toward us, as if for a suicide attack. A few seconds later, however, it wobbled uncertainly and

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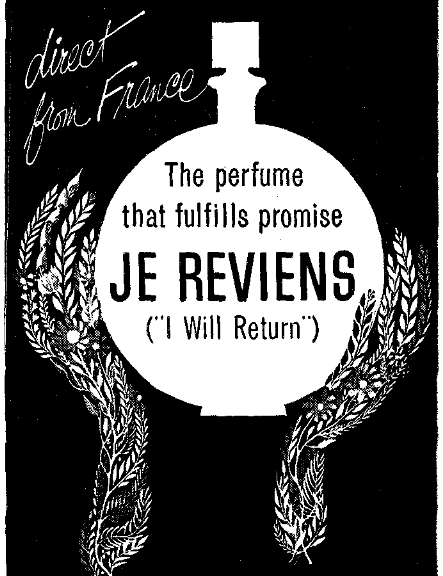

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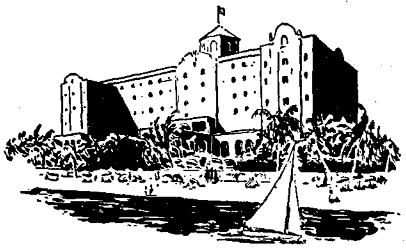

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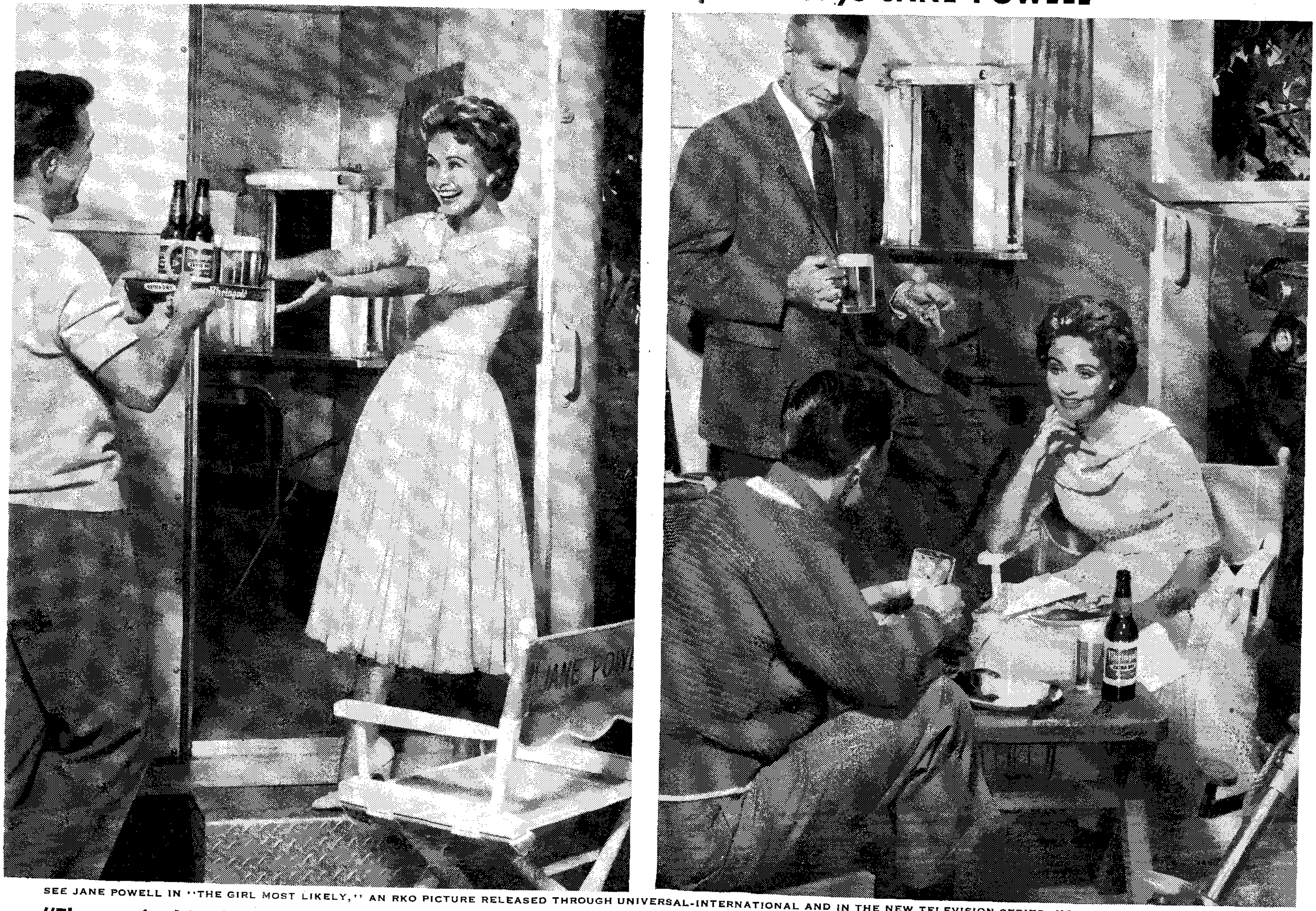

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then lurched out of our path. Captain Merli smiled. "Respect for the bigger fellow," he said with satisfaction. "And a healthy respect it is, too. Sometimes them beetles don't slither away in time. They're mostly engine—that's what makes them so strong for their size—and with all that machinery in them they go down like stones."

About a quarter of the way to Governors Island, Captain Merli slowly turned the wheel to starboard, and the Tompkinsville came around in a graceful, even-keeled arc to proceed west by south. Now a tiny black boat—hardly a dozen feet long, with a diminutive cabin near its stern—was wallowing along not far off our starboard bow, and I asked the Captain what it was. "A junkie," he said. "One of a parcel of them that work the harbor. They sidle up to barges hauling waste out to sea and beg salvage—metal, rope, anything they can turn to a penny. It's been said, too, that if they come upon a drownded corpse, they strip it of money and jewelry. Black scavengers, they are. I hate the sight of them."

By that time, another ferryboat—a three-decker with a large silvery steel stack—had rounded Governors Island on its way to Manhattan and was drawing abreast of us. Captain Merli obviously did not care for the looks of this craft, either. "It's one of them big bastards—the Verrazzano," he said grumpily. "If you ask me, besides being slow to answer, they're just too newfangled for pleasure. You know, inside they look like modern kitchens, or something—all composition walls and stainless-steel fittings, and whatnot. And outside they got silly dabs of streamlining, like that flashy ocean-liner funnel. You might as well try to streamline a hatbox as a ferryboat. And, for another thing, I never could figure out why they built them closed in all around, except for that skimpy bit of open walk on the sides of the bridge deck. The other ferries have open promenades, lined with benches, clear around the saloon deck, so the passengers can enjoy the outdoors. That puts me in mind of a fellow who told me once how he read in a book that all the people in the world are the same as the passengers on a ferryboat. It seems there are two kinds—the people who just want to get to the other side, and the people who care *how* they get there. Well, take these here ferries. Even with commuters who've rode on them thousands upon thousands of times, many still like to get out in the open air. They don't only want to *see* the harbor, they

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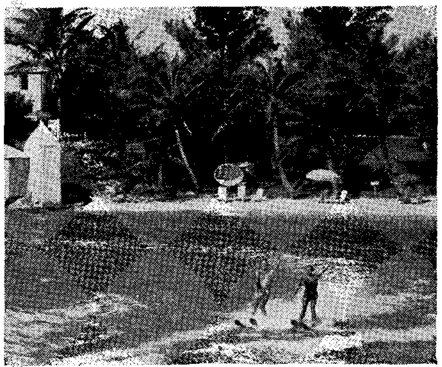

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want to *feel* it. There's no getting around it—the waters have a beckoning power."

CAPTAIN MERLI continued to look aggrieved until the offending Verrazzano had passed out of sight. Then he relaxed, and said, "Now, as long as no beetle or junkie or some other pest gets in our way, we make straight for Liberty." Less than half a mile ahead of us was the Statue of Liberty, rising pale green against a bright-blue sky from its pedestal on Bedloe's Island. Just north of the statue, a tugboat, lashed between a brace of floats loaded with freight cars, was slogging along toward the Hudson. Turning to a starboard window, I looked upriver and saw half a dozen more tugboats, some with barges and some without; four freighters; a glistening white liner coming our way; and a ferryboat bound for the Jersey shore. Captain Merli identified the ferry as one of several that the Central Railroad of New Jersey operates between Liberty Street and Communipaw, in New Jersey. The only other ferry lines between Manhattan and New Jersey are also run by railroads—generally with extreme reluctance, owing to the expense, and only because the courts have ruled that they must be. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western takes passengers from Barclay Street to Hoboken and back; the Erie's boats ply between Chambers Street and Jersey City; and the New York Central glumly operates two lines to its terminal in Weehawken—one from Forty-second Street and the other from Cortlandt Street. (Currently, both the Erie and the New York Central are trying to get off the hook, through litigation, but for the moment, anyway, their ferries are still running.) In addition to the Staten Island and the Manhattan-Jersey lines, eight other ferry routes traverse the city's waterways—five privately run, three municipally run, and all little known outside the relatively small circle of people who use them regularly. The private lines shuttle across Arthur Kill, the Kill van Kull, the Narrows, Rockaway Inlet, and Staten Island Sound, while the boats of the three municipal lines—officially classified as "institutional services," because of the special nature of the offshore communities they help sustain—haunt the upper stretches of the East River and have their home berths in the Bronx. One of them runs between City Island and Hart Island, and the two others share racks at the foot of East 134th Street and provide trans-

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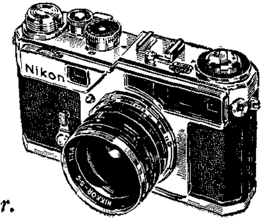

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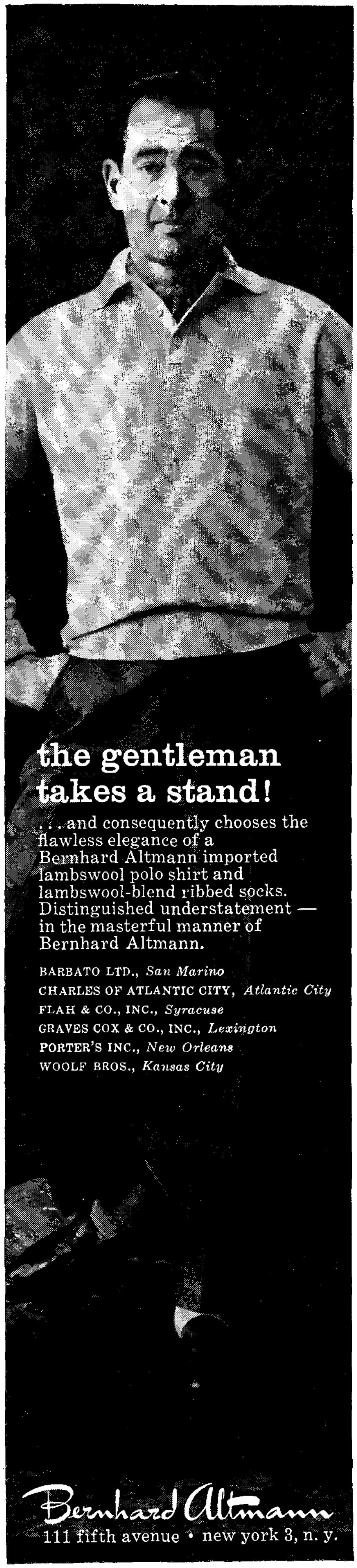
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Captain Merli told me that at one time or another in his career, he had been employed on all the institutional lines. "They got little hundred-footers up there," he said. "The runs aren't tough, but riding them isn't what you'd call cheerful. On North Brother, you've got Riverside Hospital, for juvenile drug addicts. On Rikers, you've got the workhouse. But Hart is the worst. On that ride, most of your passengers are dead corpses from city hospitals, going to Potter's Field." He went on to say that he had also served on four extinct municipal lines that used to make East River crossings: between Twenty-third Street and Greenpoint; between Seventy-ninth Street and Welfare Island; between Ninety-second Street and Astoria; and between Clason Point, in the Bronx, and College Point, Queens. "The worst of that lot was the Astoria run," he said. "The trip took only seven minutes, but it was across a nasty part of the river, just below Hell Gate, and at flood tide you really had a time getting into Astoria. No matter how much you crabbed against the current, you almost always ended up missing the slip on your first try, or at least fouling the racks as you came in. And if your luck ran all the way out on you, you could even get swept downriver and onto the rocks above Welfare. Happened once anyway—back maybe thirty years ago." Captain Merli remarked that, besides the Staten Island ferry, three other lines had plied the Upper Bay and he had worked on all of them: two between South Ferry and terminals in Brooklyn—one at Hamilton Avenue and the other at Thirty-ninth Street—and the third across the Narrows, from the Thirty-ninth Street terminal to St. George. "Since I began, all manner of bridges and tunnels have been built," he went on, "and every last one of them old ferry lines is dead and gone. The bridge they're planning to put across the Narrows will be the end of the ferries still working there now. I hate to see that happen. I ride those ferries to and from work, and I'll miss them. It won't harm us on this run, though, because these boats will keep on being the fastest way to get to Manhattan. But I suppose sooner or later some smart-aleck will come along and stretch a bridge spang down the Bay." He paused and shrugged. "Ah, well, the hell with it," he said flatly. "I won't be around."

The Captain lapsed into silence, and after a moment or two I ventured to

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ask him what had led him to become a ferryman. “Well, I always was interested in the waters,” he answered slowly. “I was born and raised down on the lower East Side, and as a boy I used to swim and fish a lot over in the East River. My first job was checking stock for the Leggett grocery company, but by the time I reached my early twenties, I decided that wasn't no kind of a life for a man. So in 1906—the year after the city took over this line—I put in for work on the ferries. I never was sorry, either.” He surveyed the Bay, ahead and on either side of him, for a minute or two. “I like the job,” he said, at last. “Oh, yes, I like the job.”

THE pilothouse door opened, and a gust of wind blew in a jockey-size man of about sixty, with a seamed face, a hooknose, and black hair, who was dressed much the same as Captain Merli. The newcomer flung himself against the door and, after several tries, managed to close it. Captain Merli introduced him as William White, the boat's pilot, who has long served under him, in that capacity or as mate. “I let Willie take the wheel out in open water, where he can't get into serious trouble,” he said to me, with a companionable smile in White's direction. “He's only been on these ferries forty years, so naturally he hasn't quite got the knack yet.” Grinning amiably, White stepped up and took over. As the Captain stood off to one side, I noticed that without the wheel to hold on to he seemed at a loss for a place to put his hands. Massaging his jowls with one, he inserted the other, Napoleonically, into the overlap of his jacket, kept it there for a moment, then removed it and slipped it into a side pocket. After a few seconds, he began rubbing both palms over his hips, and he wound up clasping his hands behind his back. I asked him how many crew members the Tompkinsville carried, and he told me that she had a normal complement of thirteen—captain, pilot, mate (he directs the loading and unloading of vehicles and keeps a supervisory watch over the cargo, both vehicular and human), four deckhands (to assist the mate and clean up between trips), chief engineer, assistant engineer, oiler, water tender, and two stokers. “The big boats have sixteen-man crews, and they work three eight-hour shifts,” Captain Merli added. “We work two shifts—six in the morning to two, and two to ten. Herb Donaldson is captain of the other crew on this boat. A very able fellow, I hear, even though he

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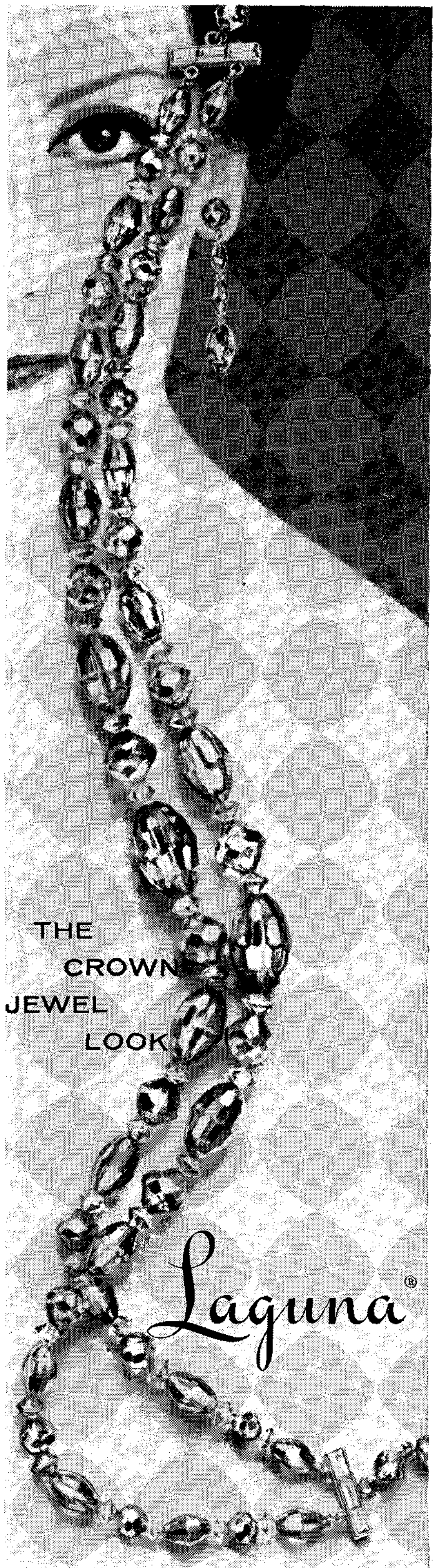
did use to be the captain of a beetle."

Near Bedloe's Island, Captain Merli pointed out Buoy 31, a small black float with a green light and a bell on it—another navigational guide for mariners making the Manhattan to Staten Island crossing. White spun the wheel counterclockwise, and the Tompkinsville swung around to head south again, through a wave-rumpled mirror of sunlit water that stretched out ahead of us and tapered in the distance until it merged at last with a scrim of haze hanging over Staten Island and extending across the Narrows. The heart of the Bay was deserted, but at its far end, silhouetted darkly against the haze, were a few vessels—a couple of tugs plowing toward the Kill van Kull, a freighter lying low in the water as it searched for an anchorage near the Brooklyn waterfront, another freighter heading down through the Narrows on its way to the open sea, and, perhaps three miles directly ahead of us, the bulbous backside of a ferryboat also making for St. George. I remarked that there didn't seem to be much traffic in the harbor, and Captain Merli nodded. "It don't appear like Willie will hit anything today," he said. "The truth is the harbor is home base for over four thousand tugs, lighters, and barges, besides being a regular port of call for nobody knows how many freighters, liners, Navy ships, and pleasure craft. Lucky for us, they don't all take it into their heads to come in at the same time. Even at the worst, it's nowheres near as crowded as it was thirty years ago. In them days, we had dozens of excursion boats that went to Coney Island, Rockaway Beach, Shrewsbury River, Long Branch, Asbury Park, Bell Island, Sandy Hook, and almost anyplace else you can think of. And then there were all the coastal steamers—up to Fall River and Boston, and down to Chesapeake Bay and Charleston and Savannah. Then, again, a lot more stuff came into New York by ship than does nowadays, what with all the new tunnels and bridges. Why, back in the twenties freighters were lined up along both sides of the Bay like the fingers on your hands, waiting for piers." Unclasping his own hands, Captain Merli swept his right arm back and forth to embrace the Jersey shoreline, and said, "Over there, all the way from Liberty down to Greenville. And over there"—he swung the arm around to embrace the waters off Brooklyn—"all the way from Bay Ridge up to Red Hook." Then he clasped his hands behind him again, and continued, "If it was foggy, the freighter captains would



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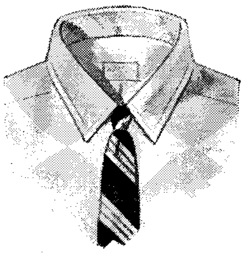

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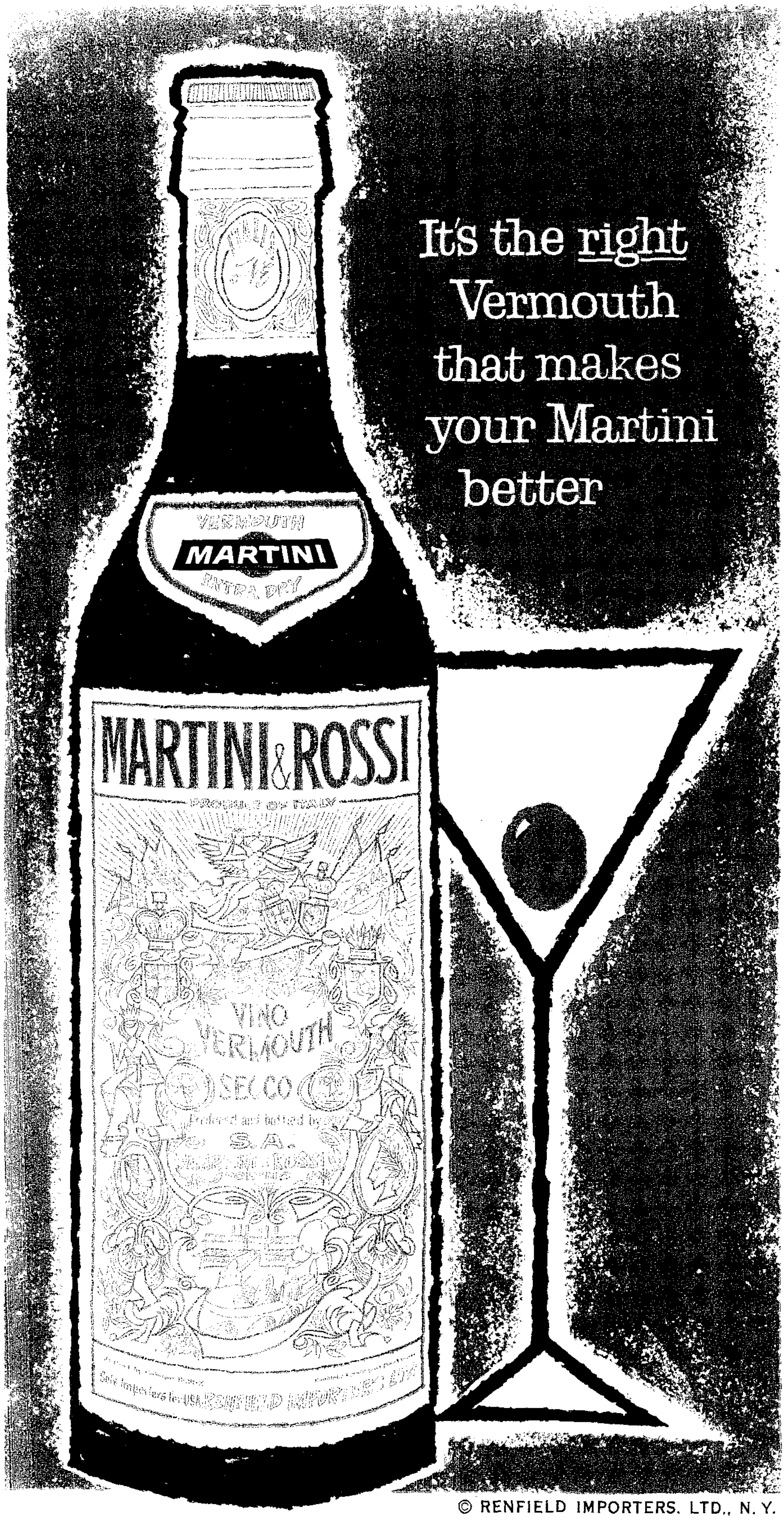
drop anchor anyplace, any time the spirit moved them, and heading any which way. You had to thread in and out between them, feeling your way along, inch by inch. Let me tell you, a fog was a time for goose pimples. From some angles, though, it's even worse now. Before, in a fog everybody but the ferries stayed put, but now everybody's out tearing around in all their glory on radar. Why, even them beetles got radar! Nobody stays home any more, fog or no fog. And, I tell you, the fog out here in the harbor can be gruesome. It's blinder than any land fog, because each little drop of moisture contains particles of salt, besides the usual dust and smoke from the city. A kid told me once how he learned in school that fog has little feet like a cat. Maybe it does in a schoolyard, but out here it sure don't pussyfoot. This fog rises off the water like steam and closes in on you, all wet and choking and ghostly—like you'd just walked into a disbelievers' rooming house in Hell."

Since ferryboats are now also equipped with radar, it seemed to me that their contest with the freighters and the beetles should be fairly even, but when I mentioned this as a possibility, Captain Merli shook his head in vigorous denial. "Before, if we hit anything, it wasn't moving, so the danger was less," he explained. "Unless, of course, it was another ferryboat, which wasn't likely, because all of us captains pretty much knew what the others were up to. But now, fog or no fog, everyone's roaring around like they're in a regatta. They forget radar can break down, or it can be read wrong. The Andrea Doria's on the bottom, isn't she? Sure, I always put a man on the radar, just to be extra careful, but I have a lot more faith in the compass and the echo of the whistle. Take, for instance, when you're coming out of Whitehall on a foggy night. You go it tender—at slow speed—on a course of a hundred and eighty degrees for thirty seconds. Then you swing to two hundred and sixty degrees, and switch to half speed. After that, you give the whistle a couple of short, sharp blasts, and each of them brings in an echo from off Castle William. From experience, you can tell about where you're running by the strength of the rebounds and the length of time it takes them to come in. And if you hear more than one echo from each blast, you know something's between you and the Castle, so you keep your eye peeled. Tooting now and again as you go along, to warn off other vessels, you should reach Liberty and Buoy Thirty-one exactly



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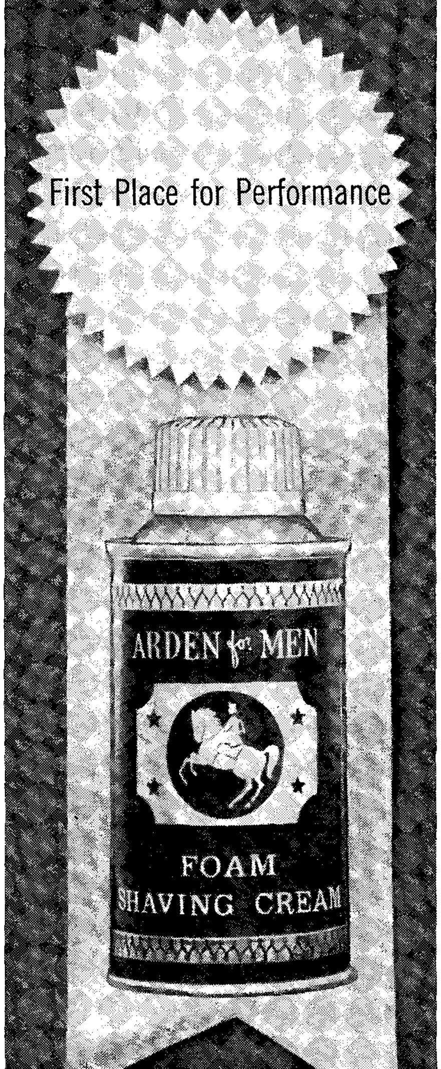
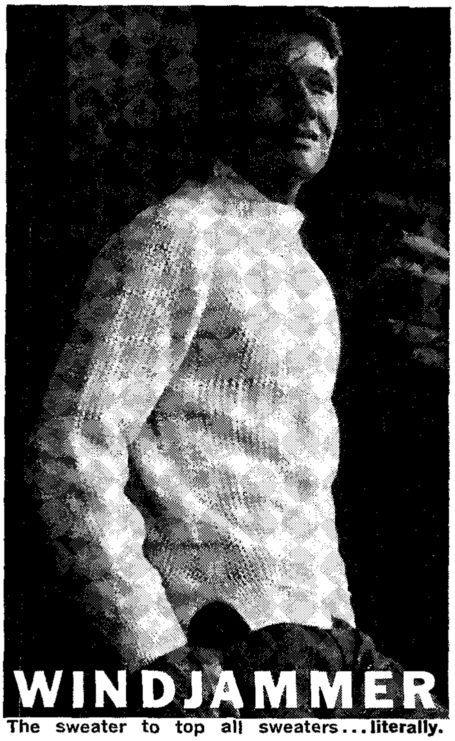


seven and a half minutes after leaving Whitehall. At the end of that time, if you've played it proper, you'll be lying a boat's length from Thirty-one, and a quick toot there will pick up a snippy little echo off the buoy and, a second later, a burly echo off Liberty. No matter how bad the weather is outside, it's important to keep all the windows in the pilothouse open, so you can tell what direction the echoes are coming in from. Then, when you're clear of Liberty and riding along about, say, where we are now, if you hit the whistle again and a small echo bounds back, and fast after it a big one, and both of them come from up forward, you can bet you're nearing a tug and a ship that's riding just beyond it. If the echoes louden quite a bit as you go on, you know the tug and the ship are getting closer. Anyway, you mooch along, listening for the Greenville buoy, then for the horn from Robbins Reef lighthouse, and then for Buoy Twenty-seven, and when you hear that, you know you're nearing St. George. Of course, right along you also have to mind the winds and the currents. Four-fifths of a ferryboat is above the water, and since most of the superstructure is solid, it's bound to act up whenever the wind does. And with the one-fifth that's underwater being flat, a ferryboat is uncommonly alive to currents. As far as the wind is concerned, I just stick my hand out of one of the forward windows. If your hand is good and warm, it's easy to tell what side is getting the most breeze. And currents can be judged by calculating the hour of the tide and the location of the ferry. Take where we are right now. It's only the first hour of ebb tide, and in most of the Bay the current is still moving up, but in this particular stretch it's slack water. One reason you have to know what the wind and currents are doing is so you'll be able to tell what kind of action will cancel them out if all of a sudden you have to stop fast—full speed astern with a quarter left turn, maybe, or a half right, or whatever. Snow is a bother, too. Real terrible snowstorms are rare, but when they hit, you got to slow down to almost nothing, because snow turns echoes all blobby. They'd sound the same if they were bouncing off the Queen Mary bearing down on you only twenty yards away or off the Empire State Building."

I ASKED Captain Merli if many serious collisions involving ferryboats have occurred as a result of thick weather in the Bay. "Nothing too terrible since I've been around," he re-



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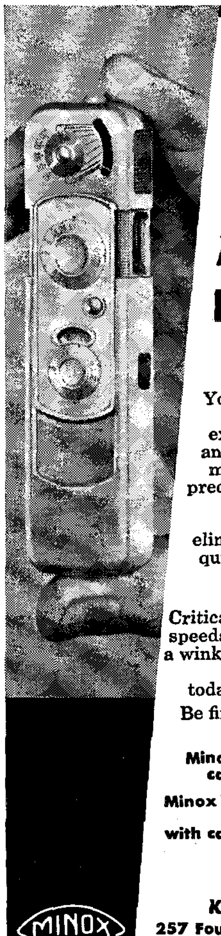

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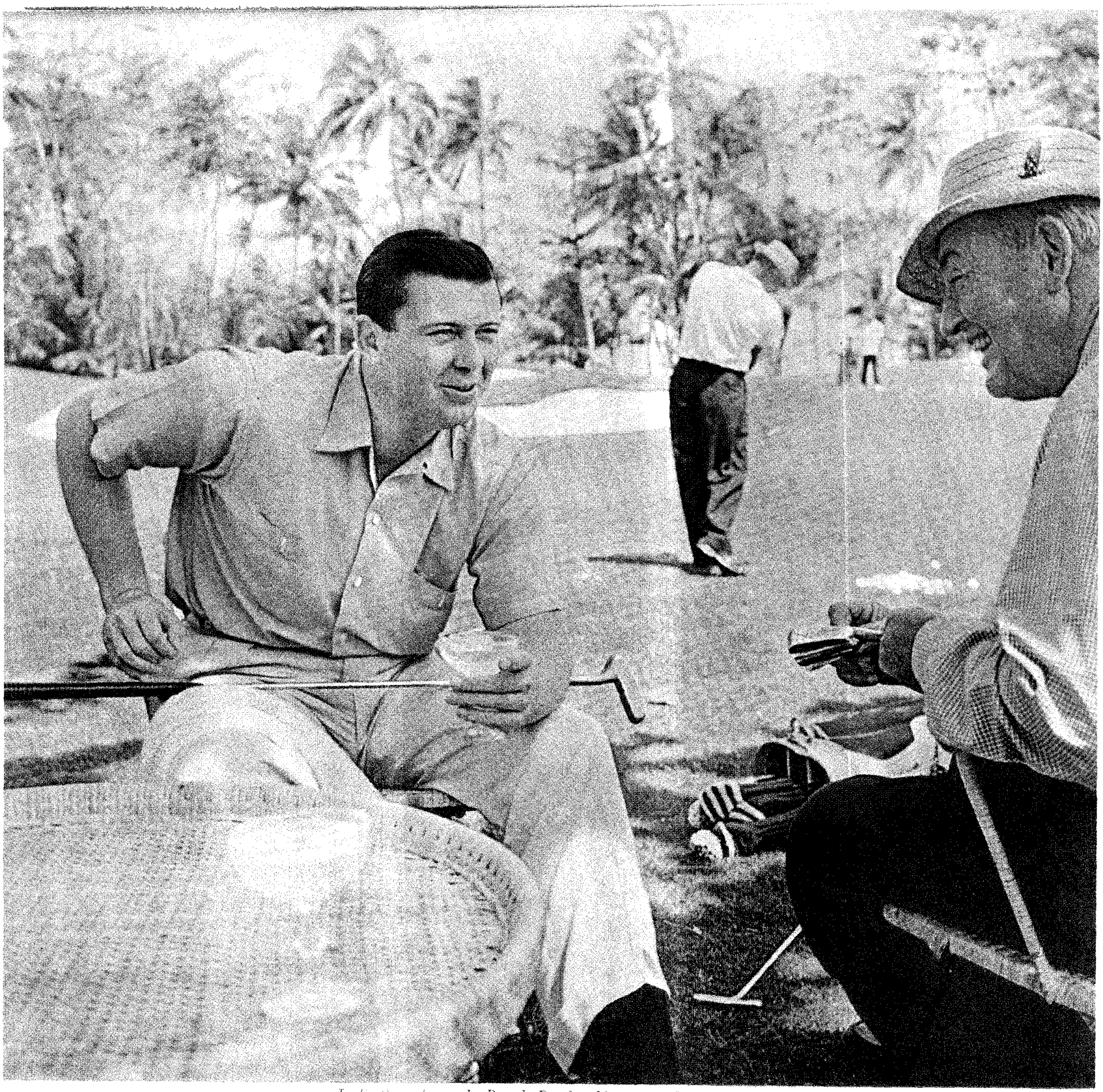

Leslie G. Brownlee at the Dorado Beach golf course with professional Ed Dudley. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

"After golf in Puerto Rico, I was introduced to dry rum, and I brought the glad news back to Cleveland."

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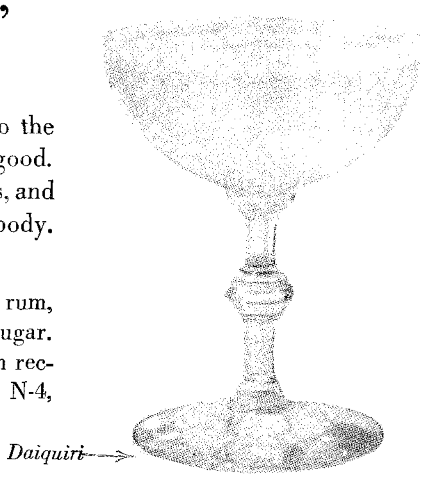

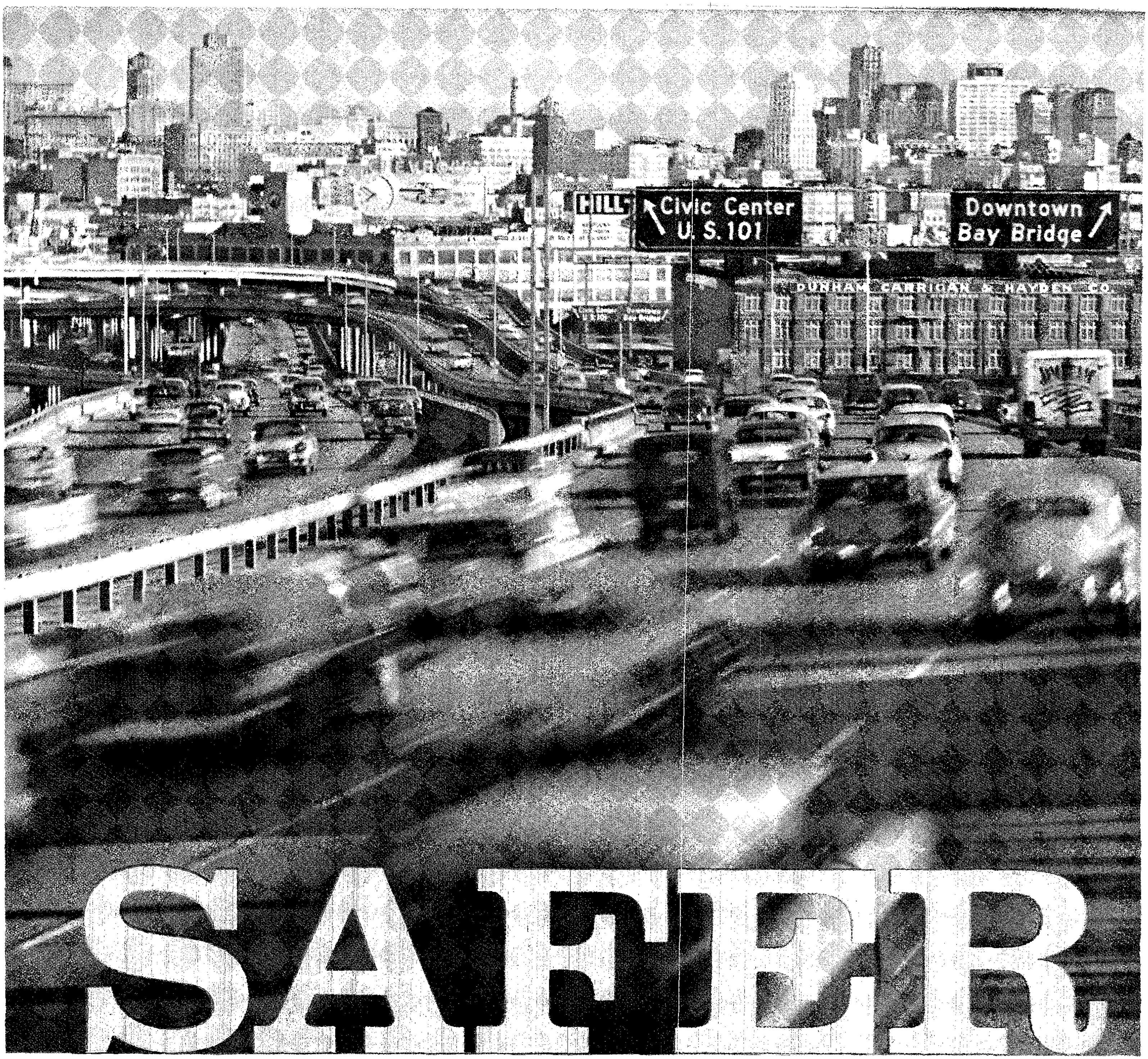

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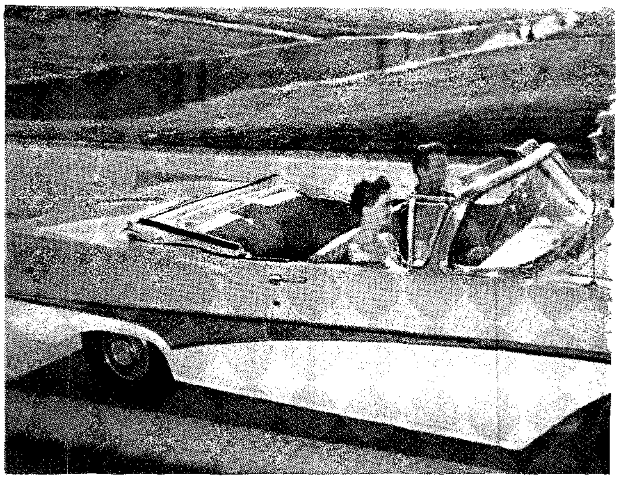

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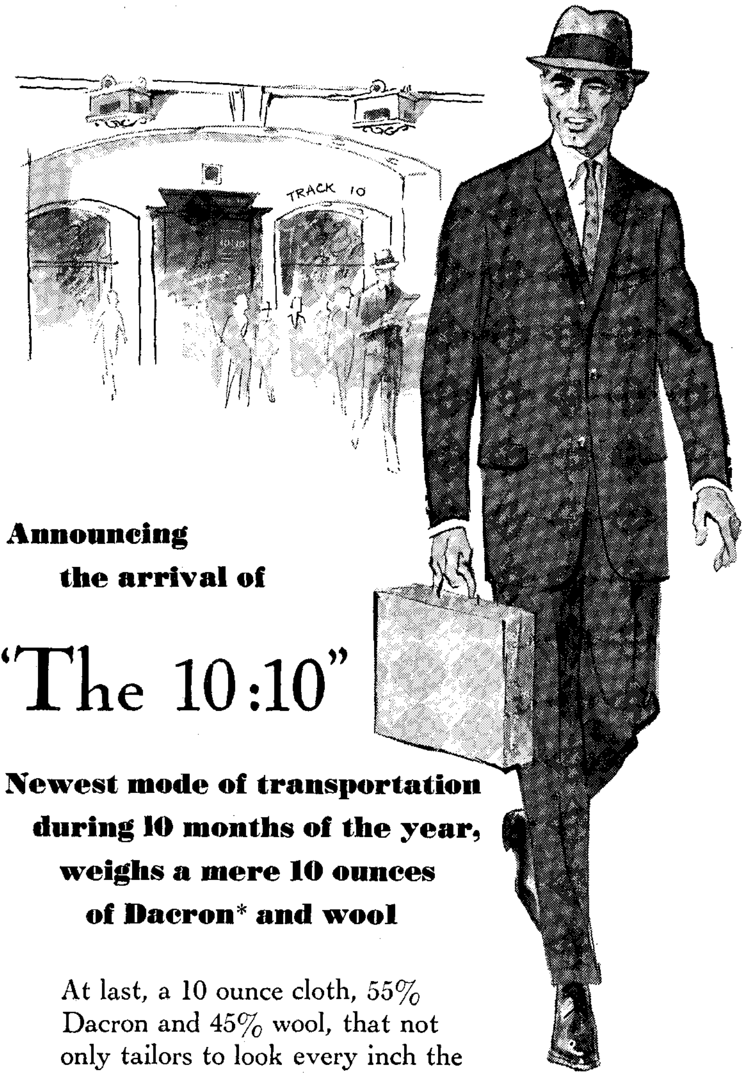
plied. "Oh, once in a while a ferry will go off course and bang into another vessel, but usually it don't amount to much. During my time, about the worst that's happened during fogs have been little accidents—sinking beetles and such, but without anyone losing his life. Like with the old William R. Hearst, a city ferryboat that used to run between South Ferry and Thirty-ninth Street, over in Brooklyn. The course was around the east side of Governors Island, by way of Buttermilk Channel, and then down Red Hook Channel to Gowanus Bay, where the slips were. Halfway through Red Hook Channel, you pass the Erie Basin. Well, that basin is closed in by a sea wall, except for a tiny little entrance—you'd think it would take a Lord Nelson to find his way in there in a fog. But one miserable foggy morning about twenty-five years ago, Captain Jim McGuire, of the Hearst, slipped, all unknowing, through that entrance, thinking he'd already passed it and was in Gowanus. Well, once inside, he raised all manner of Cain. A whole pack of beetles were hiding in there, because it's the safest place in the harbor during a fog. Leastways, it was till McGuire arrived. The first thing he did was to run into one of them—the Mutual, I think it was called—and cut it right in two. The men on it all got off safe, though. The crew always hits the water fast when a beetle starts to go down, because of that big boiler and the chances it will blow up as soon as the cold water gets to it. So, anyhow, there they were, all flopping around in the icy water—it was the very dead of winter. A couple dozen beetle crewmen who were standing on a nearby pier, waiting for the fog to lift, saw what happened, and four or five of them dove in to help. The rest of them stayed on the pier—or they did until McGuire got going again. He must've gave the wrong signal to the engineer, or else the engineer got it wrong, as sometimes happens. In any case, the Hearst revved up and smacked right into the pier, and knocked the whole bunch of beetlers into the water. I guess it was lucky nobody got damaged."

Captain Merli went on to say that possibly even worse than running into something in a fog is not running into anything at all. "Every ferryboat captain has nightmares about getting lost in a fog, missing his mark, and ending up clear out to sea," he told me. "As far as I know, that's never happened, but bad enough has. A few years ago, during a fog, one of them little diesel ferries started out on a regular run from Port



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Richmond to Bayonne—a three-minute trip, usually. Inside thirty seconds, the poor thing was lost as a babe. For over seven hours it wandered up and down the Kill van Kull, from the Upper Bay to Arthur Kill, looking to find Bayonne, or leastways get back to Port Richmond. Another ferry, the Catskill, had even a fancier time of it, trying to get from Jersey City to Cortlandt Street on a pea-soup morning back in the forties. To begin with, the captain had barely nosed his boat out of the slip when he just missed a liner steaming downriver. His compass must've gone blooey, because after that he sailed on and on and on without seeming to get anywhere. Finally, he spotted a pier and hove to to ask where he was at. Well, he found he'd gone clear around the Battery and up the East River as far as Pier Seven, at Coenties Slip. So he changed pilothouses and headed back toward the Hudson. On the way, he grounded on a mud flat off Governors Island, and as soon as he got loose of that, he hit a beetle. Nothing serious, but he was nearly two hours late getting to Cortlandt Street, and then, to top it all off, he clean forgot he'd changed pilothouses, and he went into the slip with all the automobiles aboard facing backwards."

Without for an instant relaxing his watch at the helm, White said, as if addressing the window in front of him, "Sometimes, in real dirty weather, a wizened-up old man comes aboard—just to lend us a hand, he acts like. No matter how cold it is, he stands down there on the bow and rides for several trips, peering out into the fog or snow, and if he sees something he goes all to pieces. He whips around and hollers up at us, 'Hard left, full speed astern!'—or whatever he figures it should be. The other passengers take him for a nut, of course, and I can't prove he's not, but more than once he's spotted things I'd missed. Then, when we dock, he grins up at us, just pleased as hell with himself, and shouts, 'Well, I brought you in safe again, didn't I?' I have a hunch he's an old sea captain—maybe even an old ferryboat man."

"Talking about old ferryboat men, there's one I wouldn't mind having aboard in dirty weather, and that's Captain Johnny Hammel," Captain Merli said. "Johnny started out on the ferries back sometime before 1900, and he was the finest ferryboat man ever to put a hand to the wheel in these waters. I sailed with him as mate back around the First World War, and I can promise you there wasn't so much as a ruffled

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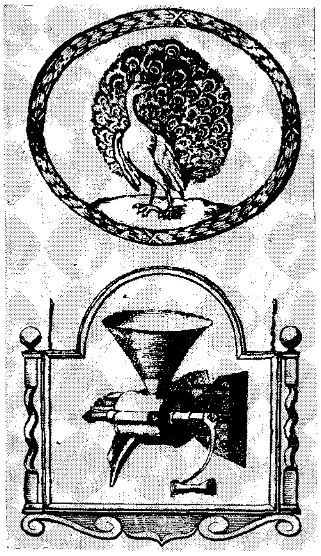
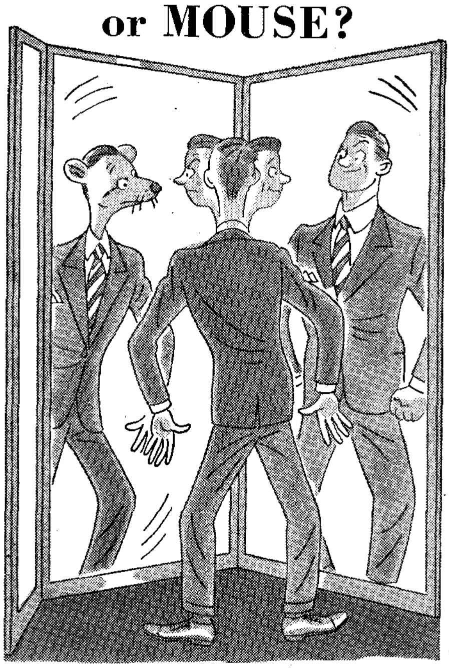


OH, IT'S A HORRID THING TO BE TORN BETWEEN PRIDE & PROFIT

[NUMBER II]

suck eggs. ¶ [What we were saying when we (The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland) ran out of space last week is that it would be presumptuous of us to tell *you* how to drink fine whiskey. It'd be like teaching your grandmother to suck eggs, as they say. Whatever that means.] ¶ Still, there's no denying that, thanks to Irish Coffee, any number of the Americans have taken Irish Whiskey without having *truly* tasted of it and that's a fact. What happens is the fragrant coffee and the sugar cube and the cool, frothy cream on top all but drown out the principal ingredient! At no *monetary* loss to us, mind. It has been a real treat to watch the dear sales curve soaring. ¶ But Profit is not all in all; Pride has its innings. We are an enormously Prideful lot when it comes to the elegant, burnished, *emphatic* flavor of our whiskies. This is why we should like you to buy them, to drink them, to cherish them for themselves alone. ¶ "Ah! but there are nine grand brands of Irish Whiskey," you say, "Which to choose?" You've stated the problem well, we think, if floridly. Look, why don't you ask the man at the whiskey store for *his* recommendation. He will be overjoyed at your humility. ¶ Now you've grasped our dilemma you'll no doubt be wishing to take your stand for Pride or Profit as the case may be. You'll appreciate that we must remain neutral ourselves, can't afford to do otherwise. But don't let our shilly-shallying prevent *you* from being forthright. ¶ To this end we are issuing badges which we trust you will wear openly and diligently. They are quite attractive and are sure to draw admiring glances from one and all. You may obtain either the Pride Badge or the Profit Badge at no cost to yourself, that is to say, absolutely free for the asking. Address your requests to: Pride, P. O. Box 186, Dublin, Ireland, or to Profit, P. O. Box 207, Dublin, Ireland, as the case may be. Air Mail is fifteen cents; surface mail, is eight cents; post cards, four cents. ¶ The lovely stamp you'll get on the return envelope is alone worth the effort, not to mention the brave badge. Perhaps you'd better write us via the air mail. It's speedier for one thing, more flamboyant, and be-

© 1958, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND (*we may wish to publish later in hard covers*)



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On the other hand, there's Ned. Ned used to order a certain cocktail because that was what the boss always ordered. The brand of whiskey he purchased had been recommended by his father-in-law. Then one day Ned read something in a magazine about "Revolt Against Monotony." Ned got up on his hind legs and revolted. He decided to do his own deciding. The next time he ordered a drink, he boldly called for a whiskey he had heard a lot about but had never tasted. It was John Jameson. He liked it. Now he doesn't give a hang what others drink. He orders John Jameson. Ned has stopped being a mouse and has become a man.

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barnacle on any boat he ran. I haven't seen him in a number of years, but I hear he's alive and well, though he must be close to ninety now. A fine old gentleman. He has a place down around New Dorp, here on Staten Island, and if you're interested in what a rough-and-tumble life ferrying was in them days compared to now, you ought to look him up."

I said I might do that, and promised to convey Captain Merli's regards to the old man if I did. By then, we were coming abreast of the brown-and-white striped lighthouse marking Robbins Reef, not far from the huge Bayonne drydock. Captain Merli moved over beside White and looked down at the bow of the saloon deck, which had suddenly become crowded with passengers. "To all our steady customers, Robbins is the sign we're nearing St. George," he said. "See them down there? As soon as they spot it, they move forward, so they can be the first ones off. Thirty years ago last spring, that habit of theirs caused the only fatal accident on this line since the city took it over. It happened during the evening rush hour, when an old boat called the Bronx was coming into St. George, right about where we are now, and several hundred people pushed forward. Their weight tilted her bow down, and just then a huge freak wave came up. It swept over the bow and back through the gangways and cabins. It poured into cars and down into the engine room. And it tore out partitions, and threw three hundred men in the smoking cabin into a heap. When the water washed back out, five people went with it. Two of them were fished out alive, and it wasn't till a month later that the three corpses were found—one in the Kill van Kull and two in the Bay. An awful thing. Still, the record speaks pretty well for us, considering that in the last fifty years we've carried more than a billion passengers over this stretch of water."

WHEN the Tompkinsville was approximately three boat lengths from her berth, White looked inquiringly at his chief, and, without a word, Captain Merli moved over and took the wheel. Ahead, the ferry terminal—a rust-colored brick structure put up only seven years ago, when its ancient predecessor burned down—stood out in trim contrast to the bleached-gray racks straggling out into the dirty water like the remains of derelict hulls. Captain Merli made straight for the slip to the extreme right. The Cornelius G. Kolff

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was already berthed there, and I had just about concluded that the Captain's distaste for oversize, closed-in vessels had got the better of him when he volunteered an explanation of his strategy. Without turning his head, he said, "In conditions like what they are right now, you have to head in above your slip and let the water drop you down to where you want to be. You see, at this hour of the tide the speed of the current flowing out of the Kull is close to a mile an hour, and since the current flowing up the Narrows is moving only half as fast, the Kull water is shoving it over toward Brooklyn. That means water is sweeping from starboard to port across the mouth of the slips. At flood tide, when the water's going opposite, you head down below them, and the current rides you up." Moving the telegraph over to slow ahead, he added, "A good long slow is what's wanted here, to allow for a fast back if you need it when you get in close to the racks." As he had said, the Tompkinsville was carried sidewise by the current, meanwhile moving toward shore just fast enough to enable her to nose directly into the quieter waters of her slip. But while her bow was now protected from the current, the stern was still exposed, and when she was about halfway in, it swung to port, causing the bow to lunge to starboard and land with a hefty thump against the rack.

A bump of that sort is, of course, a commonplace occurrence for any ferryboat docking in briskly tidal waters, and Captain Merli calmly cut the engines and waited for matters to settle. Below, however, three or four passengers stared up at the pilothouse with exaggerated expressions of disgust. Captain Merli was not amused. "Just look at them!" he exclaimed. "If there's two thousand passengers aboard a ferryboat, there's two thousand and one captains. They ride back and forth, day in and day out, and does it ever cross their minds about the currents in the waters and the winds above? It does not! Maybe you can park a power-braked, power-steered car neat and straight on the first try, but you can't do it every time with a skittering ferryboat." He glared down at the critical faces until they turned away, and then, less heatedly, added, "I sometimes wonder if they figure I butt the rack just to be ornery. Well, there's nothing for it now but to scrape in." Switching the telegraph to slow ahead, he watched placidly while the Tompkinsville grated her way along the piles until she had worked herself free, and

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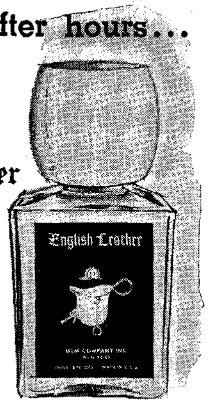

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then he cut the engines again. Slowly, the ferry coasted in toward the dock, and when she was perhaps a dozen feet away, the Captain yanked the telegraph to full astern. The boat shuddered as the propellers went into reverse, churning the water into a whirlpool of gray-green foam, and continued to ease forward, even more slowly. Then the convex rim of her main deck came snugly against the concave rim of the pier, without even a suggestion of a jolt. A minute later, the Tompkinsville had been made fast, a double pedestrian ramp had been lowered from the dock to the saloon deck, and the passengers were scurrying ashore.

Captain Merli consulted his watch. "Twenty-five minutes—a middling trip," he announced, and walked over to a small stand in a corner of the pilothouse, where the Tompkinsville's logbook is kept, to enter her time of arrival. That done, he remarked that he had better be getting along to the other pilothouse, and invited me to join him there for the ride back. I thanked him, but said that as long as I was in the neighborhood, I thought I would try to get in touch with Captain Johnny Hammel. Bidding White goodbye, I followed Captain Merli out onto the hurricane deck, where he stopped for a moment to sniff the salty air appreciatively and have a look around, taking pains not to favor the Cornelius G. Kolff, which was just leaving her slip, with so much as a glance. "It's a beauteous day to be on the waters, all right," he said finally, more to the world at large, it seemed, than to me. Then he brushed the visor of his cap in a casual two-finger salute and walked off, hands once more clasped behind him, toward the Tompkinsville's stern, soon to become her bow.

AFTER a sandwich and a cup of coffee in the terminal lunchroom, I called Captain Hammel, introduced myself, and, telling him of the talk I had just had with Captain Merli, asked if he could perhaps spare a few minutes. "I'm alone and free all afternoon," he replied, in a slightly quavering voice. "Why don't you come right on out?" An hour later, following a bus ride to New Dorp, a somnolent little community on the shore of the Lower Bay, and then a half-mile walk, I arrived at a one-story cream-and-green cottage, with a screened-in porch—only a few yards from the Bay—where Captain Hammel, a widower, spends the summer months, in the company of one or another of his four daughters. When

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he came to the door, dressed in brown trousers, a brown cardigan sweater, and a red-and-blue checked flannel shirt buttoned to its tieless collar, I was struck by his appearance; he was as handsome an old man as I have ever seen. Slender and of medium height, with unwrinkled bronze-tinted skin, high cheekbones, and heavy-lidded, clear blue eyes, he had a full but neatly short-clipped white mustache, and his silvery hair was brushed flat to his head from an off-center part. What I found most impressive, though, was his eyebrows—fully an inch high, bushy, and coal black.

Captain Hammel showed me to a chair on the porch and cautiously lowered himself into another, remarking that he was going on eighty-nine and had learned to respect his fragility. "I retired in 1932, after forty years on the Staten Island ferry, and I have been resting up ever since," he said, with a tremulous yet slightly roguish smile. "I fish some here, and when the weather is favorable I scratch around in a little garden I have out back. Come the cold days, I move down the island a ways to Great Kills, where I bunk down with one of my daughters. About all I do there is sleep and eat and look after my roses." I observed that retired mariners often seem to go in for roses, and the Captain nodded and smiled again. "Those that don't rust away or die for the want of something to do raise roses," he said. "Anyway," he went on, a moment later, "if I'm not occupied fishing or gardening, I pretty much sit and think. Since you called, I've been thinking extra about the old days when I started out on the ferries—back in '92. That is a long time ago, and, to be absolutely truthful with you, it seems like it. To begin with, I spent twelve years as a deckhand. The next three years I was a quartermaster, which is what they used to call pilots. And the last twenty-five years I was a captain. Of course, back in those early days, the harbor was noways like it is now. There was more of an adventuresome feel to it, I would say. In the nineties, fifteen to twenty thousand sailing vessels entered this port every year. The piers on the lower waterside of New York were hardly ever vacant. There was almost always a long, unbroken row of bowsprits sticking out clear over South Street. There might be schooners from Norfolk loaded with tobacco and early vegetables, and full-rigged three-masters from India carrying indigo and spices, and brigs from Nova Scotia with apples and potatoes. And there were

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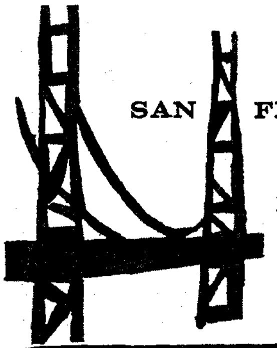

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fishing smacks from the Grand Banks, and schooners from the West Indies and Honduras with tropical fruit. And now and again old whalers would limp in, worn clean out from two-year voyages. Then, besides all those, there were ocean liners and coasters, under steam, and the big Erie Canal grain barges that looked like arks. Oh, there was every manner of craft afloat, from every corner of the earth."

Shifting to a more comfortable position, Captain Hammel went on, "To get down to ferryboats, we had plenty of those, too. Naturally, we needed more ferries then, because we had no tunnels, and the only bridges were those across the Harlem River, plus the Brooklyn Bridge. For years after that opened, in 1883, people called it the 'high ferry.' If I recall rightly, thirty-eight ferry lines were operating in these waters—fourteen of them on the Hudson, twenty more on the East River, and the rest here and there. In those days, the Staten Island ferries were owned by the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company. It ran six boats—four wooden ones and two iron, and all of them side-wheelers. All six were taken off the run in 1905, when the city took over the line and put five screw-propeller boats, each named after one of the boroughs, into service. I worked on every one of the side-wheelers in my day, but I started on the Southfield, one of the wooden ones, launched in the early eighties. Now, there was a lovely old boat. She would steal the sight out of your eyes. She was a two-decker, two hundred and twenty feet long, with fancy solid-oak panelling throughout. In the women's cabin was a gorgeous broad staircase, with a hand-carved balustrade. Halfway up to the saloon deck, it branched out two ways, and on the landing there was a fine big mirror, so the ladies could admire themselves."

The Captain nodded slowly, and said, "Then, there was the Westfield, also one of the wooden side-wheelers, and twenty years older. She was named after an earlier ferry that had gone off to the Civil War, along with several other Staten Island ferries. That first Westfield was put in Admiral Farragut's flotilla, and they blew her up during an engagement in Galveston Bay to prevent her capture. It seemed that Westfield was a bad-luck name. The second one blew up, too, though not by design. She was just about to leave Whitehall one day—in the seventies, I believe—when her boiler burst and sent the whole superstructure to

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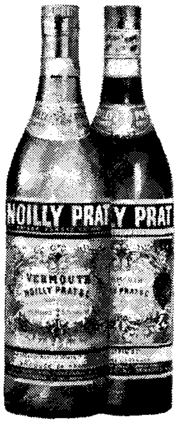

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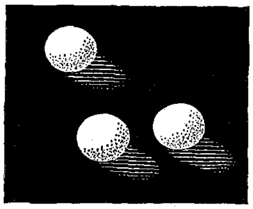

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the skies. Pretty near a hundred people lost their lives. The hull was still intact, though, so the company had her rebuilt. I sailed on that Westfield many, many times, but I never did care for her greatly. A death boat has a dislikable feeling. It gave me a fearsome uneasiness, a chill of the spirit."

Captain Hammel's voice trailed off, and he idly scanned the horizon—from Rockaway Point, which could be seen dimly in the distance, down toward Sandy Hook. After a minute or so, he blinked rapidly, and, with an apologetic smile, turned back to me and went on, "Well, in those days ferrying was considered a romantic kind of career, even more dashing than belonging to a crack fire brigade. I was always one for the hard, rousing life, and I will tell you that I found it on the ferryboats. We worked eleven hours a day, seven days a week, for fifty-five dollars a month, and we never had a vacation. Besides the duties deckhands have now, we had to haul coal aboard for the engine bunkers. There were four deckhands to a boat, and as soon as we tied up at St. George, we'd have to hustle ourselves over to an adjoining dock, where the coal was kept, and then run back, each pulling a cart that was built something like a rickshaw and carried eighteen hundred pounds of coal. Believe me, we had to be nimble Jacks, coming down the slant of the ramp with those carts nipping at our heels and just longing to crush us. When I went on the Southfield, old Wright Taxter was captain. He was always a fair man, I'll grant him that, but he was a bit spiny and set in his ways, and he insisted that everything be done just so. The other three deckhands were Jimmy Vines, Hen Johnson, and John Statts, and they were all good men—tough men, too, I suppose you could say, but they worked hard and they feared God. They are all long dead now."

Abruptly turning to another phase of his memories, Captain Hammel demanded, "Have you ever seen the whole harbor freeze over?"

"No, sir, I haven't," I replied.

"Well, I did—the first winter I ever worked on the ferries," the Captain told me. "That winter was the hardest time of my life. Some people claim the winters now are just as bad as they ever were, but I do not believe it. Not when I remember what happened in January, 1893. For several days in a row, early that month, floes and cakes of ice kept floating down the Hudson and the East River. Great slabs of ice roared around Corlears Hook with such

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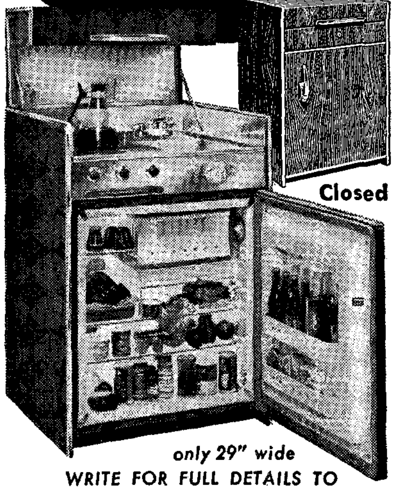

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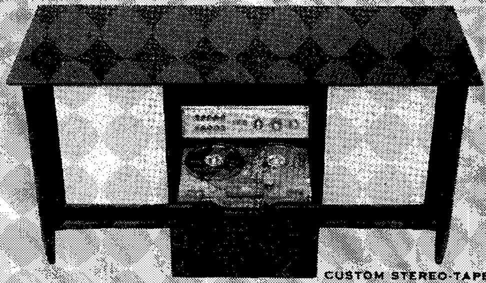
tremendous force that the ships berthed there had to be made fast with extra hawsers to prevent their being swept away. Then, one cruel, howling night, the temperature fell, freezing the water between the floes. The East River was a solid sheet of ice. A sharp west wind kept the Jersey side of the Hudson clear, but from the middle of the river on over to Manhattan it was solid ice, too. And in the Upper Bay, there was nothing but ice from the Battery almost to Staten Island. When the sun rose the next morning, it revealed a great fleet of ships embedded in the surface of the harbor. It was a sight not to be forgotten—the sun bright and glaring, and the ships looking like jewels set in a glitter of silver. That day, most of the ice in the Bay was not very thick, and we managed to cut through, but it was so cold that the water froze up behind us, and the next boat had to break it up anew. At the end of nearly every crossing, two of us deckhands had to go to the terminal and bring back some new buckets—that was what the wooden arms of the paddle wheels were called—because chunks of ice would work their way inside the wheels and just eat them to bits. The day after that was the bad one, though—at least for us. By then, the rivers were fairly clear, but the ice had jammed tight in the throat of the Narrows, and the ebb tide and stiff offshore winds carried more and more ice floes down until they were backed up solid nearly to the Battery. Fortunately, the ferries had kept a path open by running throughout the night, because that ice was a foot and a half thick or better. Path or not, we had trouble enough. Every few hundred yards, so much ice would form on our rudder chains—they ran above the waterline under the main-deck overhangs, and kept catching spray from the paddles—that they froze fast. Then Captain Taxter would stop and order a couple of us deckhands over the side onto the ice to chop the chains free with axes. The next day, the cold lifted a bit, and the winds and the ebb tide pushed the ice jam in the Narrows on out to sea, and that was the end of it. Some of the other boats had even a harder time of it than we did. The Westfield, for one, was still down on her luck. That first day, she left St. George on the eight-forty morning run, and before she had gone very far, she came up against a great floe. The captain—it was one of the Braisted brothers, Frank or Abe, I think—dodged out of the way, but in doing so he got stuck in the ice



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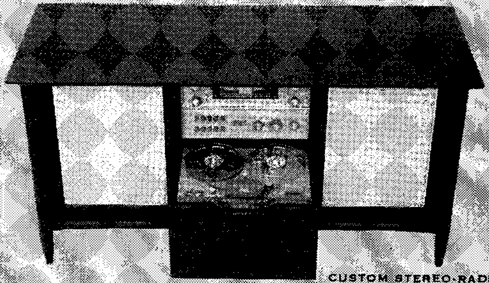

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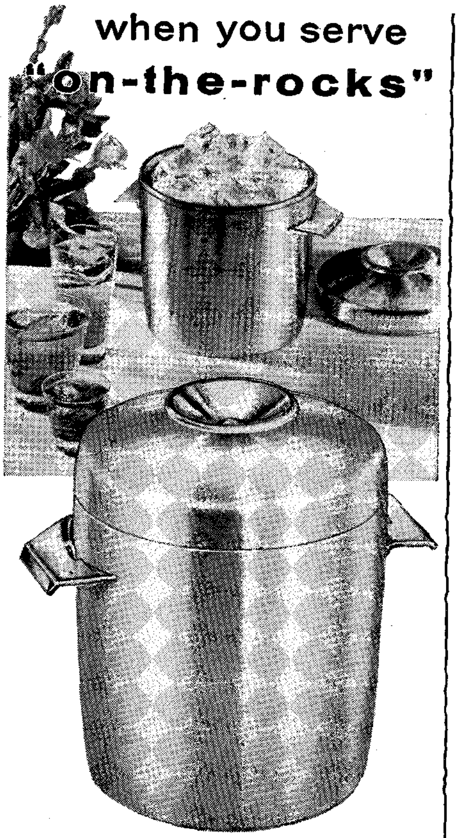

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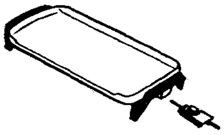

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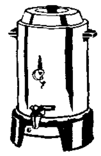

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that had piled up around Robbins Reef."

Interrupting himself, Captain Hammel leaned forward in his chair and pointed at me, saying, "Now, there's an example of the milder weather today. The name Robbins comes from the Dutch word '*robben*,' which means 'seals.' And the reef's name goes back to the early days of New Amsterdam, when seals used to swim down from the north and bask there in the winter."

Clearly gratified at having been able to come up with this opportune recollection, the Captain smiled, and sat back. "We were speaking of the Westfield, I believe," he said. I nodded, and he went on, "Well, she stayed stuck there off Robbins Reef until five o'clock in the afternoon, when a strong northwest wind came up and shifted the ice a little. A capacity load of passengers was aboard, and fortunately a bakery wagon on its way to New York was, too, so at least everybody had something to eat. Up on the Hudson, matters were quite a lot worse. The only ferryboats that could get across the river without great difficulty were the new screw boats. All the side-wheelers had a time of it. The only way they could make it over was to build up a full head of steam and crash through the ice on their momentum. One of the Lackawanna boats—the Moonachie, I believe she was—tried that. But instead of crashing through the ice, her bow slid right up onto it, and she was stranded there, helpless as a log. Some tugs were sent out to try to pull her off, but the floe simply came along with her. Finally, the tugs took turns bumping into her, trying to knock her off. For half an hour, until she at last slid back into the water, the passengers were bumped around in a most stormy fashion. The first few times they were knocked down they got back on their feet, but after that they just lay there in a tangle, rolling back and forth with each new bump."

Running a mottled finger across the bristly width of his mustache, Captain Hammel looked away abstractedly, and then back at me. "There was something else I meant to tell you, but I can't quite remember what," he said. After searching his mind again, to no avail, he sighed and continued, "I suppose it will come to me. But one thing I do recollect is the time—back around 1905, or thereabouts—when the ferryboat Maine, Captain Moses Longstreet commanding, on the run across the East River from Twenty-third Street to Greenpoint, struck and killed a good-sized whale. It—" He stopped short and, reaching into a pocket of his sweater,

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took out a small leather-bound notebook. "*This* is what I was thinking of," he said. "It's a diary I used to keep." He opened it, hunted for a while among its pages, and then handed it to me, pointing to the entry for July 30, 1916. The notation, written in a fine, spidery script, read, "Sunday. Midnight to 8 A.M. Watch. Mod. Pt. Cloudy—Smoky A.M. (Black Tom Explosion)." That was all.

Returning the diary, I asked the Captain where he had been when the celebrated explosion on the Jersey waterfront, set off by German saboteurs, took place. "Too close," he said promptly. "I was at the wheel of the Bronx, on the way from Manhattan to Staten Island, at about two o'clock that morning. We were only about a mile due east of the Black Tom railroad yards, in Communipaw, when it happened. I had seen some black smoke coming from that direction on the trip before, but I hadn't thought much about it, even though I knew the place was stashed full of freight cars loaded with ammunition. Freight trains brought the stuff there, you know, to be transferred to barges that toted it out to Gravesend Bay, where it was put aboard ammunition ships bound for Europe. Well, when the Black Tom exploded, the whole harbor lit up as if the sun had fallen into it. I read later in the newspapers how the shock was felt as far away as Maryland. We felt it on the Bronx, all right—the whole boat lifted several feet into the air and came down with a terrific whomp! Then the bombardment commenced. Seventy-five-millimetre shells were screaming around every which way through the night. Luckily, none of them hit close to us, though a number did land on Ellis Island, which was a good bit farther from the yards than we were. Afterward, the heavens clouded over with thick black smoke and pieces of New Jersey. When it all settled, our hurricane deck was ankle-deep in ashes. The blast shattered windows all over the city, and woke up half the population. Thousands of people ran out into the streets, thinking it was the end of the world, and when they learned the world was pretty intact, a good many of them came down for a ferry ride, to get a better look. We had capacity crowds all the rest of the night."

I asked Captain Hammel if he recalled any other aspects of ferryboating in New York waters that, like arctic weather and whales, he considered peculiar to his day. After gravely consid-

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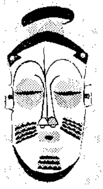

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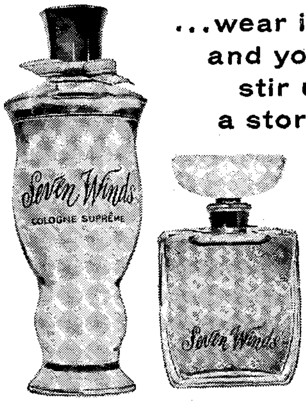

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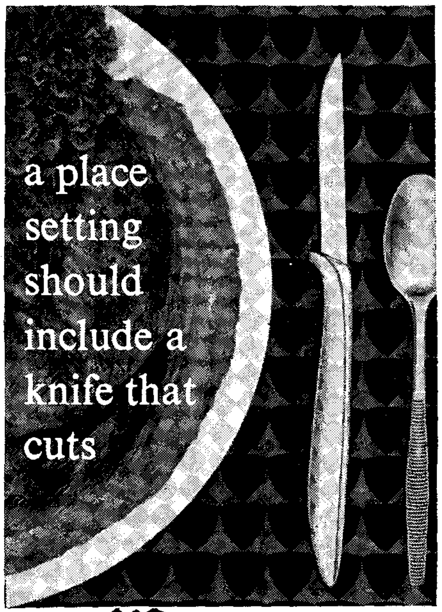
ering the matter, he said, "Yes—horses. They were a big hindrance to us. The sight of water and the motion of the boat made them jittery. They slipped and fell, and they balked, and they snorted, and sometimes they bolted. And then another trial was the early automobiles. They were regarded as a fire hazard and weren't allowed on board with their engines running, so we had to push them on and off. That meant less work than you might imagine, though, because we carried only four a trip—two at each end. But the biggest difference, I would say, was the people. In those times, most everybody worked six days a week, and on a fine Sunday or holiday mobs of them set their course for Staten Island, which was a favorite recreation spot of the time. Some were fishermen, and some had the bicycle craze of the nineties, and some came out to play tennis, and some held outings and organization picnics. On Sunday evenings, when they all poured onto the ferries and headed for home, it was a melee—fishermen with strings of striped bass and bluefish and porgies, cyclists with their wheels, tennis players in white flannels or bloomers, and children all worn out with play. On crowd days, we had music on the boats—a band made up of a harp, a fiddle, an accordion, and a tambourine. The music was terrible, but it went on and on, and the passengers could be counted on to chime in. Like as not, a good many of the men came back liquored up, and started scrapping on the way, and now and then somebody would get heaved overboard."

Slowly, Captain Hammel eased himself up out of his chair and, on his feet again, stretched gingerly. "I become a mite knotted when I sit for long," he explained. Not wanting to overtax him, I rose, too, and said that it was time for me to be on my way. At the door, I asked the Captain if he ever rides the Staten Island ferries these days. "Oh, once a year or so," he said. "I keep pretty cheerful ordinarily, but whenever I do get to feeling sad, I go for a spin up the harbor and back. I find it gives quite a lift to the spirits."

BACK in the St. George terminal, I put a nickel in a turnstile and boarded the Miss New York, along with perhaps five hundred other passengers, for the return trip to Manhattan. Once we were under way, I spent some time wandering around the boat, and it did not take long to spot the two types of ferry rider that Captain Merli



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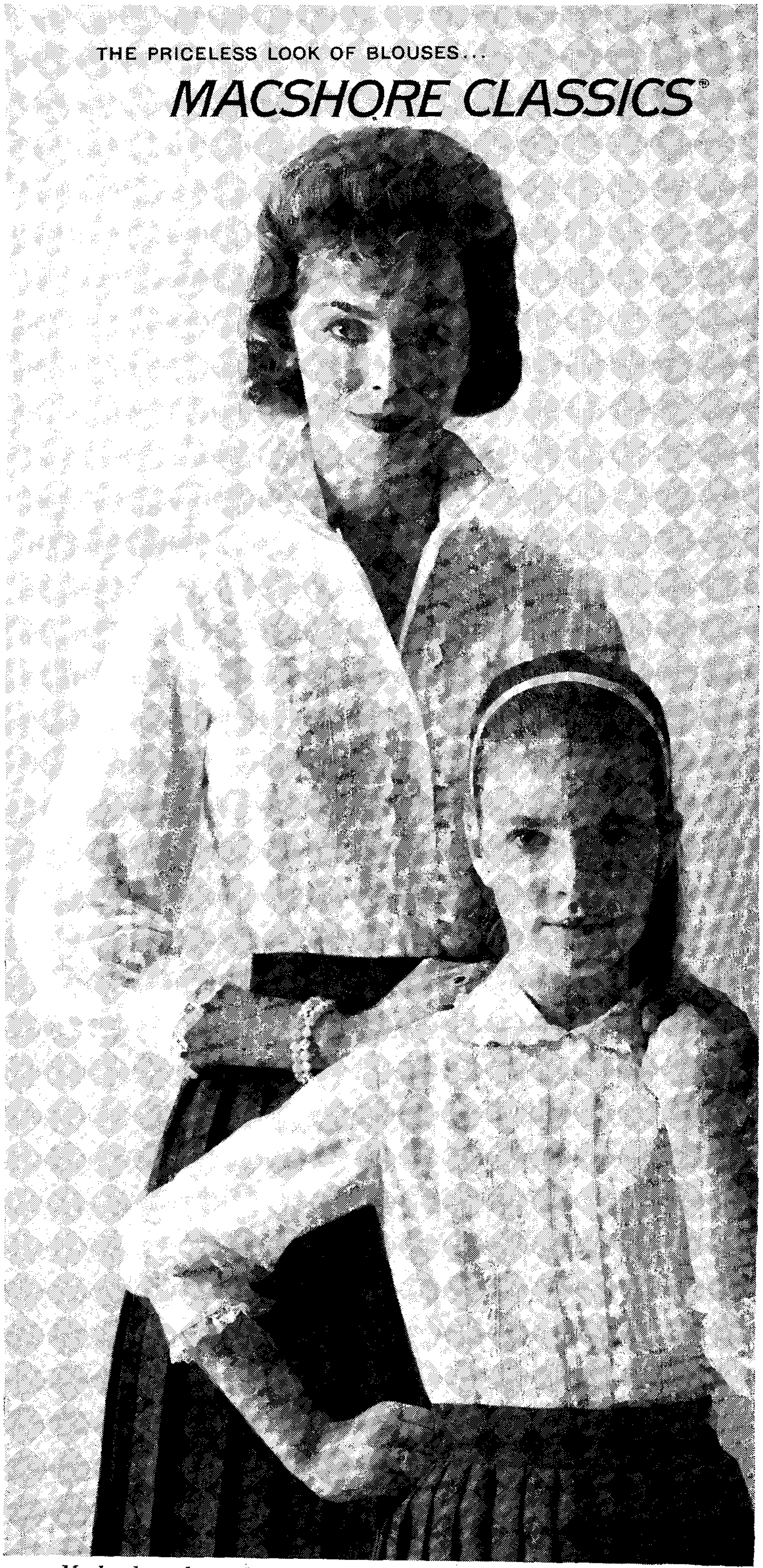
had mentioned. In the saloon-deck cabin, which is almost as long and broad as the boat itself, most of the voyagers fell into the ho-hum category. To be sure, from time to time one or another of them would glance idly out at the water, but for the most part they were an incurious lot; they stood at the refreshment counter, with their backs to the view, drinking coffee and munching sandwiches or doughnuts, or they sat on the benches reading newspapers, dozing, or quietly chatting. Out on the open promenades, however, many passengers clearly wanted more out of the trip than merely to get to the other side. A handful stood at the bow, braced against the wind, while the rest were seated on benches, with their backs to the saloon deck, soaking up the last rays of the sun; if they chatted, it was with one eye on the water and the landmarks ashore.

I went down to the men's cabin, which extends the entire length of the boat on one side of the main deck, for a smoke. Among those lounging there on the benches was a bespectacled man in his sixties wearing suntans and the visored cap of a municipal ferryboat officer, whom I had seen directing the cars and trucks onto the Miss New York. Taking him for the boat's mate, I went over and introduced myself as one who had spent a long day familiarizing himself with the workings of the Staten Island line. He at once stood up, shook hands, and told me, in a booming, jovial voice, that he was indeed the mate. "Benny Heineman's the name," he roared. "I've worked these ferries for thirty-eight years, and after what I've been through on them, nothing in the world could surprise me." With that, he plopped down heavily on the bench and invited me to share it with him. When I asked him what sort of experiences had made him so immune to surprise, he replied, "All kinds. But mostly with passengers. They're a good bunch—a fine bunch, generally. But, still and all, they're people, and people mean trouble. One way they give you trouble is that they're just like gulls. When the weather's hot, they perch in the shade, and when it's cool, in the sun. If the wind is easterly, they're sure to hie themselves over to the west side of the boat. To trim a ferry proper, we've got to keep track of them, and to do that we've got to mind where the sun is at the moment, where the wind's blowing from, what the weather's like in general. Those are the kind of things that tell us where they're most likely to settle. Take on a windy day—we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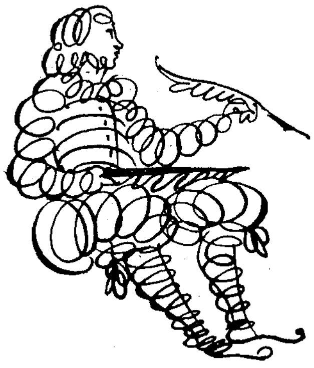

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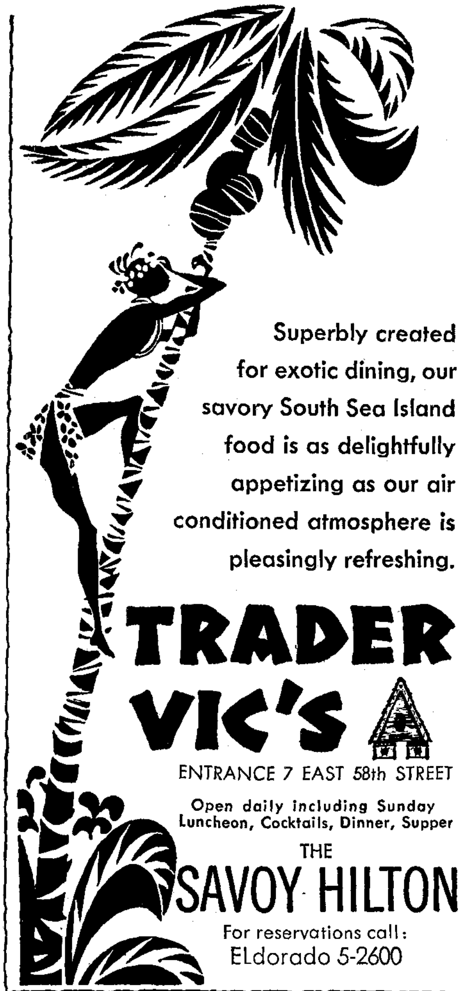
put the big trucks on the windward side to balance the weight of the gulls that have flocked to the lee. Or if it's rush hour, we know the men's cabin will be jammed with smokers, so we steer the trucks to the opposite side. Of course, it's not only the gulls. The guys who've spent too much time putting diamonds on bartenders are a lot worse—South Street winos sleeping it off, longshoremen with a fifth in them, two-drink clerks who've had three. Especially those clerks. I'll take a dozen drunk stevedores any day in place of one meek cashier after he's got a load on. Those five-hundred-dollar-a-month Wall Street millionaires are very high on their dignity, you know, and if we ask them to please go to the men's room to get sick, they take our number and turn us in for insulting them. And then there are the people with suicide in mind—they make a lot of work for us." Heineman appeared willing to forgive this imposition, for there was a note of pride in his voice as he continued. "Folks will travel miles and miles—maybe even taking other ferries on the way—just so they can jump off the Staten Island ferry. Around a dozen a year succeed, but a whole lot more try—usually in the summer, when the water isn't too uncomfortable. I've made quite a study of jumpers—to be prepared. Most times, it's easy to spot them. They look like people who've got a problem worrying them. You know, they sit there staring out at nothing, except now and then they give the water a good hard look. Or else they walk around, nervous-like, sometimes talking to themselves. But the surest sign is if they write a note. Whenever I see somebody show *any* of those signs, I post a deckhand to keep an eye on them, or I stand by myself. Then, if they go for the rail, we move in closer. But, of course, we have to be careful, because some of the people we think are jumpers turn out to be just sulkers, who do nothing more than stand and stare at the water. There could be plenty of trouble if we laid a finger on that sort—lawsuits and such. For myself, I've got a dividing line to judge by. As soon as someone puts a foot over the rail, I figure they're not just doing calisthenics, so I grab them. I've stopped a good many that way. And I've gone out in the lifeboat after a good many others we didn't see in time—probably fifty, I'd say. I've rescued thirty, maybe, but generally it's a thankless job. Most of them either don't want to be saved or they panic and try to take you down with them, too."

Heineman removed his cap and



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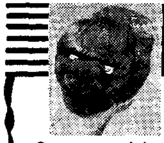

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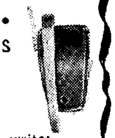

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scratched his head. "It takes all kinds, and, believe me, there *are* all kinds," he told me, and then rose and got his bearings from a glance out the window. "Well, it's time I looked around," he said, and started down the aisle. I walked along with him, and on the way he remarked that every once in a while a passenger, spotting his officer's cap, will ask him if he'd mind doing something that the passenger doesn't feel up to doing for himself—scatter the ashes of someone dear to him on the waters of the Bay. "Some of the boys call me Father Heineman, because I try to do it right," he added. "You know, I bow my head and say a couple of prayers—an Our Father and a Hail Mary."

Heineman led the way up to the bow of the saloon deck, and we stood there taking in the view as the Miss New York glided toward Whitehall. Dusk was only minutes away now. Off our port side, beyond the refineries and dockyards of the Jersey waterfront, the sun was setting, smelting red, in a wispy haze of factory smoke. Several hundred yards ahead, the precipitous masonry of lower Manhattan, pierced here and there by lights from office windows, loomed jaggedly toward a gray evening sky. Heineman breathed deeply. "I've seen that more times than I care to remember, but I never get used to it," he said. "If you ask me, that's a big part of what makes a ferryboat ride. The subways, the buses, even the taxis—they just can't touch it."

When the Miss New York was about to make her slip, Heineman said he had to go below to supervise the unloading, and, shaking hands with me, he hurried away. After we tied up, I hung around until the last of the passengers had debarked, and then crossed the ramp to the terminal. Just as I got there, the waiting-room door opened, and a large crowd of late commuters swept by, heading for home. Before long, the warning whistle sounded. Now brightly lit, the Miss New York pulled out of the slip, swung over to starboard, and, looking more like an excursion craft than a means of urban transport, headed into the Upper Bay.

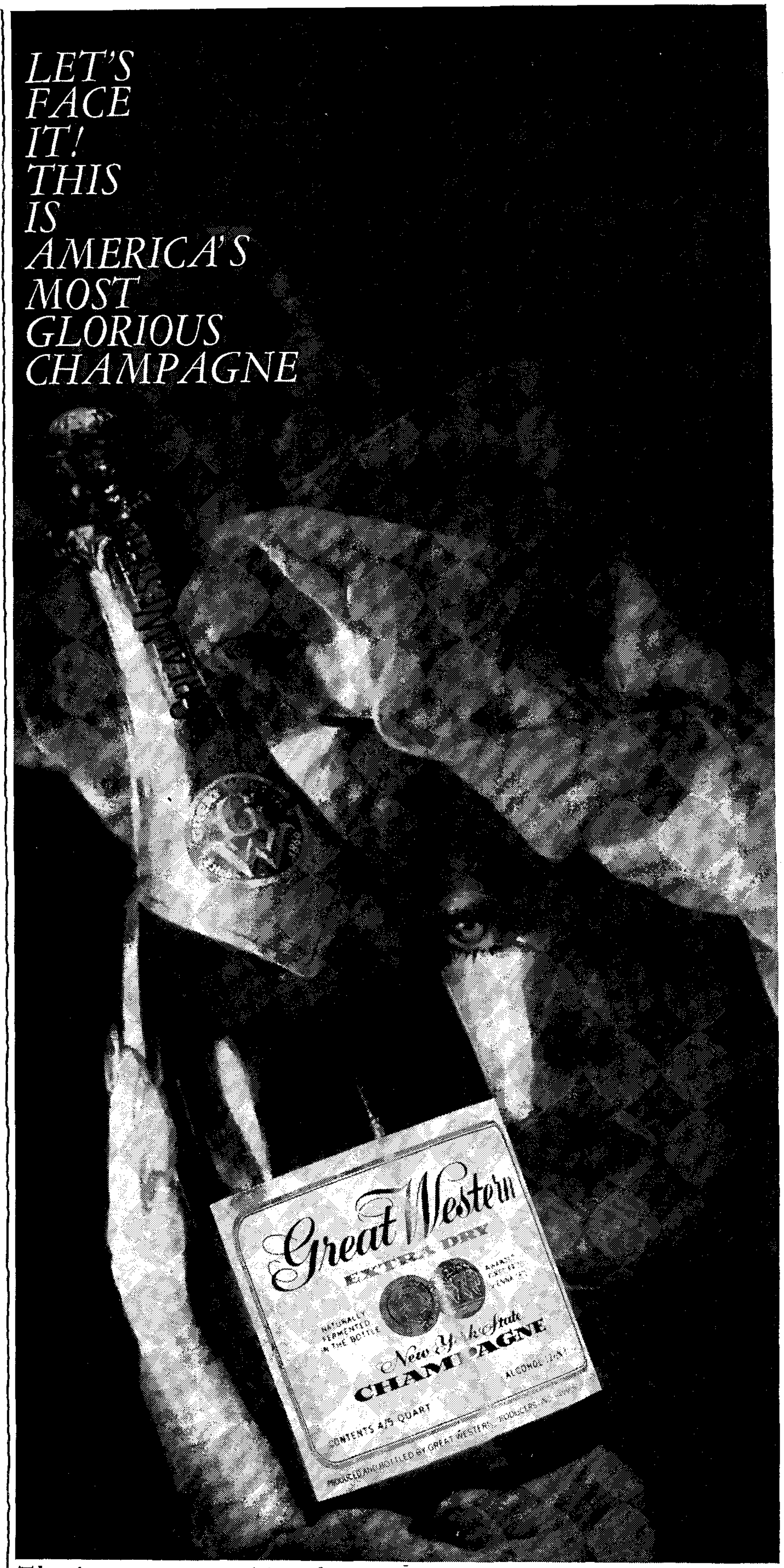
—RICHARD HARRIS

•

We cannot now know what carried off Propertius in his early thirties. We only feel that—like the woman whose life he praised in his final poem—he died too young, and asks for understanding.—*From "Poets in a Landscape," by Gilbert Highet, page 104.*

Propertius wrote nothing after forty.
—*Ibid., page 149.*

We can understand *that.*



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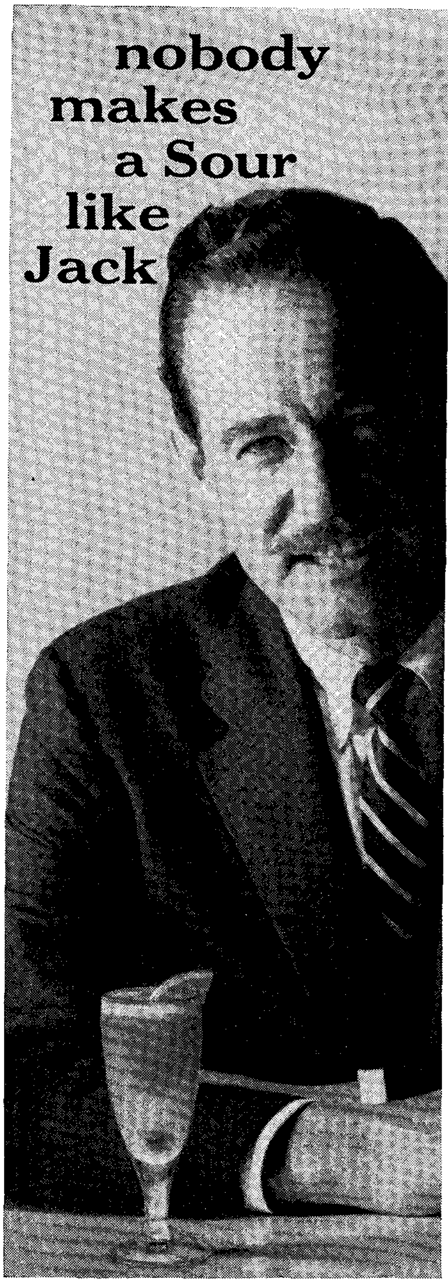

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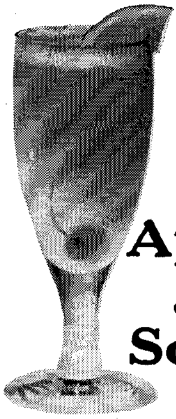

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THE RACE TRACK

Close But No Cigar

AT a round-table discussion on a race train the other day, the question of luck came up, and everyone agreed that it played strange tricks. Just the same, I was hardly prepared to see Round Table beaten by Clem in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last Saturday. It was the second time in two weeks that Clem had turned the trick (in hundred-thousand-dollar events, too), and the second time in two weeks that Round Table had missed the chance to become racing's biggest money-winner. Moreover, it was Round Table's first defeat on a turf course. Coming up to the U.N. Handicap, he'd won eight starts on the grass, and, as might be imagined, he was the hottest sort of favorite. In fact, several bridge-jumpers (you know, the fellows who put down lots of money at very short odds) came from Chicago to bet on him to show. They collected a dime on the dollar.

Ever since the U.N. Handicap was inaugurated, in 1953, it has been an exciting affair, and last weekend's renewal was up to standard. Twelve horses ran, and Clem took the lead from the start. Round Table began slowly and was no better than fifth until he was halfway round the turn for home. Then he closed the gap steadily, but Clem was still half a length ahead as they passed the winning post. Combustion II was third, if anyone outside his stable cares.

When Clem beat Round Table in the Washington Park Handicap in Chicago on Labor Day, he had an advantage of twenty-one pounds; on Saturday it was only seventeen, but he was still the lightweight of the lot. Besides, he was ridden by Shoemaker, who had been Round Table's regular jockey and knew how he was likely to run. The reason for the shift was that before training began for the U.N. Handicap, Shoemaker expected to ride Gallant Man in it. Then Gallant Man was withdrawn, and he found himself without a mount, whereupon Mrs. Adele Rand, who owns Clem, lost no time in engaging him. Meanwhile, Arcaro, who was originally booked to ride Round Table, developed leg trouble, and Milo Valenzuela took his place.

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past the stand, Round Table moved freely and looked awfully good—better, I thought, than anyone who has done all the racing he has could possibly look. Actually, he's had fifty starts—ten as a two-year-old, twenty-two last year, and eighteen so far this year. That's sweating for it, but then he's earned \$1,263,114. Of course, he'll run for the Woodward Stakes at Belmont a week from Saturday. By the way, the grass on the turf course at Atlantic City was so sparse and the going was so hard that Round Table may have thought he was running on the main dirt track. Anyhow, Clem did the mile and three-sixteenths in 1:54⅗, a new track record.

FROM all accounts, Quill won the six-furlong Matron Stakes in fine style at Belmont last weekend. My favorite observer reports that Rich Tradition, who won two at Saratoga last month and was second in the Matron, may be better at a longer distance, whereas Levelix, who was third, would like five furlongs better than six. What's more, I have a feeling amounting to a conviction that the two-year-old fillies as a whole aren't a patch on the colts. On Wednesday, we had the Discovery Handicap, in which Warhead, Grey Monarch, and Backbone finished heads apart, in that order, at the end of the mile and a furlong, and the ten others weren't far behind. Perhaps we'll have some runners for the handicap division next year after all.

THE sixty-ninth Futurity will be run off at Belmont this weekend, and I'll be surprised if more than a dozen colts go after this blue ribbon for two-year-olds. I don't suppose one need look farther than First Landing for the winner. Certainly he is a colt of high quality, and although he has a calm, slightly lazy temperament, he can come through with a powerful effort when it's needed, as those who saw the Hopeful Stakes will remember. I daresay that Watch Your Step will be well fancied, too, and that there will be the usual collection of stable hopes, without which no Futurity would be complete. Well, you pays your money and you tears up your dead mutuel tickets.

—AUDAX MINOR

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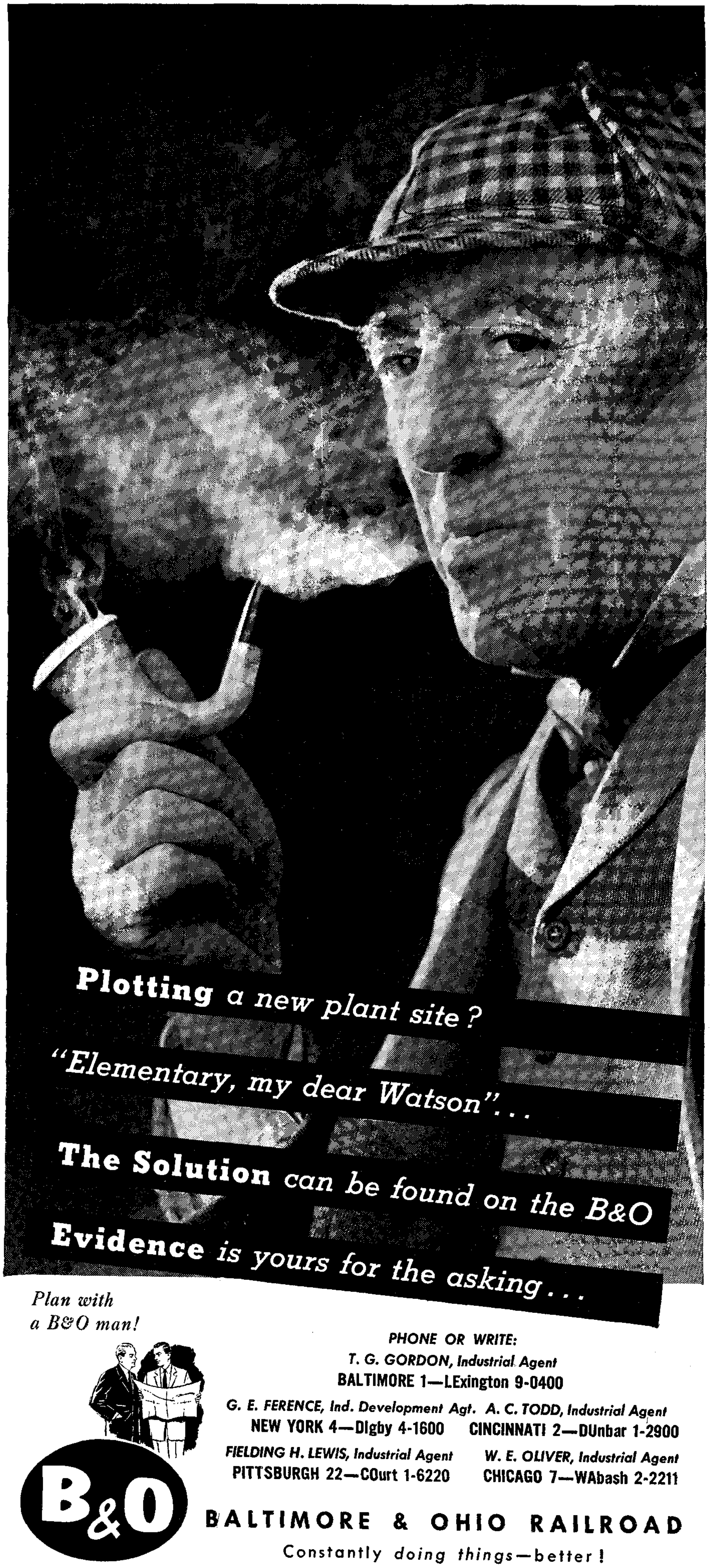

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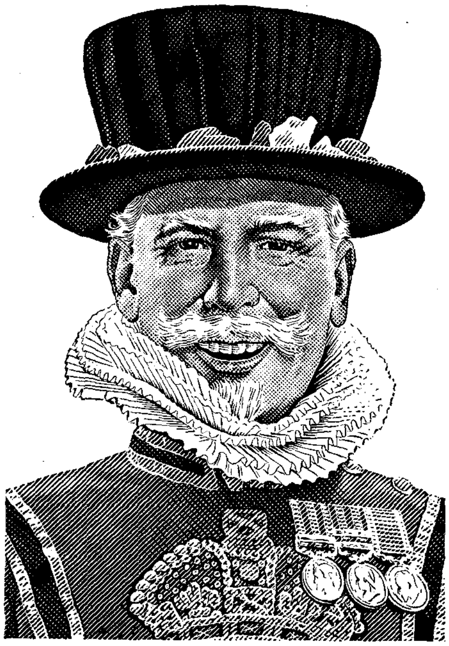

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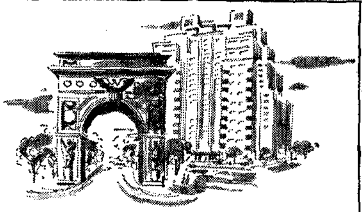
LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 10

THE discovery of a racial problem alive and fighting with broken bottles only a threepenny bus fare away from Kensington Gardens and its placid parade of baby carriages and scampering terriers came as a big, dismaying shock to large numbers of Londoners. It caused embarrassment along with the horror. The comment and speculation on the latest developments in Little Rock had hardly died down before people were reading Governor Faubus's reported sympathetic remarks on the first outbreaks of violence between white and colored citizens last month in Nottingham, up in the Midlands, which sparked the London troubles ten days ago. By a curious and ironic chance, the local bad news coincided with the death of Mr. Strijdom, Prime Minister of South Africa, who had worked enthusiastically for racial Apartheid. His obituary notices were marked by an absence of warmth in the press generally, and the B.B.C., in the outwardly decorous but deadly spoken obit delivered in its news bulletins, bluntly recalled his pro-Nazi sympathies in the war and his anti-English leanings since. The subsequent South African dispatches that reminded the pious English that they had better look to their own color problem right here at home before criticizing other people's prejudices were, naturally, not enjoyed.

It at least seems good that public complacency about there not being any problem to speak of has now been exploded, and that an agitated national discussion of what should be done is raging. White, rather than colored, behavior is coming in for most of the deploring. In the London "race riots" (the more serious papers at first refused to call the disturbances by that name, apparently hoping that somebody or other would feel better if they did not), the public has been brought face to face—not for the first time, but in its ugliest form—with the disturbing wave of juvenile thuggery involving gangs of nitwitted youths known as Teddy boys, who got their name originally by aping the tight suits and the liberal hair styles (but not the manners) of the Edwardian era. For the majority of decent, appalled citizens, what the unhappy events of the past ten days have



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highlighted, even more than the serious difficulties that bedevil the fitting of a growing throng of colored British immigrants into this overcrowded island, is the hollow failure of the Welfare State to supply a section of youth with anything but the obviously splendid physical shape and the misshapen social frustrations that equip a boy for chasing and beating up a colored fellow-citizen—the sport of the moment in Teddy-boy circles, it seems. It is a depressing picture, now being furiously condemned on all sides. The press and the television crews have not helped, in the opinion of many irate Londoners (though it is hard to see what else they could have done, since their job consists of delivering the news), by flocking into the affected neighborhood and training their cameras on the hen-brained youths, who have enjoyed the attention.

Though everybody would be pleased enough to feel that the clashes in the Notting Hill area of London are simply the result of immature hooliganism's coming to blows with the worst elements of the immigrant population, which might be dealt with by firm police action and some equally firm sentences from the magistrates (both of which have been forthcoming), the problem is infinitely more complicated than that. Many people are surprised that it has been so long in coming to the surface. The House of Commons had a short and carefully worded debate on the subject last April, when Miss Patricia Hornsby-Smith, the handsome, red-haired Joint Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, stoutly repeated that the Government stood by its traditional readiness to keep the national front door unlocked to British subjects of all shades of skin. Some Members of Parliament, citing letters from worried constituents, suggested then that trouble might be brewing and that there were urgent reasons for looking over this hospitable policy again. It was stated during the debate that there are about a hundred and ninety thousand colored Commonwealth citizens in Britain, which, in a population of over fifty million, seems nothing much, to be sure. About forty thousand immigrants come in yearly, and of these by far the largest group—around twenty-five thousand—are West Indians escaping from the desperately impoverished conditions of their beautiful islands, which founded so many British sugar fortunes in the past and to which, in a reverse jetstream, well-to-do Britons often escape today from the rigors of climate and high taxation. Though there is no official im-

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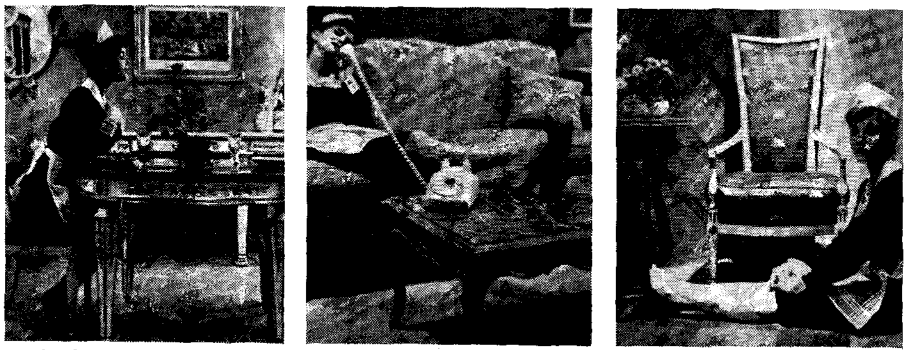

dusting. The furniture will be here, however, awaiting your visit. Ask any decorator or dealer.

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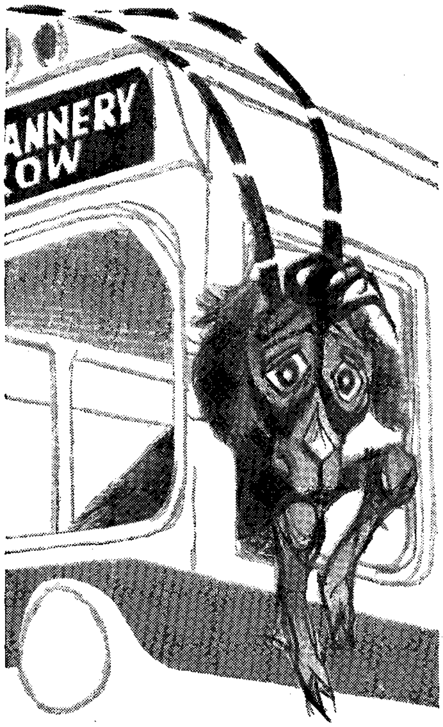

The Wayward Steinbock
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Once there was a steinbock named Jon who lived it up when the moon was down. He'd jimmy open new liquor bottles, sneak several snorts, and replace the seal—not hard for crafty steinbocks or counterfeiters. But the grapes of wrath descended when he attacked a bottle of Gilbey's gin. The Alcoa® Pilferproof seal gave him away and Jon was sent to tannery row for the cure.

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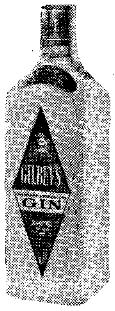

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pediment to West Indian immigration, the British Caribbean Welfare Service, operating under the wing of the Colonial Office, is as discouraging as it can be to applicants for passage at the other end, bearing down heavily on the cold in England, the rain, the necessity for thick woollen underwear, the loneliness, the higher cost of food, rent, and entertainment, the absence of a free, warm sea to take baths in, the fixations of English landladies regarding noisy late returns and convivial parties, and the bleak possibility of unemployment.

All the same, they keep coming. Londoners have grown accustomed to seeing cheerful West Indian faces under bus conductors' or Underground Railway porters' or hospital attendants' caps, and beaming in the steamy dishwater areas of restaurants—the less well-paid, less popular jobs, which nobody wanted to take in the days of full employment. Increasing unemployment and the deep public fear of more to come are probably the principal reasons for the criticism of unlimited immigration now being heard among many disgruntled people who are not Teddy boys. The colored men, it is frequently alleged, often beat Londoners to housing accommodations—still desperately short—and to girls, too. According to the Government account given to Parliament last April, though, only a small proportion of the West Indian newcomers take to peddling vice, in spite of the popular belief to the contrary. As for the housing difficulties, most West Indians tell you bitterly that landlords in the better-class areas are apt to discover abruptly, on seeing a colored face, that a house or flat is off the market, and this has led to immigrants' herding together, willy-nilly, in crowded slum districts, where they tend to become a seedy community problem and a sizable target for local hostility of the impulsive, ignorantly insular order that turned on the Irish and the Poles in the past. Employers with white-collar jobs to offer generally discriminate against colored applicants, according to the same embittered informants. Disappointment and disillusionment with the reception given them here is naturally made much of in such conversations, and the more reassuring fact that thousands of immigrants have been absorbed peacefully enough into the English scene is not—naturally, too, since they are not making headlines. Notting Hill, where all these factors have suddenly come to the boil, is a shabby, straggling district (it has had brief, unhappy notoriety before, during the trials of two of the most horrible murderers of recent years—Neville

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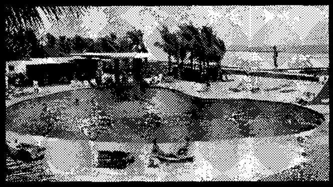

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KENTON
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Heath and John Christie—who operated in the neighborhood) of down-at-heel Victorian houses with peeling porticoes; of street markets; of doubtful clubs cheerlessly lurking in basements; and, in its more affluent section, of what is said to be the largest private, for-residents-only acreage of gardens in London, where owls can be heard hooting pleasantly of a summer evening. The less pleasant mob noises that recently resounded in its dingy back streets were apparently encouraged by Sir Oswald Mosley's Union Movement—a sinister aspect of the affair, many troubled citizens feel. One of the leaflets the movement has been distributing is a drawing of an English family bundling out to the right, in the direction—as indicated by signposts—of Australia, Canada, or New Zealand, while colored folk pour in from the left. Captions exhort the Teddy boys who bother to read to keep white jobs for white men.

To add to the confusions of the situation, Parliament is on vacation, and unable to ask angry questions in the House or to answer uneasy ones from constituents. The Government, after being oddly silent for ten days, issued a statement saying that the law would crack down impartially on colored and white offenders, and adding that it was reëxamining the long-term aspects of unimpeded immigration for all British subjects. Whatever this may mean, when the House of Commons gets back to work next month there are certain to be demands from many quarters for colored immigration to be somehow restrained. It has been suggested that the same restrictions that Commonwealth and colonial countries enforce against Britain should be clamped down on immigrants here. It is also being said that undesirables with criminal records ought to be sent back where they came from, as they could be if they were foreign, and not British, nationals. There may be some support for the last view, but the first idea is bound to stir up a whole heap of passionate opposition. After all, it is a deep-rooted and jealously cherished local idea that this country, which has long been proud to open its doors to refugees of all colors, still has responsibilities as the big Commonwealth house with a lamp set permanently in the window. If this notion were to be replaced by something less liberal, it would cause damage and shock here, not to mention farther afield.

These are the problems that are being currently discussed by the press, on radio and television, and in everybody's home. The discussion has been so earnest that the public, at least, seems

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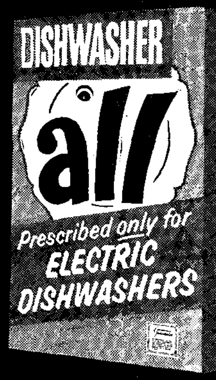

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to have turned only an abstracted eye on the war dangers on Quemoy, as being hardly more worrying than Britain's acrimonious, highly unfortunate shindy with Iceland, which concerns the national sovereignty of fish and which in other days might well have led to war—an improvement somewhere, anyhow.

THIS year's Farnborough Air Show—the nineteenth in the dynasty—opened last week to eight thousand invited guests of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, including swarms of gold-braided foreign-air-force chiefs, government officials, and international airline experts, who were there to see what was in the shopwindow. It was the first show since the British Government announced last February that its orders for manned fighters and bombers were about to be cut back sharply. According to the experts, the industry is expected to drop around a hundred thousand men in the next few years, and it is quite a question whether the mood at coming Farnboroughs will be as bright and bounding as it was this year, when the export order books are still bulging. The chief interest this year, therefore, was in the shapes of things to come, and decidedly queer-looking some of them were. Though there were long lines of visitors waiting to look over the beautiful new Comet 4 jet airliner that B.O.A.C. will have on the Atlantic run this autumn, the biggest crowds were gathered at the launching ramps of the guided missiles and around the VTOL aircraft—the Vertical Take-Off and Landing pioneers—which stole the show and are strange indeed. The Fairey Rotodyne, which has fixed wings plus a whirling rotor on top, is the first airliner in the world that can boost forty-eight passengers vertically into the air, hover obligingly stationary if they want to see the view, and then fly forward at an impressive clip. It did all these things in the afternoon flying display, minus the passengers. The big thrill of the display, though, was the sudden arrival of a formation of twenty-two R.A.F. Hawker Hunter fighters, roaring in to put on a series of aerobatics that was astonishing for a formation of such size, including a loop taken en masse, when the planes fell across the sky with the precision of twenty-two Rockettes. The bigger and better airliners get, the more mileage in runway they demand to hoist themselves into the air, so the vertical-takeoff designers seem to be working on the right idea.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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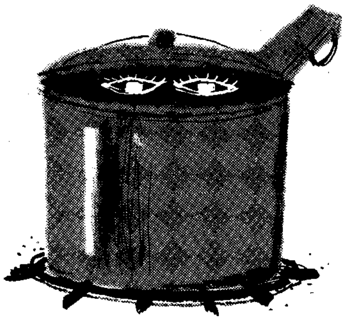

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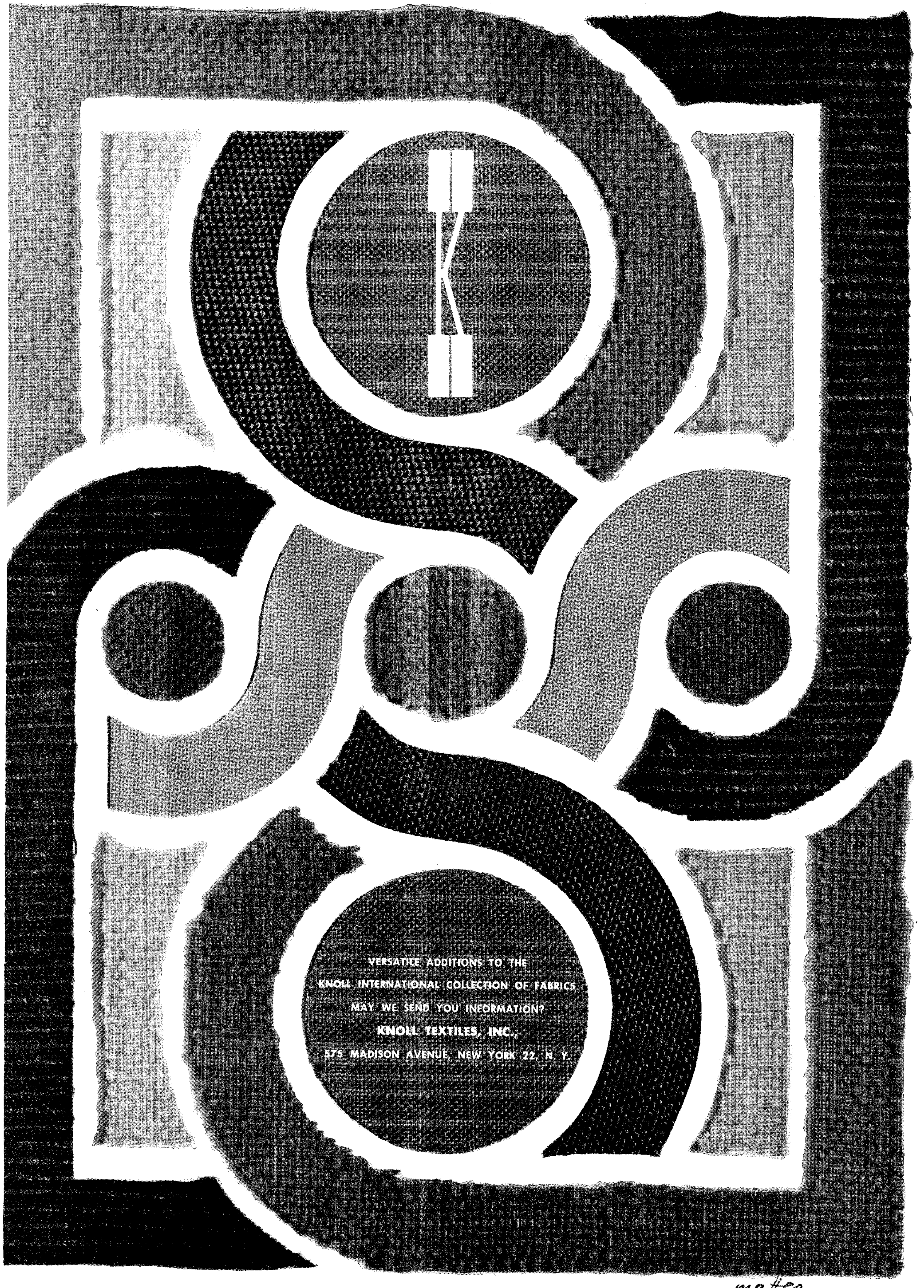

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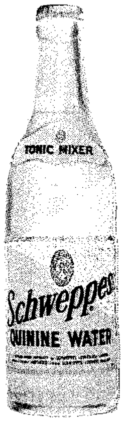

THE SAWBWA'S DOMESTIC QUARREL

IN the summer of 1942, when I had been living for several months in the village of Mangshih, which served as the capital of the Chinese Shan State of Mangshih, just north of the Burmese border, my only real complaint was with the local food. I liked the country, which was primitive, mountainous, and colorful. I liked the people, most of whom were Shans—cheerful, simple members of the Mongoloid tribe from which the Shan States get their name. Most of all, I liked my job as the modern, English-speaking secretary to the local ruler, Sawbwa Fang Yu-chi, a Chinese in his early forties, who had almost absolute control over his little kingdom, even though Mangshih was technically a part of China's Yunnan Province. The Sawbwa had hired me as part of his program to modernize Mangshih, after the newly built Burma Road had brought progress and its inevitable problems to the district.

As part of Sawbwa Fang's official family, I was given quarters in the yamen, a gloomy structure of many rooms and courtyards, which served as a combination palace and office building. Like everyone else in the place, I was expected to eat Shan food, which was served twice daily in a hall in the second court, and for many weeks I tried manfully to eat it and like it. Only two meals were served because no one in the yamen got up early enough to eat breakfast. As might be expected, I always had an excellent appetite when I approached the red-lacquered dining table in the huge dining hall at noon, but it rarely survived my first mouthful of lunch. Shan food is unusual. Among the items I came to recognize on our table were bamboo shoots cooked with fungus, boiled mountain-ant eggs, pork cooked in calf's-stomach juice, and fried wasps. There were other dishes, which I was careful not to try to identify.

After six months of involuntary semi-starvation, I went to the Sawbwa and explained my problem, reminding him that I had recently come from Kunming and was accustomed to more normal Chinese fare. I asked permission to leave the yamen and take a room of my own, where I could cook for myself. The Sawbwa agreed to my plan, possibly because he himself had recently moved out of the yamen and into a new official residence, which he named Ida House, in honor of his new second wife, a nineteen-year-old half-Irish and half-Chinese girl whom he had met in Rangoon. The next day, I found a small apartment in the New Light Hotel, a modern Western building in the market place of Mangshih, where I could do my own cooking and satisfy my yearning for some of the coolie dishes I used to eat with my family's servants at home. I was raised in Hunan Province, a place famous for its hot pepper (and also for its soldiery and its passionate women), so when I started cooking in my room, I seasoned my dishes with a great deal of hot pepper, and ate as Hunan coolies do, sucking air into my mouth to cool my burning tongue. After I had cooked a meal, the whole hotel would be permeated with the fragrance of hot pepper and garlic. The Sawbwa learned of my cooking and often talked about it, inquiring about the ingredients of my dishes and their manner of preparation. For a while, I wondered whether I should extend a dinner invitation to him, but after some thought I decided against it. It would be beneath his dignity to come and eat a coolie meal in a small hotel room.

ONE day, when I was cooking a lunch of fried smoked pork and boiled fish with bean cake—the latter dish seasoned with plenty of hot pepper and garlic—and was sneezing because of the strong smell, I heard a gentle knock on the door.

I opened the door, and there was Sawbwa Fang, in his usual neat but short sharkskin suit. He had his hands behind his back and was chuckling expectantly. "I was passing by the hotel on my way to the yamen," he said, speaking, as always, in Chinese, "and I smelled your delicious cooking. What is it?"

"A dish called fish head and bean cake—a coolie dish," I said. "Will you come in?"

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly. He stepped in.

"I hope you don't mind the cooking smell, Sawbwa," I said.

"No, no," he said hastily. "It's not bad, not bad." He stood in the middle of the room and sniffed, his hands still behind his back, his head slightly tilted, and his eyes closed. I quickly picked up some books from the floor, straightened up my bed, and tossed a few clothes that were lying about on chairs into the closet. "Ah, a delicious smell," he said. Still sniffing, he moved toward the

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kitchen, at the back of the room. The apartment was actually only one room, but I had placed a folding screen in front of the kerosene stove and the kitchen table to give an illusion of space. It was a convenient establishment for a bachelor, and I was fond of the view from the single window, from which I could catch a glimpse of the red walls and the shiny green pagoda roofs of the yamen.

"So this is your kitchen," the Sawbwa said, looking at the earthen pot on one corner of the stove.

"Yes, Sawbwa," I said, tidying up the kitchen a little. The two Shan servants employed by the hotel rarely got around to cleaning my quarters.

"Fish and what?" the Sawbwa asked.

"Fish head and bean cake, Sawbwa," I said. "There was no fresh fish in the market today, so I bought some salt fish. It is not as good." I took the lid off the earthen pot and showed him the simmering contents.

The Sawbwa looked into the pot and inhaled deeply. "Hmm. Not bad, not bad. I can tell there is some garlic in it."

"Yes, quite a bit of garlic, and some hot pepper, too. Would you like to taste a little, Sawbwa?"

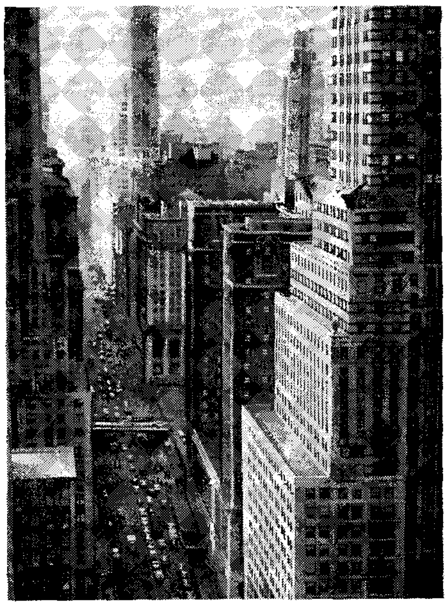
"Have you cooked enough for two?" he asked hopefully.

Obviously there was not enough for two, but I invited him to stay for lunch anyway. He sniffed a couple of times, returned to the front of the room, and made himself comfortable in a rattan chair. I added some water and soybean sauce to the dish, to increase its quantity.

"You know," the Sawbwa said, lighting a cigarette, "I have always liked garlic, but Ida objects to it strongly. Since we have been married, she has laid down two iron rules—no garlic, and no belching after meals. To tell you the truth, Secretary Lee, it is not unpleasant to eat a heavy meal with a great deal of garlic and then feel free to belch a little—provided, of course, there is no guest."

"I'm sure you're right, Sawbwa," I said, tossing quite a bit more garlic into the pot. Then I laid the little dining table, in the front of the room. Happily, I had two pairs of bamboo chopsticks and an extra spoon, but the two pairs of chopsticks and the spoons were of different sizes and shapes, and looked pretty shabby on the unpainted table. I apologized to the Sawbwa for my poorly equipped kitchen, but he waved my apology off with a laugh.

"To tell you the truth, Secretary Lee," he said, "I have always used



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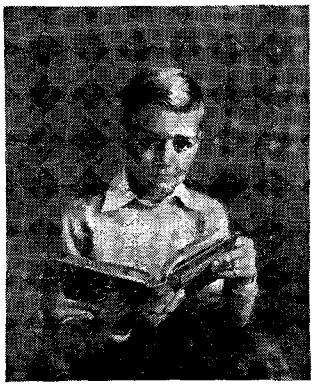

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ivory chopsticks, but they're so slippery that I hate them. But since Ida serves only Western meals and insists that we use knives and forks, I have begun to miss even those slippery chopsticks. Ah, the sight of your bamboo chopsticks has already increased my appetite!"

I filled two bowls with rice, which I had already cooked in another pot, and since I had no more bowls for the fish-head-and-bean-cake dish, I simply set the earthen pot down in the center of the table, as coolies often do. When I announced lunch, the Sawbwa hastily crushed out his cigarette and rose from the rattan chair. I gave him the "honorable seat," facing the door, and served him his bowl of rice. He picked up his chopsticks eagerly, dipped them without ceremony into the pot, and dexterously whipped out a piece of bean cake, which he blew on a couple of times and shoved into his mouth. He chewed noisily while he reached into the pot with his chopsticks for another morsel. The change in his table manners surprised me. At his home, where I had dined several times, he always ate slowly and chewed his food quietly, with a slight scowl between his thin eyebrows. Now he actually ate like a ravenous coolie. In a way, I was glad, for it put me at ease. We ate the dish as it was meant to be eaten—blowing on the bean cake, gnawing at the fishbones, and inhaling noisily to cool our tongues.

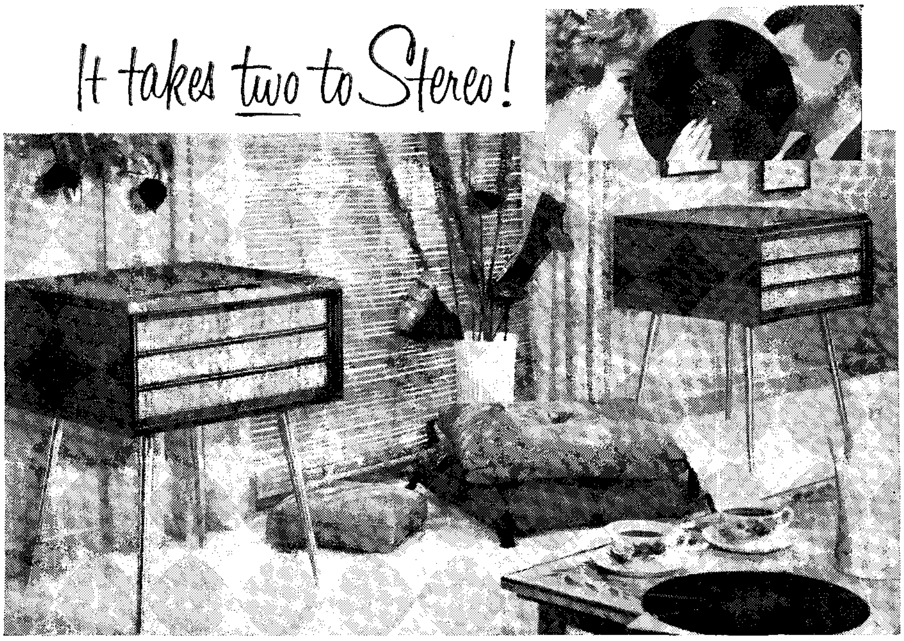
"To tell the truth, Secretary Lee," the Sawbwa said, sucking a fishbone, "it is a very pleasant change to be able to eat a coolie dish as a coolie does occasionally. Always I must dine like a Sawbwa, eating sparingly and observing the best table manners. And now that I have taken a modern girl as my second wife, eating has become still less of a pleasure. I hardly eat anything that I like, and I cannot even enjoy an occasional belch." He leaned back to catch his breath, and belched cheerfully.

"I am glad to entertain you, Sawbwa," I said truthfully. "You are free to do anything in this apartment."

"I have something to confess, Secretary Lee," he said, pouring a spoonful of the thick gravy over his rice. "I dropped in today just to eat this lunch. If you had not invited me to stay, I would have invited myself."

"I'm glad, Sawbwa," I said.

"You know," he said, "whenever I drive past this hotel on the way to the yamen, I tell my chauffeur to slow down. I roll down the window, just to catch a sniff of the smell of cooking from your room. And when I smell the garlic, I become hungry, even



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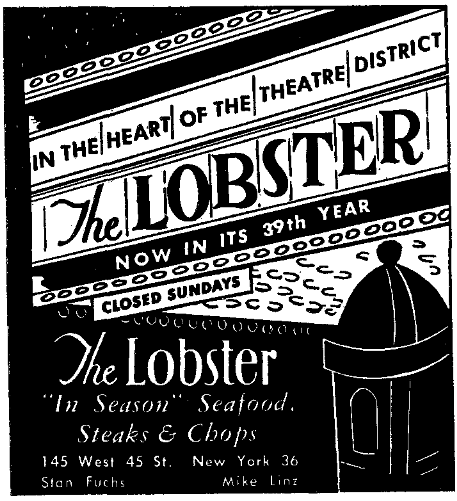
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if I have just finished my own lunch."

"I didn't know the smell reached so far, Sawbwa," I said, laughing.

"Yes, it covers several streets," he said. "In a good north wind, it actually reaches the yamen. It is a good cooking smell; sometimes it even kills the smell of the market place. Today I smelled it again, and I decided to come in and eat whatever you were cooking."

"I am flattered, Sawbwa," I said.

"Have you noticed that I have begun to arrive at the yamen earlier than usual?"

"Yes, I've noticed it," I said, "and I've been wondering why."

"I leave my house early to smell your lunch cooking," he said. "Yes, yes, just for the cooking smell."

He ate very fast, and soon the fish and bean cake were gone, and only some of the thick gravy was left in the pot. I remembered the fried smoked pork and brought it to the table. The Sawbwa took a look at it and scowled. "What's that?" he asked. I told him what it was, and he sniffed at it a couple of times. "It looks like half of Ida's Western breakfast, and smells like it, too," he said. "The other half consists of two half-done eggs, with the upper side raw and cold. No, no, I don't need this dish, whatever it is."

I refilled his bowl with rice, and he finished that, too, and then ate the remaining gravy, cleaning the pot with his spoon. Then he returned to the rattan chair, and while I washed the dishes, he sipped tea, smoked cigarettes, and praised my cooking. We didn't get to the yamen until three in the afternoon.

THE Sawbwa dropped in for lunch, unannounced, several times after that. One afternoon, while I was writing some letters in my office, he sent for me and told me that he would very much like to come to dinner occasionally. He said that he always felt like taking a nap after a heavy meal, but that he couldn't very well do it after lunch. I immediately extended him an invitation for dinner that night.

"A coolie dinner?" he asked.

"Broiled pigs' feet and pork-bone soup," I said.

He glanced around his office, as if to make sure we were alone. "Garlic?"

"Yes, Sawbwa. Garlic and hot pepper, as usual."

"Good!" he said. "I shall be there at six." As I left his office, I thought that he already looked hungry.

Sawbwa Fang enjoyed our coolie dinner enormously. After that night, he came to dinner three or four times a

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week. I knew how to cook only four coolie dishes, but after I had exhausted all my recipes, I invented a few more, using cheap available ingredients, such as pork ears and lips, chicken wings, ham bones, and duck feet. The Sawbwa loved to suck bones and to gnaw the last bit of meat from them with his teeth. But of all my coolie dishes, he still liked fish head and bean cake best. Each time he had it, he would eat an extra bowl of rice, and then he would sigh and belch freely, as if to defy his modern wife. During our meals together, the official barrier between us would disappear, and we would discuss any subject under the sun; sometimes we would even argue a little. But the moment we stepped out of the hotel, he would act like a Sawbwa again, and I would automatically become his respectful subordinate.

A month later, he suddenly stopped coming. He didn't tell me why, but from his slight scowl and his constant rubbing of his forehead with a thumb and forefinger, I knew there was trouble. When he had started his modernization program, some six months before, and had run into trouble, he had acted the same way. I was anxious to find out what was ailing him, and one afternoon, when we were alone in his office, I asked him why he had stopped coming to dinner. He sighed. "A modern wife is unpredictable, Secretary Lee," he said.

"You mean you are having trouble with the second Mrs. Fang, Sawbwa?"

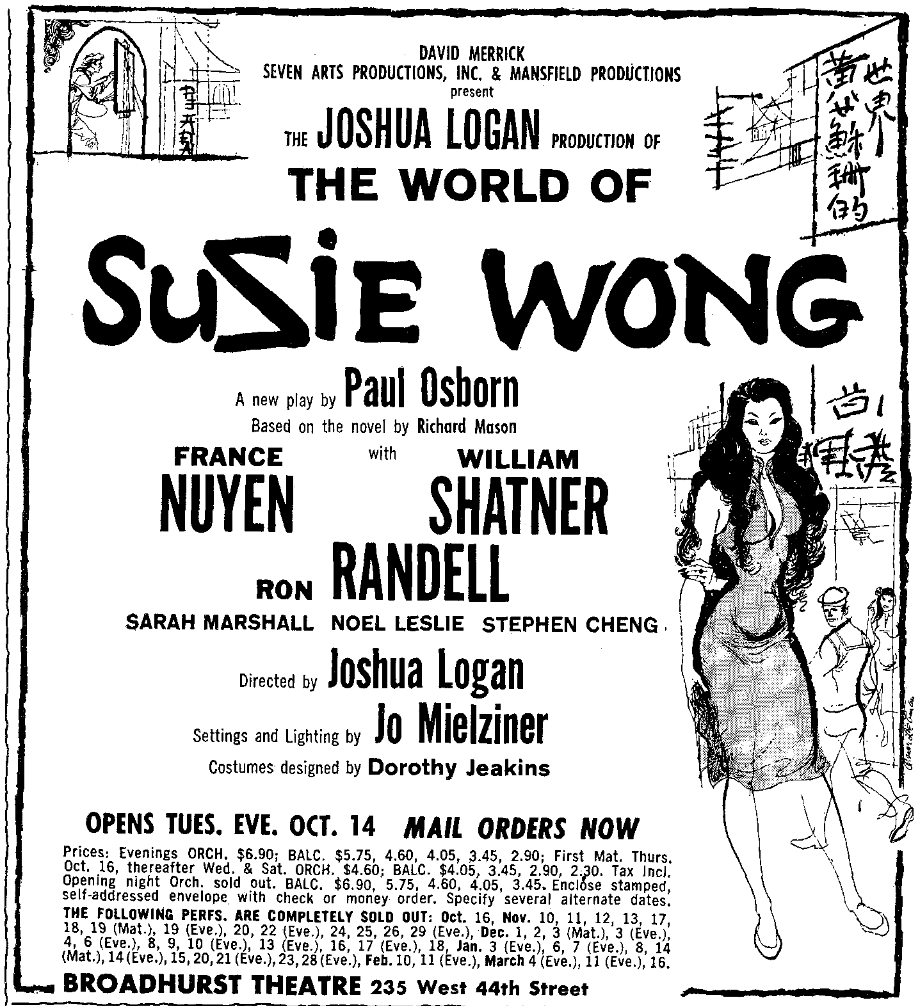
The Sawbwa nodded. "For the past several days, Ida has refused to speak to me," he said. "Whenever I go into the living room, she rises and leaves. When I climb into the bed at night, she turns toward the wall with an angry jerk and goes to sleep. When we have breakfast or lunch together, she eats very fast and then goes into the garden alone and sulks." He sighed again. "I wonder if all modern women behave like this."

"Can you guess what has made her angry, Sawbwa?" I asked.

"I have treated her well, have I not? In fact, I have treated her much better than I have ever treated my first wife."

"Perhaps she is bored, Sawbwa," I said. "A modern girl likes to go out, meet people, and eat different food. Perhaps I could come to Ida House some evening and cook a coolie meal for her."

"No, no," the Sawbwa said hastily. "Our coolie meal is my secret and my own pleasure. Besides, it would be unthinkable for a secretary of the yamen to come to my house and cook. The



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news would spread all over Mangshih, and the gossip would never end. You would lose respect among the Shans, and in no time they would begin to treat you like a common servant. I wouldn't be surprised if they invented a story about how you had offended me and got yourself demoted to a cook. The Shans love to draw feet on a snake. No, that will not do."

In a way, I was glad that the Sawbwa had stopped coming to my room, for it meant that I didn't have to have coolie meals ready at all times. I could occasionally prepare a Chinese steak, or eat smoked pork, or even, if I was feeling lazy and not very hungry, go to the yamen and try a Shan meal for a change. The Sawbwa's domestic trouble didn't seem to get any better, for his scowl remained. I felt sympathetic, and yet I didn't know how to help him. I had always thought that his marriage to a girl less than half his age was a bit ridiculous.

ONE warm Saturday evening a few weeks later, I was preparing my dinner when I heard a knock on the door. I opened it and found Sawbwa Fang framed in the doorway, with the customary expectant smile on his face. "Are you cooking?" he asked.

"Yes, Sawbwa," I said.

"Is there enough for two?"

"Certainly," I said. "Come in. This is a pleasant surprise, Sawbwa. I thought you would not be coming again."

He stepped in and closed the door. "I can only stay for a little while. Can we have a quick dinner?"

"Certainly, Sawbwa."

"For the past week, I have been trying my best to please Ida," he said, sitting down in the rattan chair. "I have even tried to eat her Western meals with a better appetite. But it only makes me miss our coolie meals more. Today, I decided to sneak out and eat something different. Ah!" He sniffed. "Fish head and bean cake?"

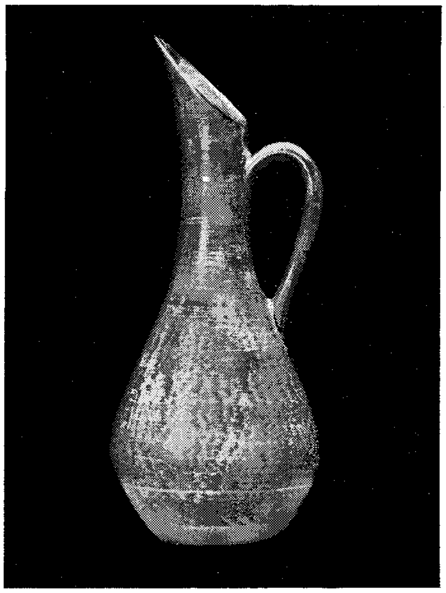
"No. Steamed meat balls and dried mushrooms," I said. "It's a Shanghai dish."

He sniffed again a couple of times. "Hmm. No wonder it is less fragrant. Don't you have any material for a coolie meal?"

"I have some smoked-pork bones," I said. "I could fix them up with rice, noodles, and cabbage, if you'd prefer that, Sawbwa."

"Good! Plenty of garlic and hot pepper, eh?"

"Yes, Sawbwa," I said. I quickly put the meat balls away and started cooking



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the coolie dish. Sawbwa Fang sat in his customary chair, with his legs crossed, and smoked a cigarette and chatted. But he didn't seem relaxed. He fidgeted and kept glancing at his watch. "I'm glad that your trouble with the second Mrs. Fang is over, Sawbwa," I said.

"Not yet, not yet," the Sawbwa said. "But it is improving. She has started answering my questions, although she hardly says more than 'yes' or 'no.' She can also stand having me in the living room now. Yesterday, she sulked in the living room instead of in the garden. Yes, it's improving." He looked at his watch again.

"The coolie dish will be ready soon, Sawbwa," I said.

"Good, good." He sniffed. "Yes, the fragrance is correct now." He leaned back in the chair and recrossed his legs. "You know, I still don't understand why Ida has been cold to me. A modern girl is indeed very puzzling."

"When you wear a pair of new shoes, Sawbwa," I said, "it takes a little time to become used to them. It is the same with women."

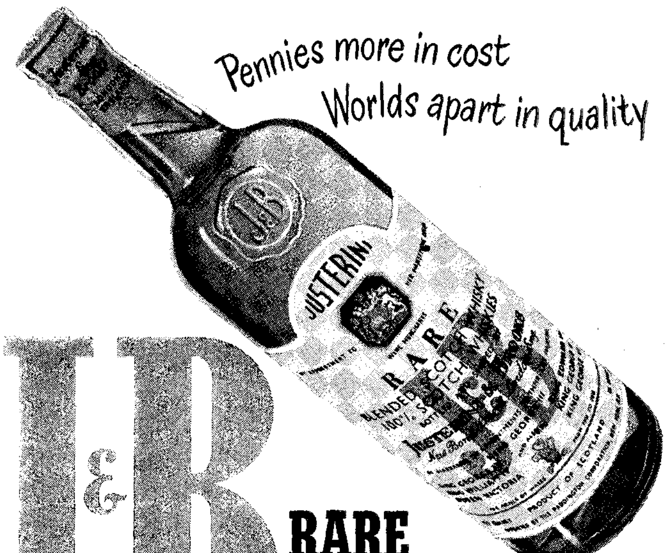
The Sawbwa enjoyed the coolie meal. He blew on the cabbage, picked the meat off the bones, and sucked air into his mouth to cool his tongue, just as he had done before. But it wasn't a leisurely dinner. He ate very fast, almost gobbling his food. He cleaned the pot hastily and poured the last bit of gravy over the remaining rice in his bowl. Just as he was lifting the rice bowl for the last mouthful, the door was flung open and Ida burst in. The Sawbwa stopped the rice bowl in midair and stared at the intruding Ida with his mouth wide open. For an instant, we all must have looked like actors in a movie that has suddenly been halted. Ida wore a short pink velvet coat over a beautiful Chinese gown of some shiny green material. The dress had high slits, which showed generous portions of her handsome stockinged legs. I rose quickly and greeted her. She looked at me coldly and then stared around the room, with her hands on her hips. "Where is that woman?" she demanded.

"What woman?" I asked.

"That peasant woman," she said.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mrs. Fang," I said. "I never have a woman here."

Ida looked into the closet, looked behind the screen, and then bent down and peered under the bed. The Sawbwa, who had said nothing, now banged down his chopsticks and rice bowl. "What is the meaning of



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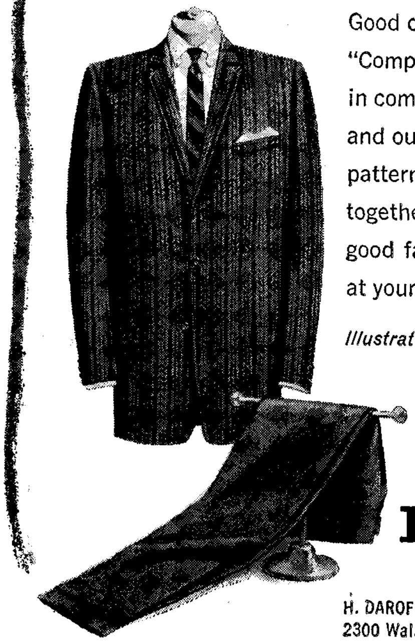

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this?" he asked, with a deep scowl "What are you doing here?"

"I am looking for that peasant woman," she said. "That woman who cooks garlic meals for you."

"There is no woman who cooks garlic meals for me," the Sawbwa said, his voice still thick with anger. "I am eating Secretary Lee's garlic meal."

Ida still didn't believe him. She went back into the kitchen for another look. Still finding nothing, she came over to the table and said to me, "This *is* your room?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fang," I said.

"Are you sure?"

"I am quite sure," I said, a bit irritated. "So far, nobody has come to drive me out."

She looked at the table. "So only you two have been eating here?"

"Yes," I said.

"Are you sure no woman has been eating with you?"

The Sawbwa's rage exploded. "There are only two pairs of chopsticks on the table!" he shouted. "You can see that, can't you?"

Ida put her hands over her mouth and giggled.

"How did you know that I was here?" the Sawbwa demanded.

Still giggling, Ida put her hands around the Sawbwa's neck as he sat at the table, and planted a kiss on his cheek from behind. "All this time, I thought you kept a woman somewhere, Yu-chi," she said. "A low-class peasant woman who ate nothing but garlic."

"And why did you think such a thing?" the Sawbwa demanded, still looking very much annoyed.

"Because you often smell of garlic," Ida said. "And you often fall asleep in the evenings."

"Is *that* why you have been quarrelling with me?" the Sawbwa asked, his scowl deepening still further. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"You're supposed to know it yourself," Ida said. "A woman never tells a man that she is jealous." She kissed his cheek again. "I'm sorry I have wronged you, Yu-chi. From now on, I think I'll be able to stand your garlic smell a little better."

"You haven't answered my first question. How did you know that I was here?"

"The Shans in the market place told me. They all saw you come in."

The Sawbwa looked at his wife accusingly for a moment, his lips tightly pursed. "Ida," he said slowly, "I hope you will never again act like a peasant woman yourself. Following a man se-

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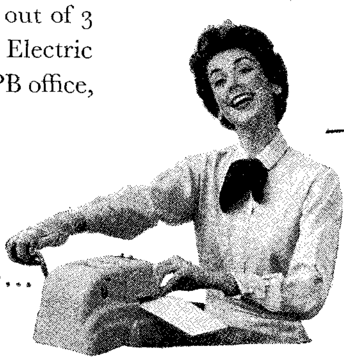

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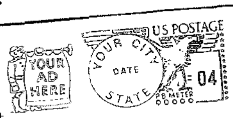

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cretly and chatting with the Shans in the market place! What will they think of you?"

"Oh, you are angry, Yu-chi!" Ida said delightedly. "You have never been angry with me before. It's been very monotonous to have you so polite." She turned the Sawbwa's head and planted a kiss on his mouth.

The Sawbwa looked terribly embarrassed. He quickly rose to his feet and took her arm. "We had better go home now," he said, guiding her toward the door and coughing self-consciously.

THE next day, the Sawbwa appeared very happy and relaxed. "You know, Secretary Lee," he said to me, in his office, "I had never realized that a modern woman could be so sweet and loving. After bitterness, the sweetness of a woman is wonderful."

"I am glad that your troubles are all over, Sawbwa," I said.

The Sawbwa lighted a cigarette, and said expansively, "You know, this was the first time Ida had found herself in the wrong since our marriage."

"One learns," I said. "All you have to do now, Sawbwa, is to make her jealous and then make her realize that she is wrong."

"Quite right, quite right," he replied, laughing. "Ah, life can be wonderful if you know how to handle a modern woman!" With the cigarette in his mouth, he leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs comfortably, and put his fingertips together in front of his chest. "By the way, what are you going to cook tomorrow? Fish head and bean cake, eh, Secretary Lee?"

"Yes, Sawbwa," I said. "With plenty of pepper and garlic."

—C. Y. LEE

•

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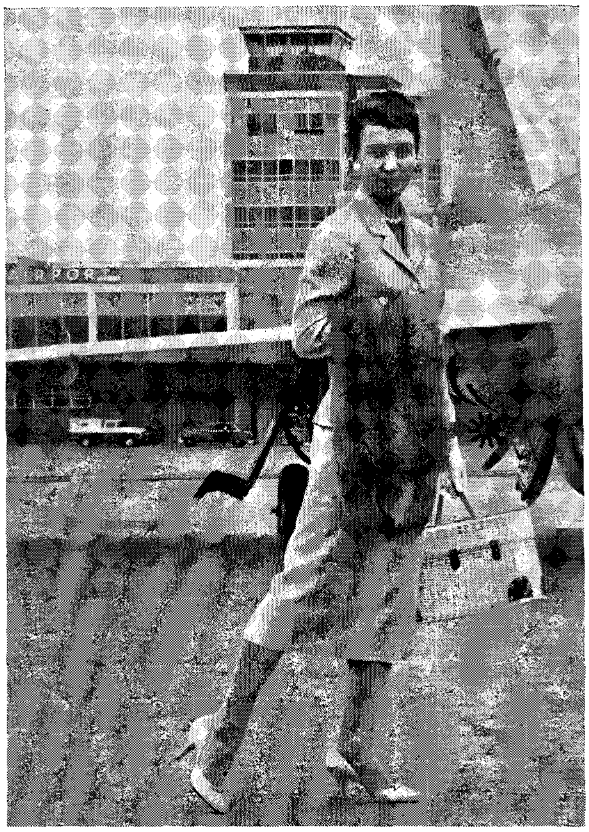

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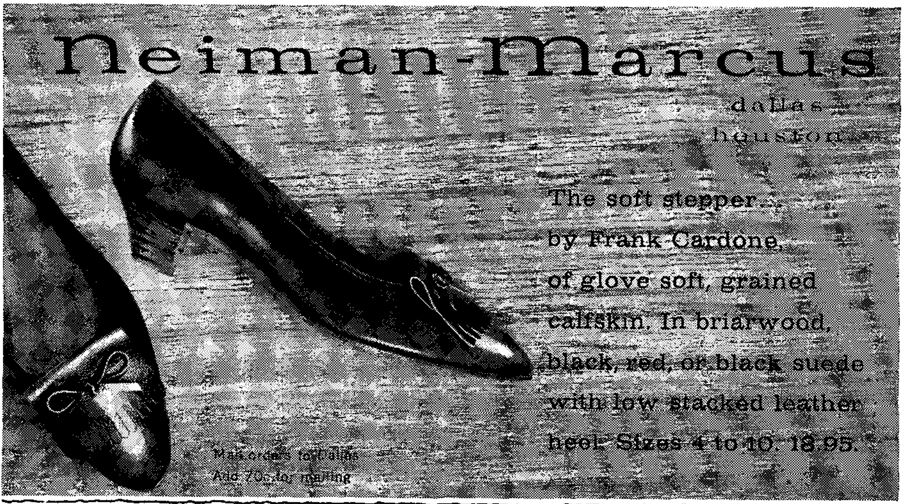

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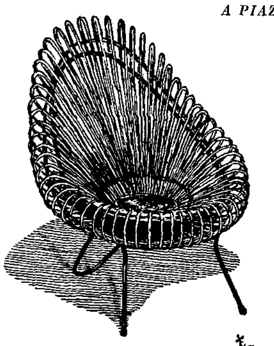

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THE AIR

Assorted Light Music

AS is bound to be the case when a mixture is prepared with at least a degree of thought and effort, there were good things in "Music U.S.A.," an hour-long special program that was presented on Channel 2 last Monday night. Benny Goodman was one of them; he is a kind of monument to musical clean living, a serene and durable artist whose energy and technique seem never to falter. I also liked the crisp piano work of André Previn, the torch singing of Diahann Carroll, and even a vocal performance of "Purple People Eater" by its author, Sheb Wooley. "You know, that's not a bad song!" said Johnny Green, a major contributor to the program, after listening to "Purple People Eater," and I was inclined (with a feeling of surprise that must have been stronger than his, since I hadn't rehearsed it) to agree with him. Mr. Green served the show, with cheerful industry, both as interlocutor and as the conductor of a sixty-piece orchestra. In addition, something like half the songs that were played or sung were of his own composition. If "Music U.S.A." had a prominent flaw, that was it. Mr. Green is an able all-round musician but, to my way of thinking, no better than a journeyman composer. The sixty-piece orchestra outweighed and almost overwhelmed his "Coquette," "Out of Nowhere," "I Cover the Waterfront," and "Body and Soul." "Body and Soul" was given a separate treatment by Miss Carroll during the program. She sang it for all it was worth, and, in my judgment, quite a bit more; the song has been admired for years by people who identify passion with dolefulness, but its music has always impressed me as overwrought, and its lyrics as unintentionally comic, like those of Cole Porter's hymns to the subcutaneous, "Night and Day" and "I've Got You Under My Skin." In fairness to Mr. Green, it should be pointed out that those who invited him to head the show probably not only expected but asked him to use a number of his own tunes. If "Music U.S.A." was intended as a solitary gesture, as a single, comprehensive summary of American popular music, then a program assaying fifty per cent Green

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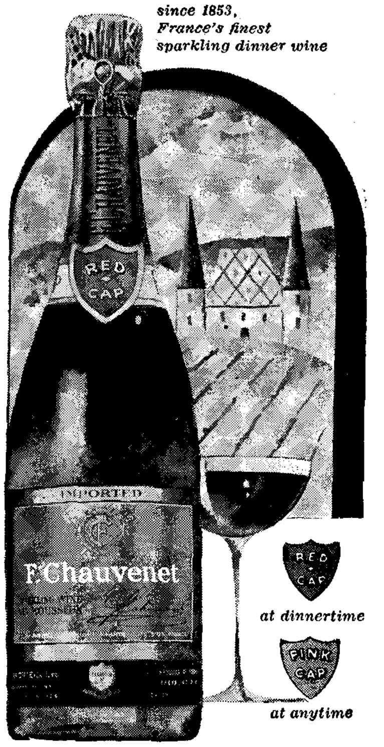

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doesn't seem to me to make much sense. If, however, the producers plan to put together other shows along the same lines, under the same title—each mixture to be dominated by the work of a different composer or musician—I won't quarrel with their choice of Mr. Green to lead the series off. As a master of ceremonies, at any rate, he did a smooth job. I imagine that he had a hand, too, in the selection of performers and of non-Green music, and there were, as I've said, strong spots in the lineup. Mr. Previn played, among other things, part of Gershwin's "Concerto in F." Mr. Goodman piped his way as brilliantly as ever through solid standards like "Poor Butterfly" and "Avalon." Mr. Green conducted the overture to "My Fair Lady," which gave the orchestra a little more competition than his own songs had. There was also a jazz version of "I Could Have Danced All Night," performed on piano, drums, and bass by Mr. Previn, Shelly Manne, and Red Mitchell. Mr. Green told the audience that he had once warned Mr. Previn against this undertaking. I felt, after hearing the trio revolutionize the tender Loewe and Lerner ditty, that he had known what he was talking about. Still, as tours de force go, it was a bold and skillful performance.

IT'S obvious that a program designed, as "Music U.S.A." seemed to be, to represent the full range of popular music must include both jazz and straight, or orthodox, playing and singing—what some musicians call paper music. Presumably, that's what "Music U.S.A." will continue to do, if it has a future. If it hasn't, an inclusive program of the kind is needed in television. There are already several programs that specialize in one kind of music or the other, and their one-sidedness tends to have a cloying effect. Following a good many complaints about a scarcity of jazz on television, the networks have, in the last year or so, overcompensated in this department. I will say that I have come to have a considerable admiration for at least one of the new all-jazz shows; I mean "Art Ford's Jazz Party" (Channel 13, 9-10:30 P.M., Thursdays), which rolls along in a non-intellectual way to a fine, dashing climax, in its last ten or fifteen minutes, of free will. The other jazz programs have been, in the main, too arty, too heavily annotated, and too cold. The paper-music programs, on the other hand, have been too unremittingly folksy and genial. I was mildly sorry when a half-hour

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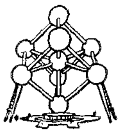

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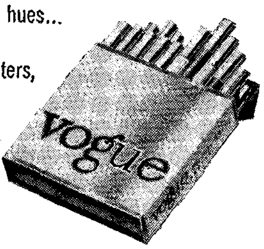

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show, on Channel 2, called "Sing Along" was killed a couple of months ago. It offered, while it lasted, liberal helpings of the Tin Pan Alley balladry of the past, which is as rich a part of our popular music, to my mind, as jazz is—songs like "Moonlight Bay," "Chicago," "Look for the Silver Lining," "Row, Row, Row," "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Three Little Words," "Some of These Days," "There's a Small Hotel," and "It's Only a Paper Moon." It offered them in a spirit that was so cheerily communal as to be intolerable, I guess, in the long run. Another program of the so-called corny variety, "Polka-Go-Round" (Channel 7, 9:30-10:30 P.M., Mondays), though it has managed to survive, and though it provides the words and music of some excellent and by no means too familiar songs, has a dizzying way of making a melody bounce like a tennis ball. Of all the shows dealing in orthodox light music, the most consistently satisfying, I should say, has been "The Voice of Firestone." In its time on radio and television—and it has been around a long while—this program has been pretty nearly unique in its ability to combine conservatism with a kind of steady, tuneful good sense. And yet, in its first appearance of the new season the other night, "The Voice of Firestone" (Channel 7, 9-9:30 P.M., Mondays) showed signs of restlessness and self-doubt. If it didn't go in for more than one or two faint suggestions of jazz, it did betray a lack of confidence in its old straightforward, single-minded policy. Unfortunately, it borrowed from the all-jazz shows not their boldness but their tendency toward artiness and annotation.

It's unfair to judge a program by its seasonal début, and this program, even if it continues to depart from its traditions, may eventually straighten itself out. On its first night, its new spokesman, or host, John Daly, talked at unreasonable length about "The Voice of Firestone's" plans and—though he didn't use the word—about its meaning. Misguidedly, he tried, with a selection of nuggets of musical history and information, to express the purpose of a program of popular and operatic music that has no real purpose except to entertain. In half an hour, there is time only to let the entertainment flow, without annotation. That is what simplehearted programs like "Sing Along" and "Polka-Go-Round" have done, and what "The Voice of Firestone" did in the past. The

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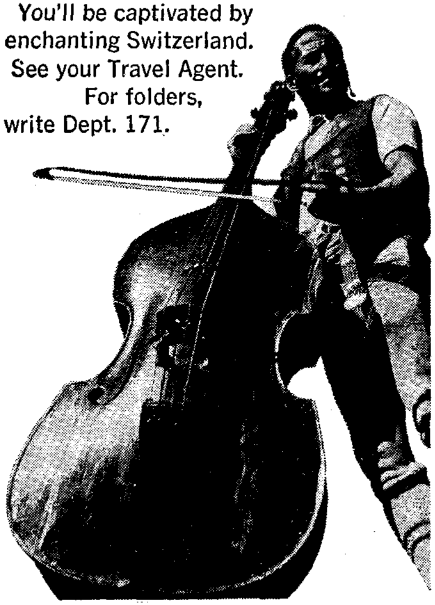

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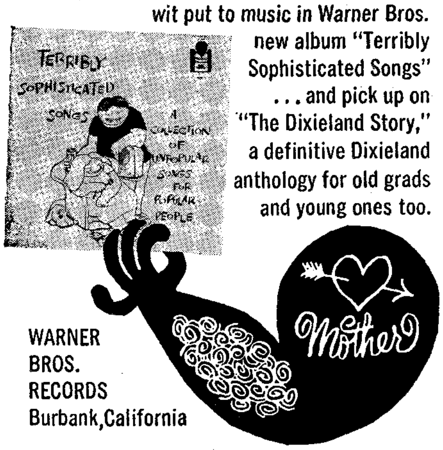
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other night, there was a touch of pretentiousness even in one or two of the musical numbers; for instance, Jo Stafford was asked to sing "St. Louis Blues" in a sort of choral tempo, in front of a group of two well-dressed men and two well-dressed women who danced in and out of French windows. Except for the fact that the camera subordinated the orchestra and its leader to the guest stars, the rest of the show seemed to me to be standard Firestone—Doretta Morrow and Ray Middleton singing gems from musical comedy, Risë Stevens and Carlos Montoya, the flamenco guitarist, cutting loose with the "Habanera," from "Carmen." There could have been more of this kind of thing if there had been less Daly. It's a point worth noting that "The Voice of Firestone," unlike the other shows I've mentioned, does not confine itself to popular music or to American music. Because of its wide range of orthodox music, it is capable of providing intelligent and representative entertainment without the admixture of jazz that I recommended earlier. We do, however, need a program of mixed popular music, and, with certain qualifications, it should be a program like "Music U.S.A."

—John Lardner

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From an article in Fortune, June, 1957*]

The U.S. hopes to launch six satellites during I.G.Y. Many scientists would like to have at least one of them circle the earth from pole to pole, but the U.S. won't fire one north or south from Patrick Air Force Base for fear the first or second stages of the rocket might fall in populated places. The U.S.S.R., however, may send up a satellite with a pole-to-pole orbit. Last year Soviet geophysicists announced that they too will have a satellite. So far they have been secretive about details. The only specific information they have released sounded remarkably like a description of the U.S. satellite, translated into metric units. The Soviet satellite, as described, differed in one respect: it was about five times as heavy. U.S. scientists suspect that some Soviet publicist made the mistake of multiplying by 2.2 instead of dividing by 2.2 when he tried to convert pounds into kilograms.

•

Montreal, Aug. 29.—(CP)—More than 100 persons were lodged in police cells today, flushed from night spots and sidewalks in an overnight sweep headed by Police Director J. Albert Langlois.

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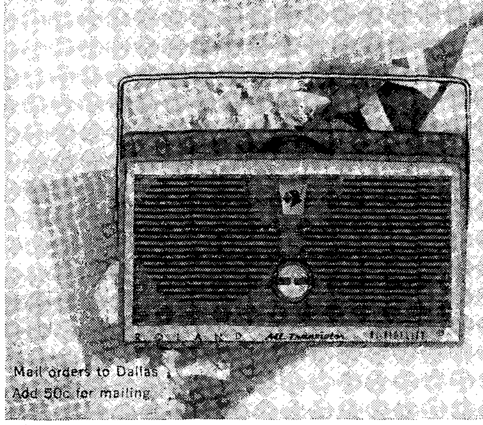

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BOOKS

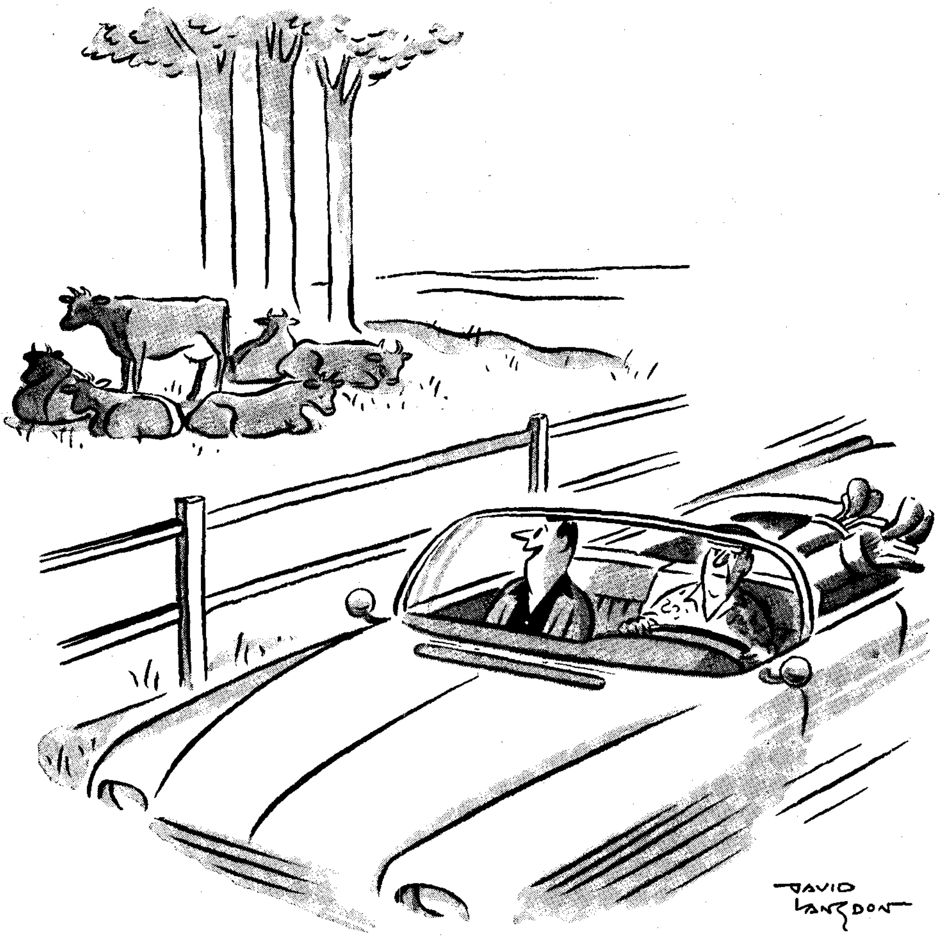
Innocent Abroad

WHEN Major General Edward Braddock died of his wounds on July 13, 1755, four days after his defeat at the Monongahela, he had been in North America less than five months. From the day he landed until the day he died, he had worked desperately to carry out his orders—to mount and lead an expedition to take Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) and the Ohio River Valley from the French and their Indian allies, who threatened the frontiers of English settlement. Braddock was the first English general that Americans had ever seen in action, and although he lost his life fighting for them, they detested him. After his death, his name became attached to a new and durable folk figure—the arrogant British officer—and the story of his campaign became a folk legend with a most satisfactory dénouement: the arrogant British officer pushes the nice Americans around and gets his comeuppance. The legend was not only emotionally satisfying but politically useful; by the eve of the Revolutionary War, Americans had convinced themselves that Braddock's terrible defeat was a proof that British officers were incompetent and British soldiers cowardly, a pair of notions suggesting that the risks of armed rebellion were not too great.

In the making of the Braddock legend, certain truths were suppressed. The Americans forgot to mention Braddock's pathetic lack of success in pushing them around, for he had expected them to help him a great deal, and, no matter how hard he pushed, they helped him very little. Some Americans complained about rowdy redcoats, and others sold his army rotten beef or sick horses, but most of them were content to watch, with varying degrees of curiosity and indifference, as the expedition marched past on its way west. After Braddock was beaten, Americans blotted out the memory of their own failures and concentrated on Braddock's. They decided that he had been a fool who got what he deserved, and this verdict remains the popular summary judgment. Braddock still appears in our schoolbooks as he looked to most Americans in 1775—a sort of lesser Guy Fawkes, both a villain and a butt.

Now, Americans are not the only colonial people who have inflated their self-esteem at the expense of a poor wretch from the mother country who was struggling to carry out orders that foresaw everything except what happened, but it is odd that we should have kept the bad buffoon Braddock alive so long after we stopped being a colony. American historians have studied the military minutiae of his defeat—a bloody and tiresome fight—largely because brave young George Washington was there, but until now nobody has seriously studied Braddock himself. Lee McCardell's "Ill-Starred General: Braddock of the Coldstream Guards" (University of Pittsburgh Press), a plodding, thorough book studded with footnotes (and, unfortunately, with typographical errors), is Braddock's first biography. Luckily for the General, it appears at a time when, finally, Americans may be prepared to sympathize with him; we haven't any colonies, and we aren't fighting anybody at the moment, but we have been dispatching generals, civil servants, and administrators with orders to assist the natives of various faraway lands. We no longer receive Braddocks; we send them to other countries, and we are finding out that it isn't easy. Perhaps we are ready to appreciate that it wasn't easy when *we* were the natives, either.

Mr. McCardell is a Baltimore newspaperman (born in Frederick, Maryland, where Braddock wasted ten days waiting in vain for horses and wagons he had been promised), and he writes the way newspapermen are supposed to; he puts one fact after another and makes no editorial comment. He thinks Braddock has been maligned—he would hardly have bothered to write two hundred and seventy-two pages if his research had shown that Braddock was a fool—but he is not trying to create a shining hero. What he is trying to do—and what he has done—is to re-



"*Bet you five to one it'll rain today.*"

place a historical puppet with a credible human being, and, by the way, to explain how a carefully planned colonial expedition can go wrong.

When Braddock landed in Virginia in February, 1755, he was a stout, sixty-year-old bachelor who had been an Army officer since he was sixteen; he was a major general and commander-in-chief of all the English forces in North America. This may have given Americans the idea that he was an outstanding military figure, but he was not. Mr. McCardell's dossier on Braddock describes a competent officer with a fine record of garrison duty who had never led troops in combat. An average eighteenth-century specimen of the bulldog breed, he was tenacious, stolid, unsentimental, and—although this was not put to the proof until the very end—brave. Before he came to America, he had shown his tenacity, for the most part, by surviving the slow promotions and dull assignments that were the lot of Army officers who were not noble or rich and who lacked pull at court. His father, an unimportant general, had started him off with an ensign's commission in the Coldstream Guards, one of several natty regiments that escorted the Royal Family and adorned their residences. Some Guardsmen might go to war, but some were always left behind in London, and that was generally Braddock's fate; he recruited men, he trained them, and he saw to it that they looked sharp and did their ceremonial duties with the proper snap—the same duties the same regiments are doing today, to the delight of tourists and newsreel cameramen. He had plenty of spare time, and, like his brother officers, he spent it in London's demimonde, but even in dissipation he was cautious—he drank heavily, but not on duty; he fought two duels, neither scandalous; he had women, but not romantic attachments. Because he lacked entrée to the elegant houses of society, his manners were never polished, and the nearest thing to charm he had was the bluff sociability of an officers' mess. He did have a capacity for affection, however; he had a fatherly attachment for George Anne Bellamy, the illegitimate daughter of one of his Army friends, and after he had been chosen, in the fall of 1754, to go to America and lead the expedition to drive the French out of the Ohio Valley, he confided to her his doubts about the instructions he had been given. "We are sent like lambs to the altar," he told her the night before he sailed. But whatever he said to her in private, he never, in public, expressed any doubts

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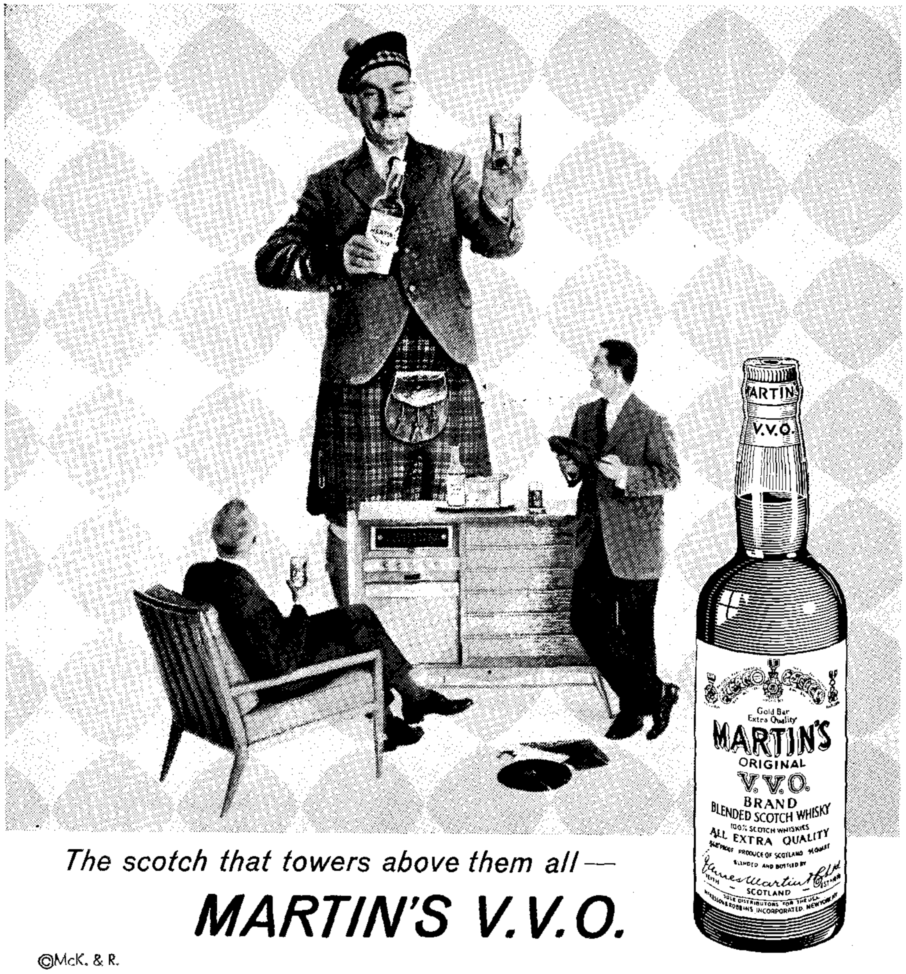

The scotch that towers above them all—

MARTIN'S V.V.O.

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about his orders; he was far too much of a military man.

Braddock's doubts were reasonable. The Ohio River Valley was a practically unmapped wilderness, in which no regular forces had ever served. Both the French and the English claimed the valley, and for two years the French and their Indian allies had been paddling down from Canada in Indian canoes, building stockades, and throwing out whatever English subjects they found. They had already repelled one English incursion in 1754, when George Washington, a colonel of Virginia militia, led four hundred volunteers to fortify the point where the Monongahela and the Allegheny join to form the Ohio River. A larger force of French and Indians had driven him back, taken possession of that strategic site, and built a stockade, which they called Fort Duquesne.

Braddock was ordered to march over the Allegheries from Fort Cumberland (now Cumberland, Maryland, and then the westernmost English frontier post), take Fort Duquesne, and go on up the Ohio Valley to rout the French out of the rest of their stockades. The Duke of Cumberland, who was the second son of George II, as well as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army and the deviser of Braddock's plans, didn't know much about American geography—he gave Braddock the impression that there were only fifteen miles of mountainous country between Fort Cumberland and Duquesne, though in fact about fifty of the hundred miles Braddock had to travel were in the mountains—and he didn't think it would be hard to take a tacky wooden fort or two from a handful of Frenchmen and savages, so it seemed quite sensible to him to pile on an additional job: Braddock was not only to take the wilderness from England's hereditary enemy, he was to turn Americans into soldiers. Mr. McCardell makes it clear that the second part of Braddock's job was what ruined his reputation among Americans. If he had simply marched through the English settlements and got himself killed out West, Americans would probably have pitied and forgotten him; they remembered and hated him because he and they had been forced to try to work together.

Cumberland's motives for attempting to turn the civilian Americans into soldiers were plausible. He was expecting another war with France. (He got it—the Seven Years' War, 1756-63.) He wanted Americans to learn to fight so they could stand off the French in

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North America, and he thought that an old regular like Braddock could begin to lick them into shape. Mr. McCardell quotes from some of the letters that passed between the members of the government who consulted with Cumberland about the expedition, and what is most striking to a modern reader is that when the diagnosis and prescription were being made in England, nobody questioned whether the remedy would go down in America.

Braddock was given two under-strength British regiments; the colonies were to supply the additional men, as well as provisions and horses and wagons. But Americans had no interest in becoming soldiers and were not nearly as eager as the Duke of Cumberland was to secure the Ohio country for the Crown. Braddock was dismayed at the poor quality of the few Americans he recruited, and he hurt Americans' feelings, including the feelings of those able-bodied Americans who didn't enlist, by saying so. He was far more dismayed by the Americans' failure to supply his expedition. The job of delivering barrelled meat and flour to Fort Cumberland and rounding up horses and wagons to move supplies was beyond America's organizational abilities in 1755. Unfortunately, nobody in London realized the inefficiency of American administration, and nobody in America wanted to admit it, especially to a British general. Instead, the Americans told Braddock what they thought he wanted to hear. In the end, Braddock and his quartermaster had to do the supply job themselves, and Mr. McCardell's account of how they jogged over the ghastly roads of Maryland and Virginia in search of food and transportation is a three-month nightmare.

After six weeks in America, Braddock, fed up with "lies and villainy," lost his temper, and it stayed lost. Anybody who reads Mr. McCardell can't help feeling that Braddock was justified; nowadays only a native of some woefully backward colony could sympathize with the complex of attitudes—including irresponsibility (great big you and poor little us) and a longing to be admired by the representative of the home government while demanding to know who he thinks he is—that led Americans to resent a man who yelled because the goods his government had paid for hadn't been delivered.

Washington, describing Braddock's nature, wrote:

> His attachments were warm. [Braddock liked Washington.] His enmities strong,

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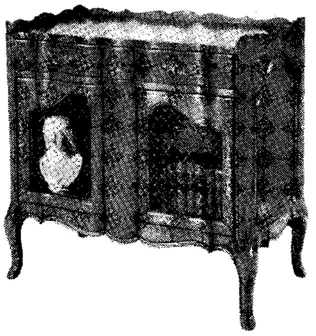

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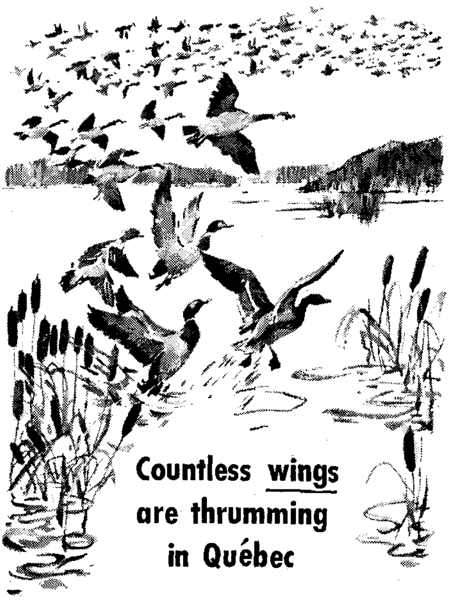
and having no disguise, both appeared in full force. He was generous and disinterested, but plain and blunt in manner, even to rudeness.

Washington, a volunteer aide to Braddock, was about the only American who knew him at all well, and except for these generalizations, Mr. McCardell hasn't found any record—perhaps because there is none—of how Braddock sounded when he was rude or angry; a twentieth-century American has no way of telling whether, when Braddock told Americans off, he went beyond the limits allowable for a general excoriating incompetent subordinates. (An eighteenth-century American had no idea of what a general was supposed to sound like.)

Mr. McCardell is not an imaginative writer, but his log of Braddock's difficulties in America works on the imagination. There are moments of misunderstanding and suspicion that suggest a garbled backwoods version of "A Passage to India," and moments when the wilderness is as threatening as in "King Solomon's Mines." And Braddock himself, sweating, swearing, shouting, and spilling snuff, takes on a sad grandeur as the incarnation of all the dauntless second-raters who have ever tried to execute impossible orders. It seems as if it were Braddock's obedience to his orders, quite as much as exotic details in dress or deportment, that persuaded Americans he was a fool. They were such thorough civilians that they couldn't imagine anybody taking the trouble Braddock did to carry out orders unless he liked them. As they watched him pile up supplies and drill his men, they could only conclude that he was too silly to understand the difficulties and dangers he faced.

When Braddock set out over the Appalachians at the beginning of June, 1755, he had managed to equip his expedition just as the Duke of Cumberland had ordered. American inefficiency had delayed his start, but he had not allowed it to alter his plans in any other important way, and the Americans were not responsible for his defeat. Americans blamed the defeat on Braddock; they said he was too stupid to appreciate the dangers of Indian ambush. In conversation, Braddock did make light of the savage menace, but he followed every precaution in the British Army textbook to prevent surprise attack, and for more than a month he trundled men and food and artillery and supplies across the wild mountains while enemy Indians scouted his column, looking for a chance to catch any



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of it off guard. His precautions failed just once, and fatally.

On July 8th, when the English were less than ten miles from Fort Duquesne, Braddock halted and ordered a reconnaissance to pick a route to the fort. The path chosen required two fordings of the Monongahela to avoid places where the enemy could hide. But Braddock's scouts had missed two ravines in which the French and Indians, who came from Fort Duquesne, were able to hole up. They waited until the English had completed both fordings, and then, as Braddock's advance party toiled up a steep, wooded riverbank, they fired. The attackers were practically invisible all during the battle. Braddock tried to make his men form platoons and return the fire; those who did were killed, and so were most of those who didn't. A few of his Virginia rangers fought Indian style, firing from the trees and bushes, but that only confused their friends, who mistook them for foes. Americans later applauded the rangers for trying to fight like Indians, just as they censured Braddock for not trying to. In this case, however, Americans were showing their ignorance of Indian-fighting tactics; at that point in the battle, jumping behind bushes to shoot was no longer appropriate. Mr. McCardell cites Scarouady, a British scout, and the only Indian whose opinion we have; he thought there was just one thing for the British to do—run away. That's what Indians did when they were ambushed. But Braddock knew that the Duke of Cumberland had not sent him four thousand miles to run away. He kept his men on the field for more than three hours; most of them were dead before he ordered a retreat. Immediately afterward, he was wounded, and Washington, the only one of his aides who hadn't been hit, saw to it that he was carried off the field.

After Braddock's death, Colonel Thomas Dunbar, the senior British officer, decided that a summer on the frontier was more than the remnant of the army could stand. He withdrew his forces to Philadelphia, leaving the French in control of the Ohio Valley, and leaving the English settlers in western Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania unprotected against Indian raids. The settlers hadn't learned how to defend themselves; they suffered dreadfully, and they blamed Braddock.

As Braddock lay dying, he said, "We shall know better how to deal with them another time." He was right. The

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techniques of empire building have to be learned, and the first and easiest mistake is the one Cumberland made in sending a capsule version of his own civilization to a remote country where nobody wanted it and where it couldn't survive. It was not simply that Braddock was, as American legend insisted, the wrong man for the job; the job was wrong, too.

Mr. McCardell's biography shows that Braddock lost his first, and last, battle not because of his faults but because of an excess of military virtue, the tradition of stand-your-ground-and-never-give-in that had been instilled in him. And it is good to know that the one American who knew the most about him didn't blame him:

> When he had become the first President of the United States [Mr. McCardell writes], Washington one day got to talking about Braddock's expedition with William Findley, a Pennsylvania congressman. Findley, who was fourteen years old at the time of Braddock's defeat, remarked that from the time of his Pennsylvania boyhood he had had a bad impression of Braddock.
>
> "True, true," said Washington, "he was unfortunate, but his character was much too severely treated."

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, by Rona Jaffe (Simon & Schuster). A novel about an assortment of young women who are holding down jobs in New York while they look for husbands, and who find, to their discomfiture, an array of men more interested in seduction than in marriage. Miss Jaffe writes in an artless, girlish style that is suitable for the description of junior-size dresses and is hopelessly inadequate for conveying so deep a feeling as human lust, let alone human love.

CITY OF SPADES, by Colin MacInnes (Macmillan). A sometimes flat, sometimes brilliant series of semi-satirical cartoons, set in the form of a novel, about African, West Indian, and American Negroes in contemporary London. Mr. MacInnes obviously knows his material by heart, but he is only a makeshift novelist, and the insights he occasionally arrives at have no more staying power than his characters, who are simply mouthpieces for the various racial issues he tackles. An elusive and curiously flickering book.

LADIES' DELIGHT, by Emile Zola (Abelard-Schuman). With unre-

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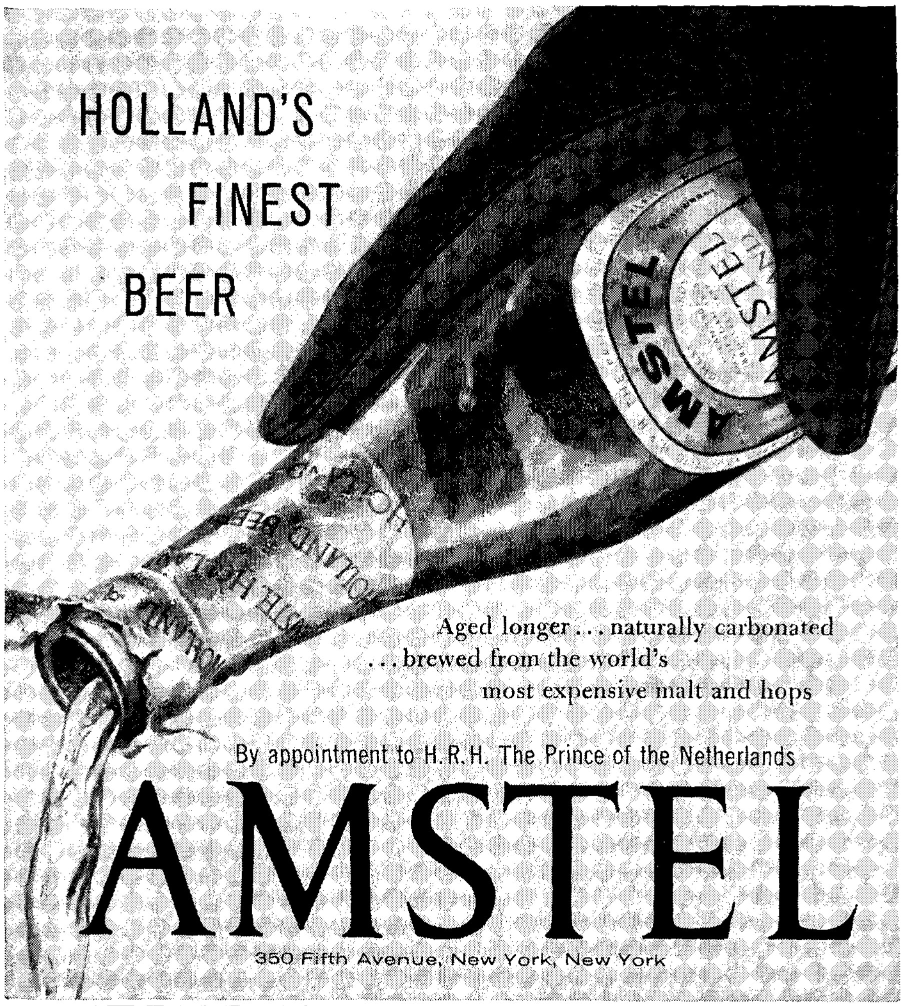
strained enthusiasm, and with a supersalesman's pleasure in the cataloguing and description of luxurious or pretty merchandise of every sort, Zola traces the growth of Au Bonheur des Dames, the first great Paris department store. And as the store prospers, so does the career of Denise, a timid little orphan from the country who begins by getting a job as an apprentice there and ends by capturing the heart of its creator and owner, Octave Mouret. The picture of Denise's five-year-old brother Pépé is something to remember. Pépé was "affectionate as a kitten. . . . He would remain silent for whole days on end, living on love." The book was finished in 1882. This translation is by April Fitzlyon.

GENERAL

ABANDON SHIP!, by Richard F. Newcomb (Holt). This book recounts, in thorough detail, the circumstances of the death of the cruiser Indianapolis in the closing days of the last war. It was the greatest disaster ever to befall the United States Navy; hit by two torpedoes two minutes after midnight, on July 30, 1945, the ship sank in twelve minutes, taking more than three hundred men down with her. Eight hundred other men went over the side, and of these only three hundred and sixteen survived the three and a half days they spent in the water before being seen by an American pilot flying a routine patrol. Why the Indianapolis, which was the flagship of the Fifth Fleet, was not reported overdue in those three and a half days, why she was sailing (from Guam to Leyte) unescorted, why she was not zigzagging in waters where enemy submarines had been reported only the day before—these were the big questions that were asked but never satisfactorily answered in the subsequent official investigations. The author, a former naval correspondent, does not conceal his feeling that the loss of the Indianapolis was one of the worst blunders the Navy has ever made. His book is not a tract, however; it is carefully written and bolstered by much factual research. Illustrations.

STRIDE TOWARD FREEDOM: THE MONTGOMERY STORY, by Martin Luther King, Jr. (Harper). This is a deeply stirring book. It is the story of the Negro boycott of Montgomery's Jim Crow bus lines, told by



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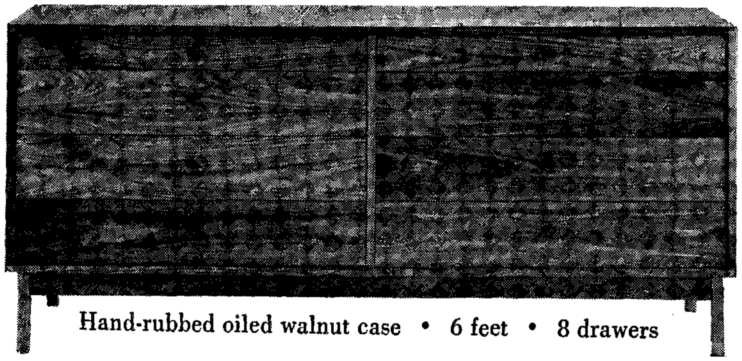

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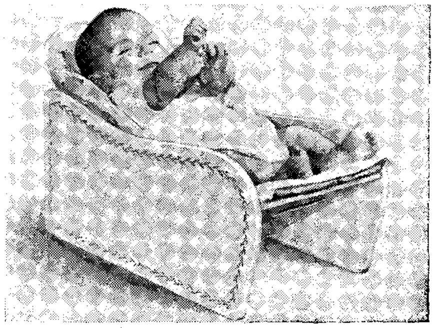

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the young minister who became the Negroes' best-known spokesman. Dr. King writes calmly and plainly, and clarifies the causes and the nature of that important struggle. The issue was a moral one: the Negroes had been treated with contempt by bus drivers, and they determined not to ride the buses until they were treated *with common politeness.* They chose to protest without using violence, even when violence was used against them, and Dr. King takes a chapter to explain what non-violent resistance is and how he came to believe in it. These pages are an appeal to the very best in human nature, and they are particularly impressive since the author and some fifty thousand Negroes in Montgomery risked everything to stand by their principles.

EMMA IN BLUE, by Gerald Hamilton and Desmond Stewart (Roy). An acid period biography. The period is the turn of the eighteenth century. The subject is Emma Harte (originally Amy Lyon), the illegitimate daughter of a Welsh servant girl, whose beauty and compliance carried her from the London streets to the "Celestial Bed" in Dr. Graham's "Temple of Health;" from the arms of several aristocratic protectors to marriage with doddering Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador to the Court of Naples, and a coincident lascivious liaison with the herculean Marie-Caroline, Queen of the Two Sicilies; and, finally, to a fleeting, infamous glory as the mistress of Lord Nelson. Its acidity derives from the authors' contempt for Emma and every member of her most peculiar circle. Since the authors fully justify their scorn, the result, though hardly agreeable reading, is an uncommonly interesting book. Illustrated with contemporary portraits.

CLARENCE KING: A BIOGRAPHY, by Thurman Wilkins (Macmillan). Clarence Rivers King (1842-1901) was a New England dandy who spent most of his life in the wilds of the Far West, a lifelong mother's boy who married a Negro, and an egomaniac who inspired the adulation of most of the great men of his time—Henry Adams, John Hay, Bret Harte, John La Farge, William Dean Howells, Theodore Roosevelt. He was also the leading American geologist of the nineteenth century. He conceived and led the 1867-72 Fortieth Parallel Survey, he helped

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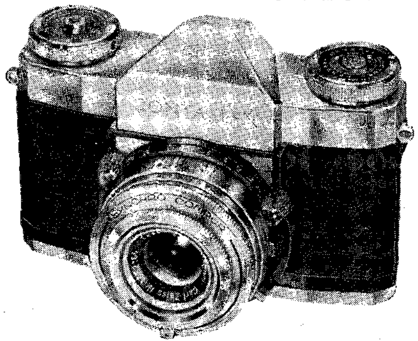

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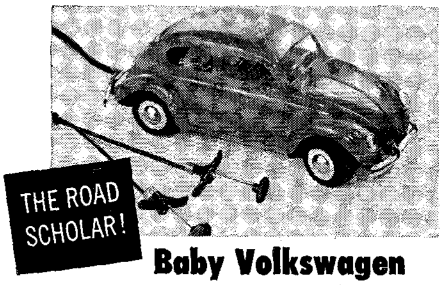

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organize the United States Geological Survey and served as its first director, and his "Systematic Geology," published in 1878, remains the classic reconstruction of the geologic history of the Cordilleran region. Mr. Wilkins, a professor of English at Columbia University, examines this curious figure with patience and perception and brings him to full, if somewhat repellent, life. Photographs.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS, by Ivan Turgenev, translated, with an introduction, by David Magarshack, and including an essay on Turgenev by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). These reminiscences were first conceived by Turgenev as a response to attacks that hurt him deeply; he was accused in Russia of having become so Western (that is, European, or non-Slavic) in feeling that he had lost sympathy with the struggles of his country's progressives, as well as the ability to write Russian. Turgenev hoped to recall in these essays some of the Russian writers and critics he had known and worked with at the start of his career, and so remind his audience of his lifelong services to Russian literature and liberalism. Turgenev later added to this first set of essays several on an assortment of subjects, including an account of Paris during the Revolution of 1848 and a memoir of a remarkable hunting dog. This is the first time that they have all been published in English together. Mr. Wilson's essay (most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*) and the translator's introduction supply useful biographical and literary background, but so much brilliant helpfulness should not suggest that the text or the reader, or both, needs help. Turgenev, beautifully served by a first-class translation, writes of men and times that may be unfamiliar to many American readers, but he gives them all the fascination and immediacy that the very best writing can.

PERSIA, by A. Costa and Laurence Lockhart (Praeger). An up-to-date camera portrait of Iran, with emphasis on its magnificent gardens and temples, its monstrous ruins, its ancient crafts, and its uneasy modernity, in a hundred and ten good-sized photographs, five of them in color. Mr. Lockhart, professor of Oriental languages at Cambridge University, contributes an excellent short history of Persia, and his descriptive

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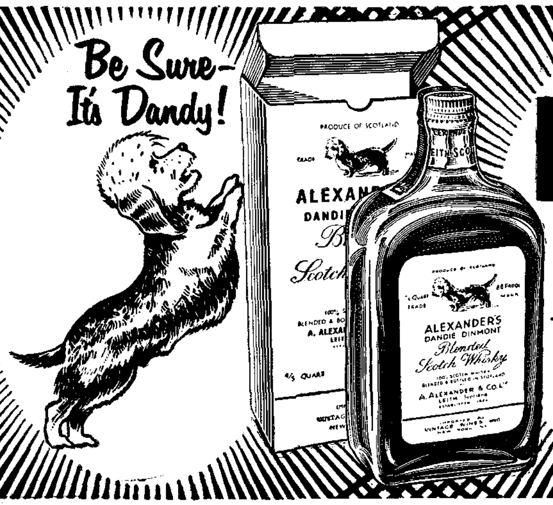

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NOTE: "More in Sorrow," a collection of parodies, reviews, Profiles, casual essays, reports, and short stories by the late Wolcott Gibbs, has been published by Holt. There are thirty-five pieces in the book, all of them *chosen by* Mr. Gibbs *and all but* two of them written originally for this magazine.

•

LOVE IN THE CAMEROONS

[*A petition concerning the Cameroons under French administration, circulated in accordance with the rules of procedure of the United Nations Trusteeship Council*]

Mbida Raphaël.
Teacher at Ekanga,
c/o Mr. F. Danialou
Deputy Mayor of Mbalmayo
Cameroons

Ekanga
2 May 1958

To the President of the General Assembly,
the Secretary of the General Assembly
and the
Members of the General Assembly

Sir,

I deeply regret that I have to write to you about my present distressing circumstances.

My name is Mbida Raphaël and I am the son of Lémbé Jean and Etoa Veronique; I come from the village of Fon and I am a teacher in a non-denominational private school. I am married to a girl called Kathérine Ngamba, who is seventeen years old and the daughter of Mbolo Zacharie and Onana Appolonie from the village of Mebengadjome, Mbidambani Group, Mbalmayo Subdivision. The date of the marriage was 15 January 1955. Up to that time I had been unmarried. My father-in-law, whose name is given above, is altogether opposed to drawing up the marriage deed for me. He absolutely refuses to do this for me, saying that he does not want the marriage in spite of the fact that his daughter and I are in love. He says, moreover, that under the French law relating to marriage, he is not required to draw up a marriage deed for a daughter for whom he has already received the bride-price, which was agreed at 42,200 francs, fourteen kids and four loincloths for the family, one castrated pig, one umbrella, one aluminium cooking-pot and one machete for the women and two castrated kids, two white cane arm chairs, one machete, one plank four and a half metres long by thirty-five centimeters wide, etc., for the men. I was absent from my work as a teacher on a number of occasions, so often, in fact, that had there been a visit from an inspector, I should have been reprimanded for these repeated absences. I do not want to trouble you with a very long story, but my father-in-law has four other daughters for whom he has not drawn up marriage deeds. He is simply trying to cheat the others in the same way as he is cheating us. Will you please help me to carry on this unending struggle in the Cameroons?

Hoping to hear from you, I am, etc.,

The interested party,
(*Signed*) M. Raphaël

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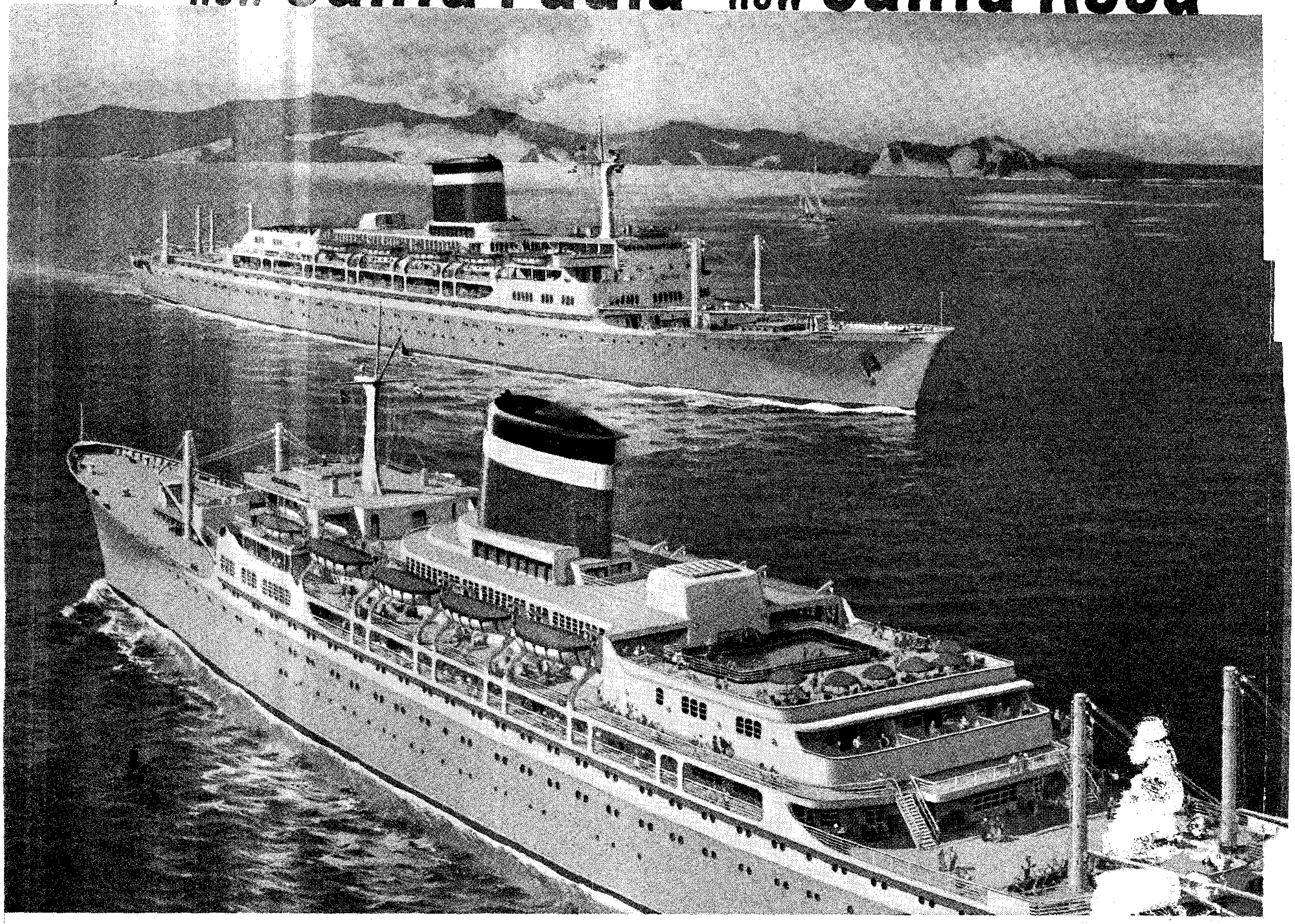

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